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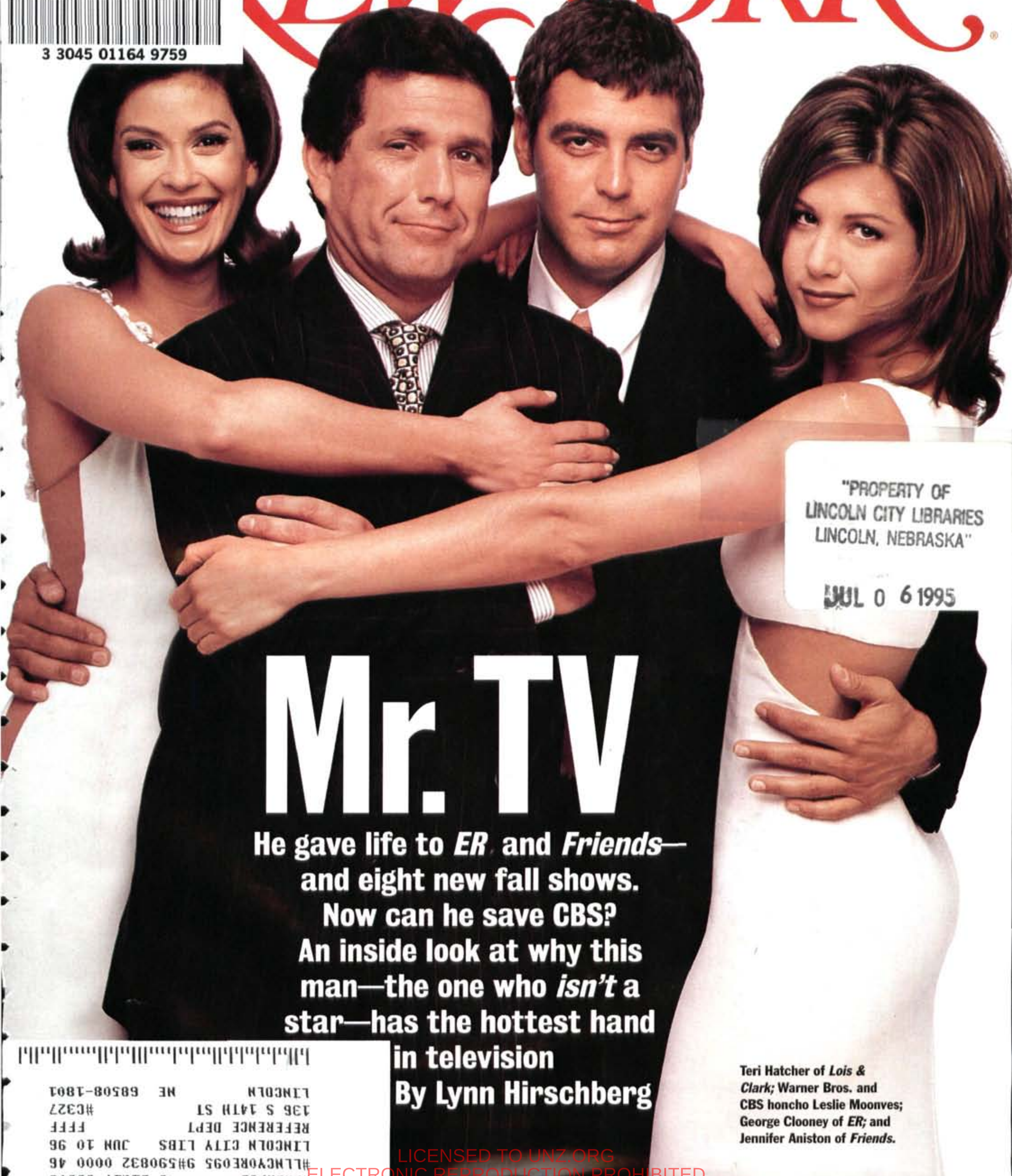

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Mr. TV

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By Lynn Hirschberg

Teri Hatcher of *Lois & Clark;* Warner Bros. and CBS honcho Leslie Moonves; George Clooney of *ER;* and Jennifer Aniston of *Friends.*

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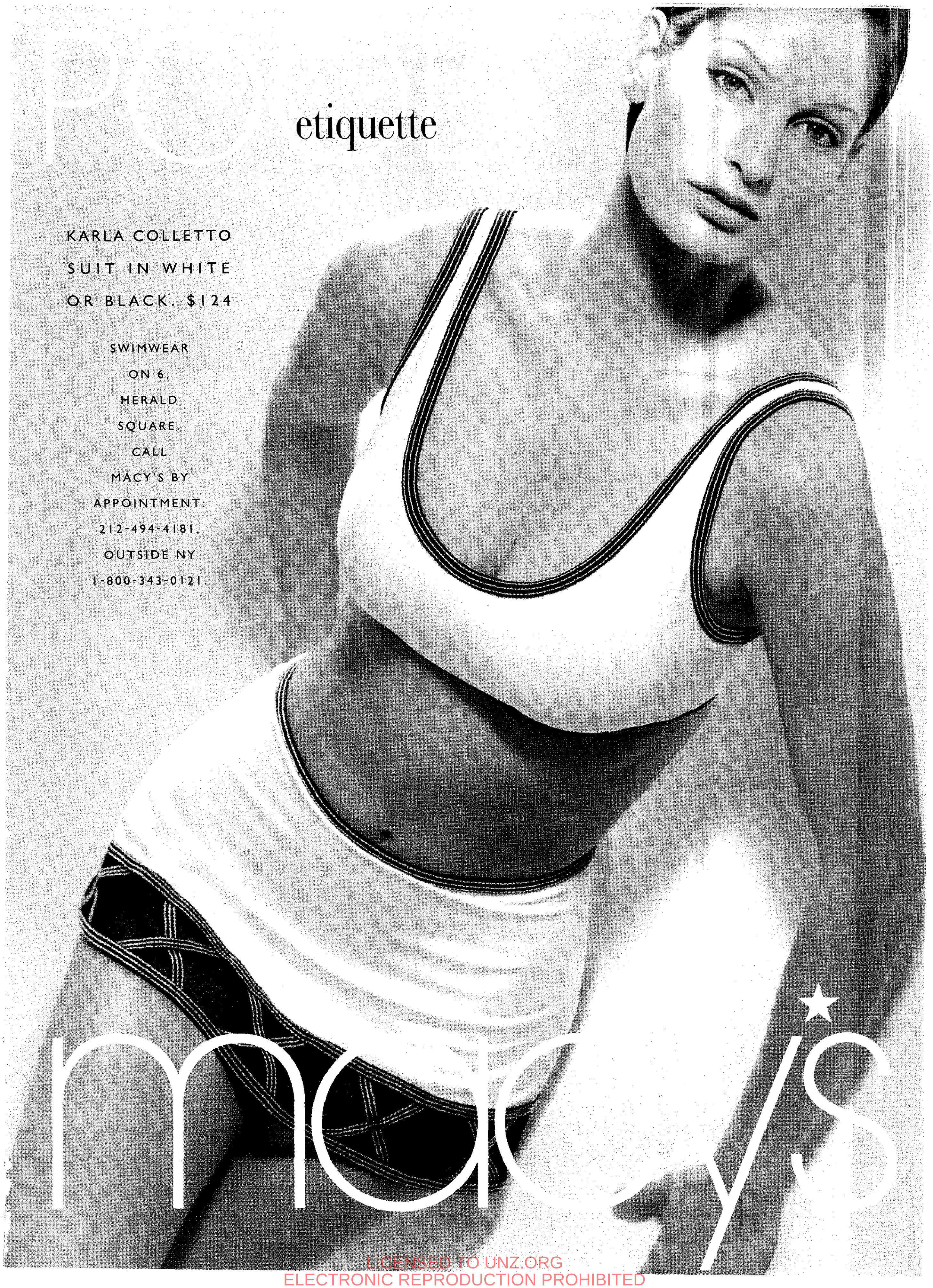

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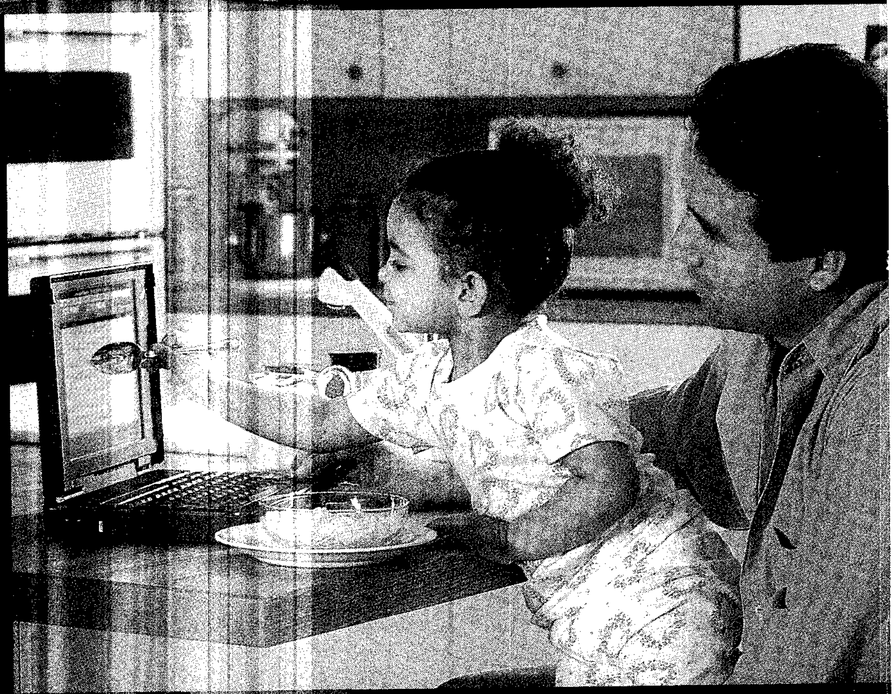

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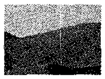

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Contents July 10, 1995

"Mark {Green} is endlessly glib, and Ruth {Messinger} can always point to a good program that's been cut. But she can never point to a bad program."

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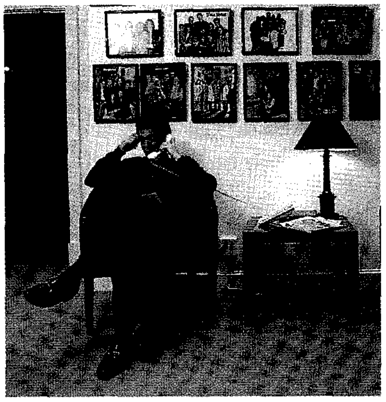
By Lynn Hirschberg



All spring every spring, the producers of new television shows do an elaborate dance—plotting, spying, and trying to divine what the networks will want for the upcoming season and then trying to sell it to them. Les Moonves of Warner Bros. is the best at the game—so good, in fact, that now he's been hired to save a network. An exclusive, behind-the-scenes look at the making of a TV season.

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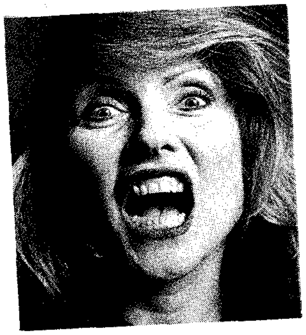

In the mid- to late seventies, clubs such as Studio 54, Max's Kansas City, and Mudd Club redefined New York City nightlife with a heady mix of drugs, sex, celebrity worship, and performance art. Twenty years later, more than a few of the survivors are still on the scene. Who needs club kids?

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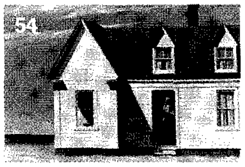

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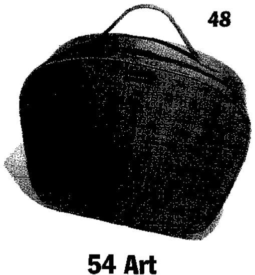

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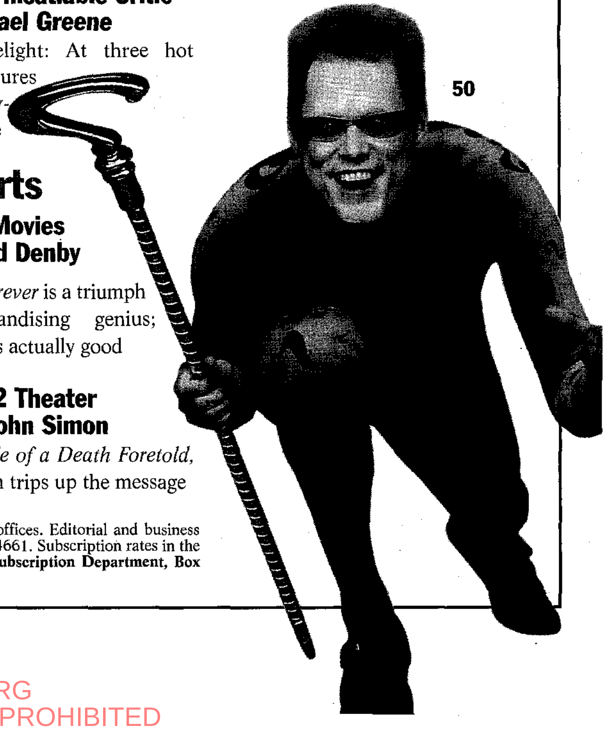

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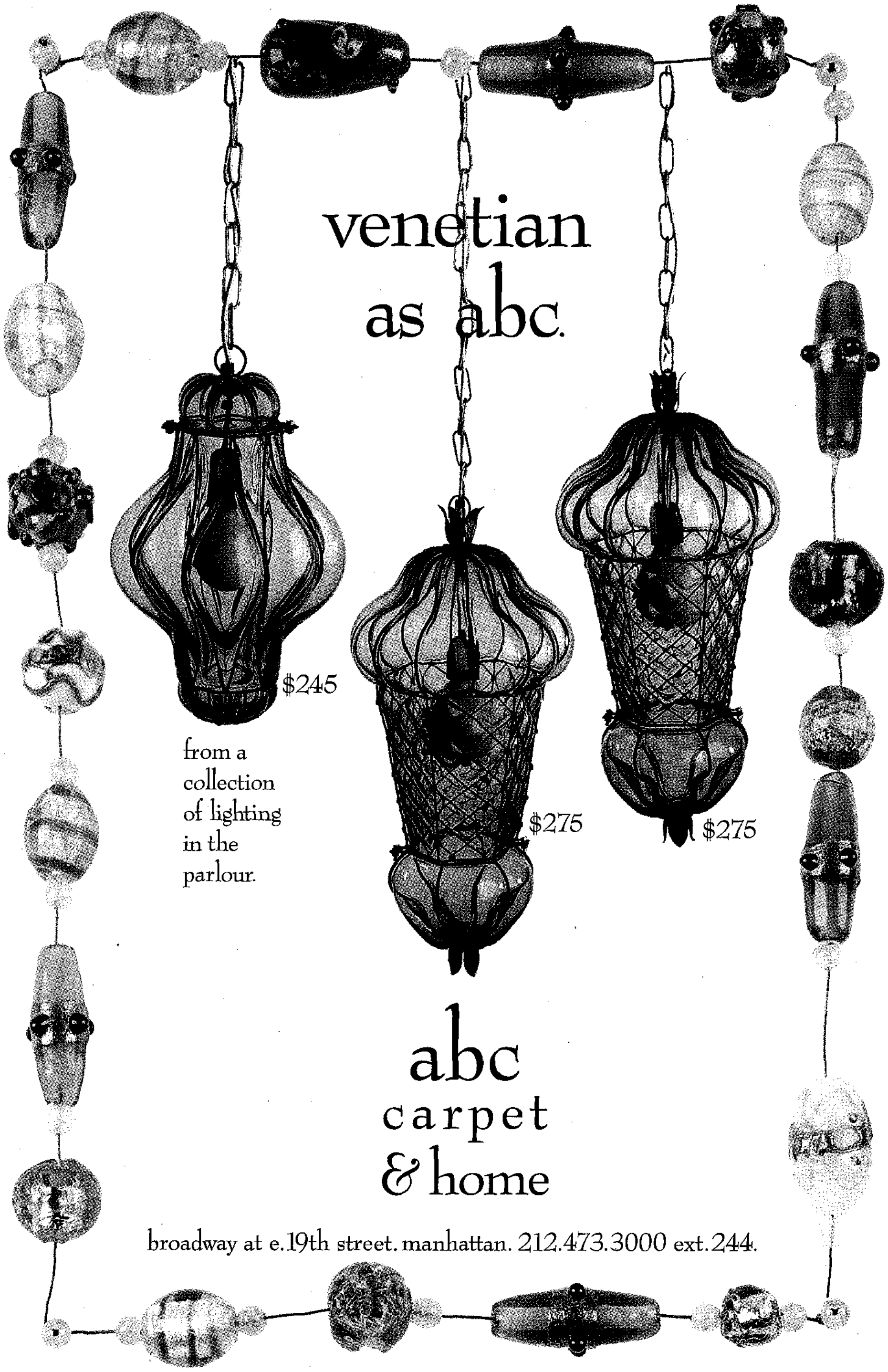

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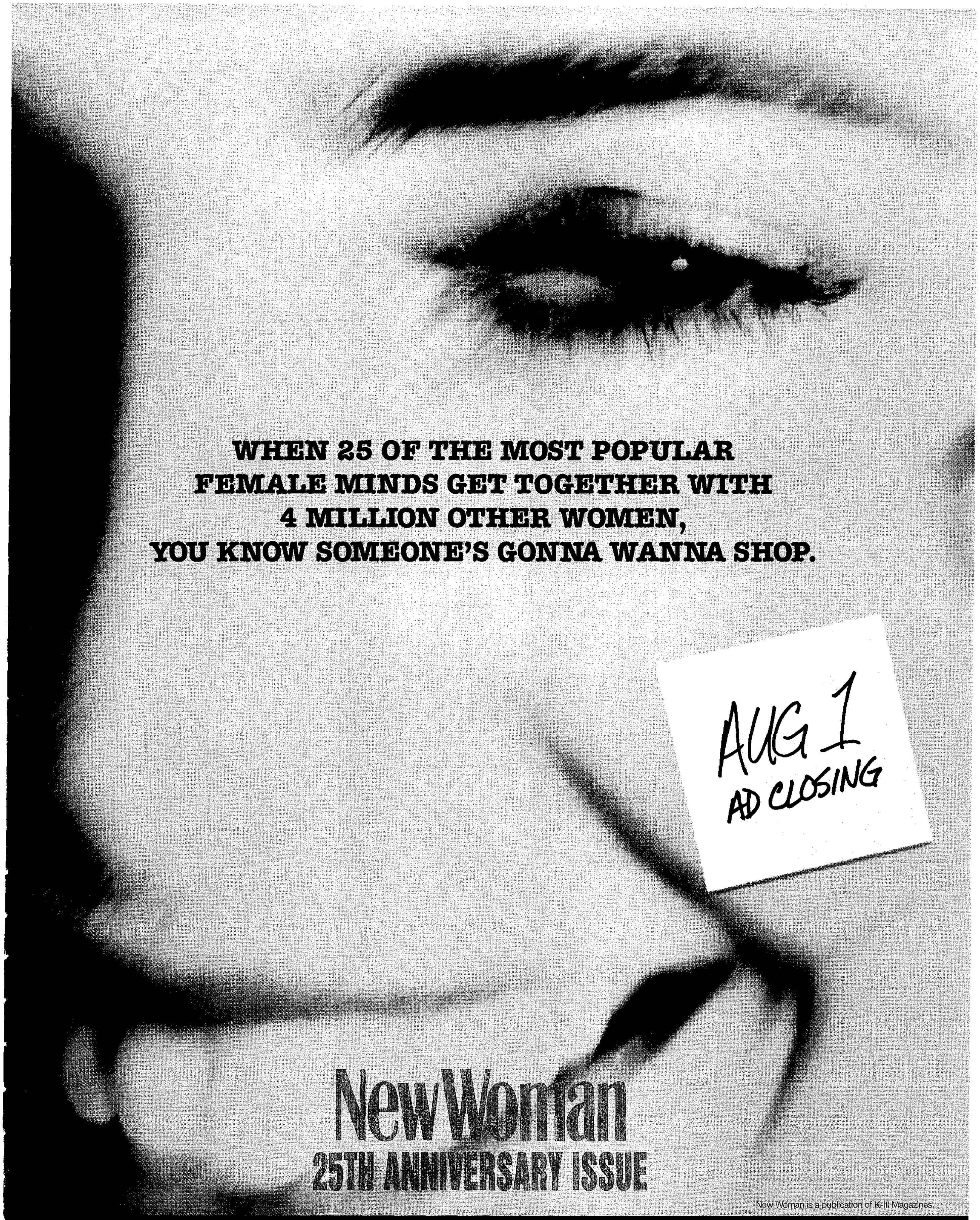
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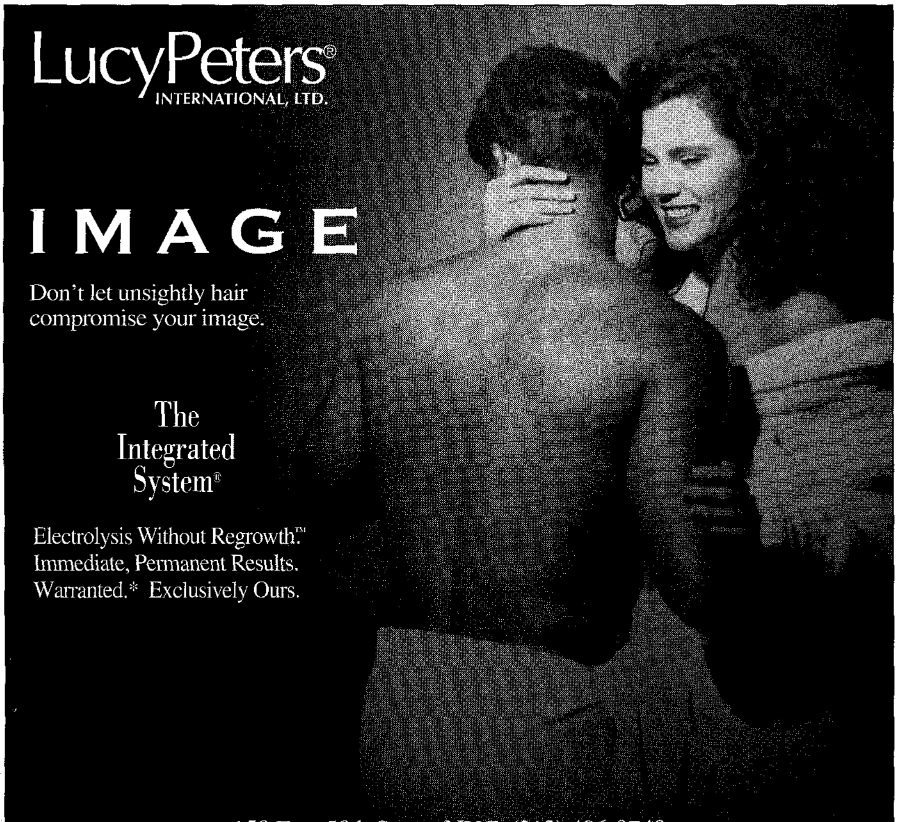
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Tuned In, Turned Off

The straight dope from ex-addicts, exponents, and experts; Teamster top dog Smith remains unindicted.

GEORGE KALOGERAKIS'S ARTICLE "Stoned Again" [May 1] is disturbing on many counts, mostly because of its pervasive "cool" attitude about substance abuse. While the writer carefully puts all controversial statements within quotes, the reader is left at the end with the impression that drugs such as heroin can be used at will with no serious side effects, and that the experience can be "insightful," even "spiritual," and risk-free for many new users. In fact, most drug users are not blessed with either the physical and mental stamina or the financial resources of the people described in the article; they cannot slough off the damaging effects of repeated drug use and resume their lives.

Hard drugs may have taken on a new hip and fashionable patina, but the truth is that they continue to wreak havoc on the lives of nearly everyone they touch. By belittling the risks involved, the article is not only irresponsible but dangerous.

Sylvie A. Bryant
Chief, New York Office
U.N. International Drug Control Programme
MANHATTAN

THE CASUAL USE OF THE TERM "MARIJUANA addict" to describe a compulsive teenage user is an example of our increasing addiction to using the word *addiction* as the explanation for everything. Ours is not a "drug culture" but rather a "prohibition culture." It is prohibition that caused Kalogerakis to lump marijuana, but not alcohol, with heroin. It is prohibition that created the world that he describes very well but apparently understood very poorly.

Richard Cowan
National Director, National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws
WASHINGTON, D.C.

WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE INFORM THE "19-year-old white, Jewish, middle-class Westchester kid" ["Letters: Sober Thoughts," May 29] who recently returned from Hazelden that books, songs, and movies are not the cause of alcoholism or drug addiction? I am a recovering alcoholic who, through the twelve steps of Alcoholics Anonymous, has learned to take responsibility for my own actions and not to blame others. When I was new in AA, I was told to shut up, quit whining, and take the steps. Maybe our friend who is new to recovery should take the cotton out of his ears and put it in his mouth.

Harold B.
MENLO PARK, CALIF.

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I AM OVERJOYED BY THE FACT THAT RICH, young, upwardly mobile white hepcats are getting into 60 percent pure. There are too many poor white miscreants and people of color who have no power, don't vote, and have no money. They spread infections, have addicted offspring, and are generally considered so intractable in their drug use that they are literally written out of any serious legislation. My hope is that a small percentage of these wealthy, educated innocents will go too far and wake up one morning dope-sick and heartbroken that the bag they put by their bed stand last night has been consumed before the light of day.

Then maybe after they go from rich rehab to rich rehab and come out the other side, these sons and daughters of politicians and other powerful people might influence legislation, donate needed funds to programs and organizations that deal with this illness, and have a positive impact on the future of chemical dependency in this country.

Norman Savage
MANHATTAN

Labor Disputes

JEFFREY GOLDBERG'S ARTICLE "TEAMSTER Sports" ["Gotham," June 26–July 3] states that the grand jury weighing attempted-rape charges against me "had not completed deliberations at press time." But the grand jury voted to dismiss those charges early last week, and I reported the dismissal times to Goldberg on June 15 in messages that Goldberg failed to return. Similar messages were left with Goldberg by Joseph Padellaro and Nancy Stella on that date. A confirmation of the dismissal was faxed to Goldberg the next day.

The article also states that an "internal Teamster report that cleared [me] of wrongdoing in the case [was] prepared by the local's lawyers and based on the investigation of a union-hired sex-crimes expert," when, in fact, the investigation was conducted and reported on exclusively by Carolyn Simpson, an ex-prosecutor from the office of the U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York.

Ms. Parnell did not report the alleged incident to anyone at the union for approximately ten months, until it became known that I had brought damaging information about Dennis Silverman to the IBT Ethical Practices Committee. Ms. Parnell has given various accounts of the date of the alleged incident, versions that have been contradicted by other witnesses and documentary material. Indeed, in addition to the grand-jury dismissal, the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission has terminated its processing of Ms. Parnell's charge. Fortunately, the members of Local 810, even before the grand-jury dismissal, were able to discern the truth and voted to place their trust in me as their president.

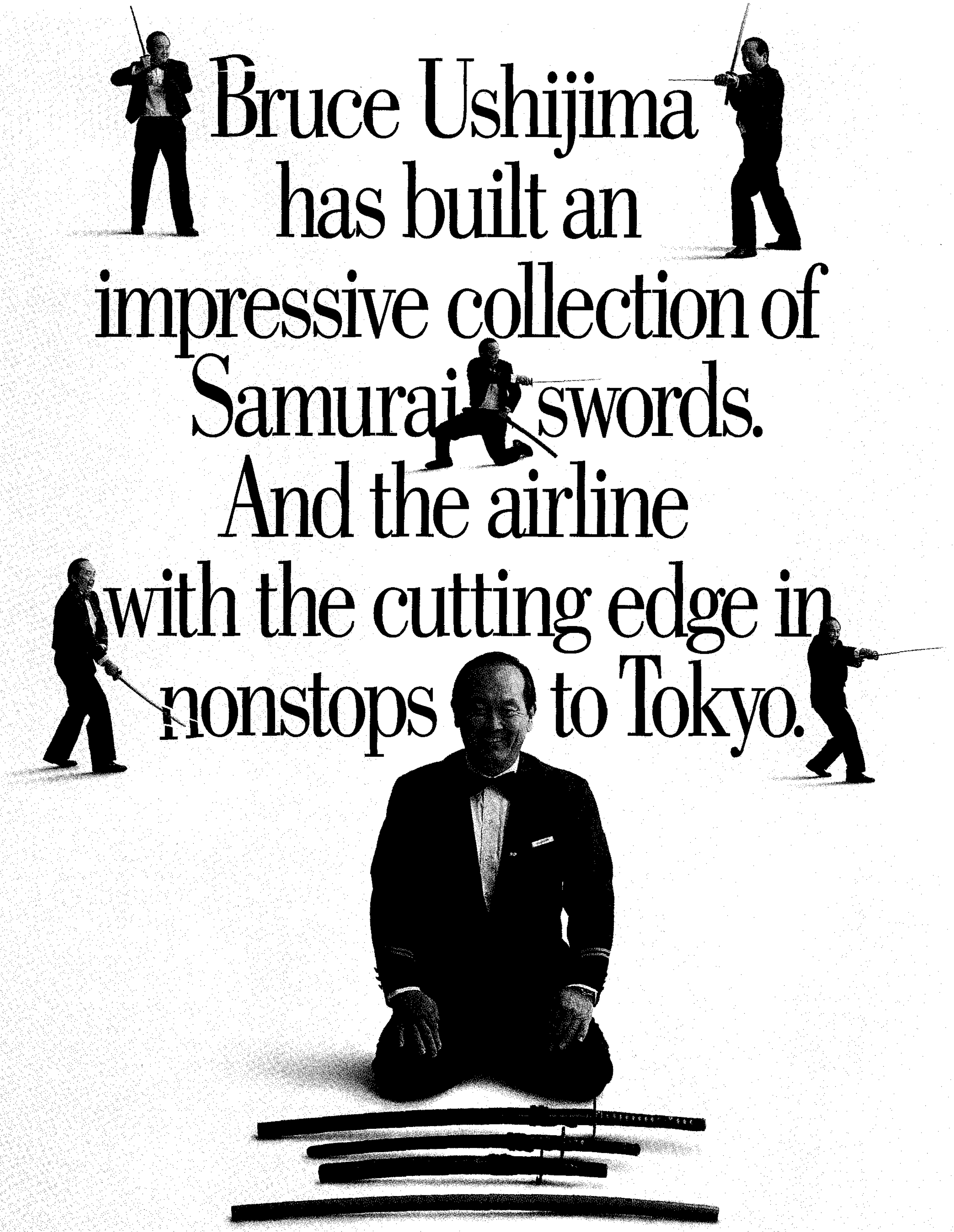
Louis Smith
Local 810
International Brotherhood of Teamsters
MANHATTAN

Jeffrey Goldberg replies: Mr. Smith states he first reported the grand jury's dismissal to me on Thursday, June 15. But Teamsters officials had been advised that my deadline was Tuesday, June 13. The magazine, because it was a special double issue, went to the printer on Wednesday, June 14, making it impossible to update the story.

Corrections The story "Camping Out" in the Summer Fun issue (June 26–July 3) was styled by Anne Kampmann.

In the "Cue" section of the same issue, the scheduling and location of Karen Trott's *The Springhill Singing Disaster* ("Theater: She'll Just Pick") were inadvertently omitted. The show's limited run at Playwrights Horizons, 416 West 42nd Street (279-4200), has been extended through July 16.

In Craig Horowitz's "Beyond Belief" (June 19), the date of the first anniversary of Rabbi Menachem Mendel Schneerson's death was erroneously reported. The correct date is July 1. ■



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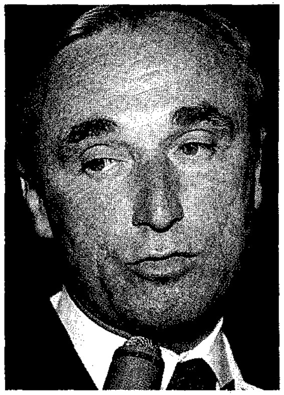
UNITED AIRLINES

BY PAT WECHSLER AND ROGER D. FRIEDMAN

INTELLIGENCER

NYPD CAN'T HANDLE ITS INTERNAL AFFAIRS

William Bratton has more on his hands than a bunch of naked, rowdy cops. The ACLU's **Norman Siegel** claims that Bratton's officers may be handing out bogus subpoenas. And Internal Affairs, already under fire for failing to aggressively prosecute misconduct complaints, seems to be dragging its heels on its investigation of the charges. Last March, Siegel advised **Chauncé Hayden,** editor of New Jersey–based weekly entertainment magazine *Steppin' Out*, to petition the Civilian Complaint Review Board to investigate a suspicious subpoena served on Hayden in 1994. The subpoena in question sought a tape recorded interview between Hayden and then-NYPD officer **Carol Shaya,** in which Shaya confessed that, in violation of police rules, she had posed for *Playboy* in at least part of her official uniform. When first contacted by police in November, Hayden refused to turn over the tapes, but capitulated when two officers showed up at his office an hour later, subpoena in hand. The subpoena appeared to be a New York State Supreme Court document that referenced a case—with no identifying index number and an unreadable signature—titled *Police Commissioner, City of New York Against P.O. Carol Shaya-Castro*. Unfortunately, no such case ever existed; Shaya's case was an internal administrative review. A few days later, another pair appeared. "This time we have a real subpoena," one told Hayden. The new document, issued by the Police Department, requested his appearance at an administrative hearing. It was then that Hayden approached the ACLU. According to Siegel, Hayden's complaint was referred to Internal Affairs, where it has languished for the past three months. Not only does Siegel question the validity of the first subpoena, he also disputes whether either should have been served in New Jersey without the approval of a New Jersey court. "As far as we know, the officers have never been questioned about the subpoena and no action has been taken," Siegel says. "Once again it raises the question of whether the police can really investigate [themselves]."



Commissioner Bratton: *This* time it's for real

WHITNEY HOUSTON'S UNFRIENDLY SKIES

Is **Whitney Houston** becoming the prima donna she played in *The Bodyguard*? According to sources on the Arizona set of her second film, the just-wrapped *Waiting to Exhale,* Houston was no pleasure to work with. At the end of the shoot, Houston and director **Forest Whitaker** were supposed to share a plane that had been rented to fly them back to Los Angeles. "Forest," says a source, "asked her to wait with the plane and said he'd be right along. But when he pulled up on the tarmac, the plane was taking off." But poor Whitney: Her time in Arizona wasn't exactly an idyll. Her husband, singer-defendant-father **Bobby Brown,** barely visited the set. (A spokesman says, "Bobby was recording.") His main appearance was at a birthday party for his and Whitney's toddling daughter, **Bobbi Kristina.** Whitney's more steadfast companions were her old friend and employee **Robyn Crawford** and her real-life bodyguard, "a guy named David who claimed to have once guarded the queen." Houston spent the rest of her time chain-smoking Newports and subsisting on bologna-and-cheese sandwiches. A source close to the film says only: "It would be inappropriate of me to discuss Whitney's personal life."

Whitney Houston: Taking off too soon?

O. J. SIMPSON'S PERRY MASON WITNESS

The Simpson prosecutors have certainly had their share of embarrassments in the past few weeks, but the worst may be yet to come. **Dr. Henry Lee**, the masterly chief criminal forensic scientist for the state of Connecticut and the man who helped exonerate **William Kennedy Smith,** is scheduled to testify for the defense. What he'll say: that the crime scene at Nicole Simpson's condo suggests there was more than one killer and that blood samples collected at the scene were contaminated. Lee anticipates that **Marcia Clark** will suggest he erred because he didn't wear a lab coat or hair net when handling blood samples. "What they don't understand is that it was *already* contaminated. That's ridiculous," Lee says. But there may be some trouble from another Clark in the D.A.'s office. **Woody Clark**, a lawyer on the prosecution team who has taught and attended DNA classes with Lee, turns out to be one of his biggest fans. The male Clark concedes, "Dr. Lee is a fascinating man." Lee is equally gracious towards the state. He defends **Dr. Bruce Weir,** the prosecution witness who wound up apologizing to the jury for his mistakes. "He kept his integrity," Lee says. "Not many people would have done that. But he wasn't a forensic scientist. He was a statistician. Forensic scientists know the limitations and complications of a crime scene."

DAWN MELLO PLAYS WITH HER FOOD

When **Dawn Mello** arrived at Bergdorf Goodman's as its

Photographs: top right, Mark Allan/Globe Photos; center right, Richard B. Levine.

The late Rose Kennedy: Her secretary speaks

THE BLOOM IS OFF ROSE KENNEDY

Shocking revelations that **Rosemary Kennedy's** prefrontal lobotomy was unnecessary may cast a pall over this week's opening of the International Special Olympics in New Haven. The Kennedy-Shriver family, inspired by the late president's sister, has long been a major sponsor of the games. Yet **Barbara Gibson** and **Ted Schwarz** write in *Rose Kennedy and Her Family: Their Life and Times* that Rosemary—who was operated on in 1941 at her father **Joe Kennedy's** insistence and without her mother **Rose's** knowledge—was not retarded at all but just learning disabled. "What did Joe Kennedy expect would be the results of the procedure?" Schwarz wonders. "Most likely a passive child, a daughter who would be more like an obedient staff person than a vibrant, aggressive Kennedy." Co-author Gibson was the late Rose Kennedy's secretary for fifteen years and knew all her secrets. She claims that Rose didn't see her daughter for almost twenty years and didn't let Rosemary visit the Hyannis Port compound until 1974. Gibson's memories aren't confined to Rose. She also recalls seeing **Ted Kennedy**—in a neck brace—laughing at the home of sister-in-law **Ethel Kennedy** the morning after his Chappaquiddick tragedy.

Woody Allen: Marge Simpson is a fan

new president last year, the first thing she did was push out her competitor for fashion divadom, **Ellin Saltzman**. The next thing she turned her attention to, sources say, was bringing back her restaurateur pal **Henry Lambert,** who was ensconced at his new restaurant, Lex. But first she would have to remove **Eileen O'Kane** (late of Mangia) and **Peter Godoff,** who took Lambert's place at Bergdorf's Cafe on 5 last summer. Mello's first move, O'Kane says, was to simply treat them badly—discouraging departments from catering events there and generally ignoring the restaurateurs in elevators and around the building. Then she and Bergdorf's new chairman **Steve Elkin** got tougher. In March, O'Kane and Godoff were told that they had two weeks to vacate the restaurant and wouldn't be compensated for renovation outlays they had made. The restaurateurs reminded Mello and Elkin about a 22-page contract giving them the right to stay; Elkin and Mello reminded them that the contract allowed Bergdorf's to terminate the relationship if displeased with the restaurant's menu or service. Although Elkin now says everything was amicably resolved, Godoff and O'Kane ultimately took Bergdorf's and its parent, Neiman Marcus, to court. The outcome? Godoff and O'Kane moved out July 1, taking with them a healthy settlement. Lambert is expected back this week. "But thanks to Auntie Dawn and Uncle Steve," O'Kane jokes, "Eileen and Peter got a nice little trust fund."

WOODY RULES; PLÁCIDO SUPS

WOODY'S DIRECTING: **Julie Kavner** was willing to fly all the way from Los Angeles to sing the praises of **Woody Allen** for a tribute that the Bravo cable channel was planning to film. "Bravo flew me, but I would have gladly flown myself to do this," Kavner says. "One of my career goals is to be in another Woody Allen film." But the question was whether Allen himself—although shrewdly less reclusive these post–Mia Farrow days—would be cooperative or even agree to be interviewed for the August 12 special. In fact, Allen not only agreed to cooperate, but also decided to compose all the questions that would be asked of his friends and colleagues. You can take the man out of the director's chair, but you can't take the director . . .

HARD ARIA CAFÉ: It used to be that all superstar tenor **Plácido Domingo** had to worry about was hitting the high notes. Now he'll also have to make sure there's bread on the table. Domingo and **Josefina Howard,** of Rosa Mexicano restaurant, are planning to launch a new Spanish restaurant together. The new place, called, predictably, Domingo's, will be opened on the site of a restaurant that belonged to David Keh, on East 49th Street across from Smith & Wollensky. Attorney Karen Gantz Zahler, who put the deal together, says the tenor might sing on the premises when he's not cooking up recipes.

LONDON CALLING: *Vanity Fair* criminal expert **Dominick Dunne** bolted from his front-row seat at the O. J. Simpson trial last week, after informing Judge **Lance Ito**—as well as a number of journalists in the press room at the L.A. County Courthouse—that he was headed to London to audition as writer of a **Princess Diana** cover story that *Vanity Fair* editor-in-chief **Graydon Carter** is eager to snag. Dunne told his peers that he was one of three writers Carter would dangle before the Princess of Wales at a fund-raiser for London's Serpentine Gallery. Also in the running, sources say, is *VF* writer **Bob Colacello,** who was also at the London gala.

FEAST OR FEMINA: Ad man **Jerry Della Femina** is going even more suburban. He already has his East Hampton restaurant, Della Femina, where the rich and semi-famous can stare at caricatures of themselves that ring the walls. And now he's looking at leases to open a similar boîte in Greenwich, Connecticut. "My goal is to ring New York City with restaurants," he says. The Greenwich restaurant is slated to open by October, and Della Femina is considering Montclair, New Jersey, for Number Three. His main rule for success: "Always have a restaurant where 40 to 50 percent of your clientele is Jewish. They make the best customers. That's why I'm looking at Greenwich—it's so near Westchester."

Plácido Domingo: Tenor à la king

Photographs: top left, Mikki Ansin/Gamma-Liaison; center left, John Barrett/Globe Photos; bottom, Terry O'Neill/Sygma.

GOTHAM

Genghis Khan conquered Asia with an army only half the size of New York City's civil service—*Emanuel Savas*

THE FRONT PAGE

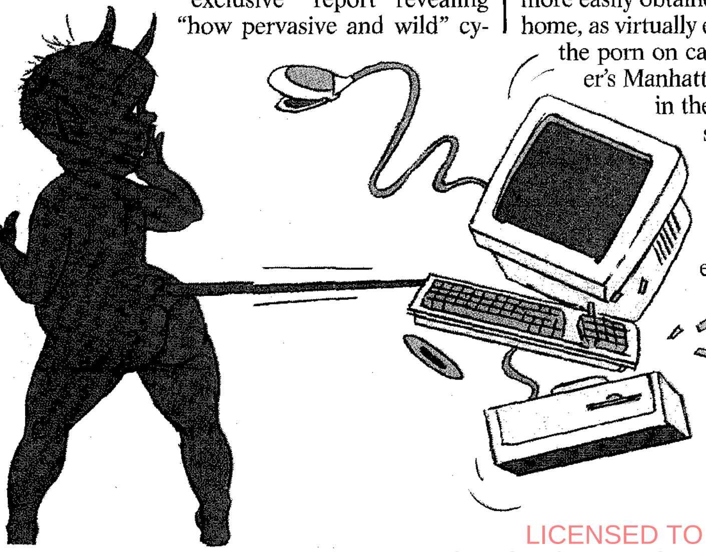
C'mere, Kiddie, Kiddie

It's time to demagogue the child issue again.

Children are singularly effective rhetorical tools. Call a piece of legislation Megan's Law after the 7-year-old New Jersey child who was raped and killed, and what legislator would dare say no? Last week, a similar bill passed the New York Legislature, 140 to 9. When Hillary Clinton protests cuts in arts funding on behalf of "our children" in a New York *Times* Op-Ed piece, one can't help thinking, *Why, yes, my child will feel bereft if he can't see a government-subsidized six-hour Pina Bausch ant opera.* And remember the missing-child "epidemic," in which, had the much-hyped numbers been accurate, *every single child in America* would have been abducted and sold off for parts.

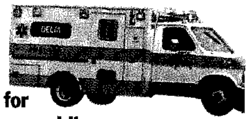
The latest episode of child-predicated alarm is an effort in Washington to outlaw obscene materials transmitted from computer to computer over phone lines. This revision to the Communications Decency Act—in which anyone who knowingly provides obscene material to minors could be punished by fines of $100,000 and jailed for two years—passed the Senate last month, 84 to 16, despite rather clearly violating the First Amendment. (Yeah, but what about the *Kids* Amendment?) Porno fever took hold as well at *Time* magazine, which, in one of its periodic fits of righteousness, last week published an "exclusive" report revealing "how pervasive and wild" cyberporn "really is." "Can we protect our kids," the cover asked primly, "and free speech?" Inside was a rendering of a man apparently copulating with a glowing computer terminal.

Even if we acknowledge the right of parents to protect their children from unwholesomeness, the cyberporn controversy has an air of unreality about it. As anyone who has spent time on the World Wide Web can tell you, it is, if anything, *less* sexy than what can be found on any corner newsstand. (If we extrapolate from the magazine's own figures, only 0.3 percent of Internet traffic is composed of naughty bits.) And while the figure cited in *Time*—917,410 pornographic pictures, stories, and film clips—may appear alarming, it is a red herring: The number of equivalent images, sounds, and acts that can be found on TV and through phone-sex operators is far vaster. *Time* argues that computer porn is particularly insidious because it is so easily accessible: "You can obtain it in the privacy of your own home—without having to walk into a seedy bookstore or movie house." Even more easily obtained in the privacy of your own home, as virtually every New York kid knows, is the porn on cable TV: There's Time Warner's Manhattan Cable channel 35 (where, in the phone number, "the extra *E* stands for extra pee"), and Time Warner itself provides pay-per-view porn all over town. Speaking of ironies, who needs cable or computers when there are people like Hugh Grant and Dee Dee Meyers to provide so much bawdy fun, all of which is available for perusal by innocents *in your local newspaper?* We have so much work ahead of us.



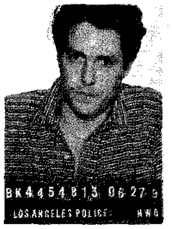
Photographs: top, Tony Varus/Impact Visuals; bottom, Sygma; illustration by Istvan Banyai.

OFF THE RECORD "A woman died recently because she waited an hour and a half for EMS. What happened to the new enhanced 911 system, E-911, where the address of the caller automatically comes up onscreen? Last June, we [the City Council] made the 'temporary' 35-cent surcharge on every phone bill permanent to help pay for a new system, and it was supposed to be online as of June. Since March 1992, NYNEX has collected $52 million," a council member told *New York.* The Police Department says the joint NYPD-NYNEX system was delayed until October because of construction setbacks.



OVERDUE PROCESS "In 1989, the [Writer's Guild of America, East] Council and the Board of Directors of the WGAW appointed a joint committee to review the Guild's credits manuals. Over a period of five years, the Screen and Television Credits Review Committee . . . had forty-seven meetings and has now finished its report."—From a letter that Writer's Guild president Herb Sergeant sent to members

P.R. ARCHAEOLOGY "I'd probably get him an interview with somebody like Barbara Walters. She would be kind of a mother-teacher figure to a naughty boy. The last one I can think of that was caught in a similar situation was, God knows, Errol Flynn. But mostly, [in the past] it would have been a blind item in a gossip column."—John Springer, publicist to Marilyn Monroe, Judy Garland, and Joan Crawford, on Hugh Grant's arrest last week



Education

A CIVICS LESSON

TO GET AN IDEA OF JUST HOW SCREWED UP New York public schools have become, one need only look at Chelsea Vocational High School and the story of two teachers there.

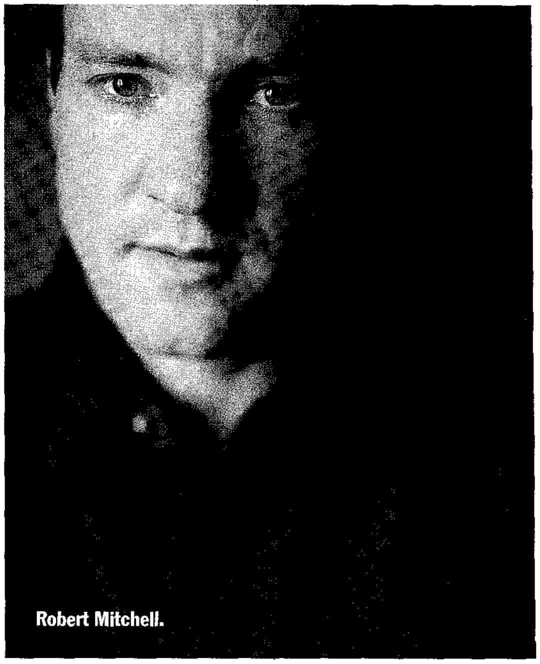
Several years ago, Robert Mitchell, a 35-year-old English teacher at the 900-student high school on lower Sixth Avenue, noticed that even his most talented students weren't considering college as an option. He responded by developing a curriculum that instructs poor black and Hispanic students how to apply to college and prepare for the SATs. Then in 1993, he wrote the 839-page *Multicultural Student's Guide to Colleges* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), which preps minority students on getting scholarships and advises them on race relations and ethnic-studies programs at 239 American campuses. Mitchell was recognized on ABC's *World News Tonight* as a Person of the Week in 1993, and in February, he was named Chelsea's Teacher of the Year.

Mitchell, of course, is going to be let go.

Last August, he was stripped of his tenure, reduced to substitute-teacher status, and forced to take a $10,000-a-year pay cut. Seven hundred fifty million dollars in imminent education budget cuts means that this fall, Mitchell will almost certainly be out of a job.

Mitchell violated a rule. Although he had five years to complete various requirements for his New York City teacher's license, he was four months late taking his master's exam. His excuse—"I missed the deadline because I was writing the college guide. The research took me three years to do"—was judged insufficient by the Board of Education's licensing division, which subsequently chose to overlook the fact that Mitchell has since gone on to complete his master's at City College with honors. Spokesmen for the Central School Board and the licensing division declined to discuss the decision with *New York.*

Hannah Hess, an assistant principal at Chelsea, laments that Mitchell "is a teacher who is so good with students in every way that to lose him over a technicality is unconscionable. To punish the students by depriving him of a position here is outrageous."


Robert Mitchell.

Claudia Diaz knows that. The graduating senior won a scholarship to DePauw University, near Indianapolis, in large part because of Mitchell. "He spent time with me after school, during my lunch period, during his lunch period. He took time for me," says Diaz, who arrived from the Dominican Republic at the age of 8.

An academic standout, Diaz won three creative-writing contests. Still, until Mitchell intervened, DePauw was reluctant to admit her because her math SAT score was too low. "I knew a couple of people on the admissions committee," Mitchell explains. "I called them up and said she was a student who was so self-motivated, and who has such a strong work ethic, that she'll do it." Mitchell has sent eight other students to DePauw, his alma mater. Of the two that have so far graduated, one is now a teacher in a Brooklyn high school, and the other is a stockbroker at Merrill Lynch.

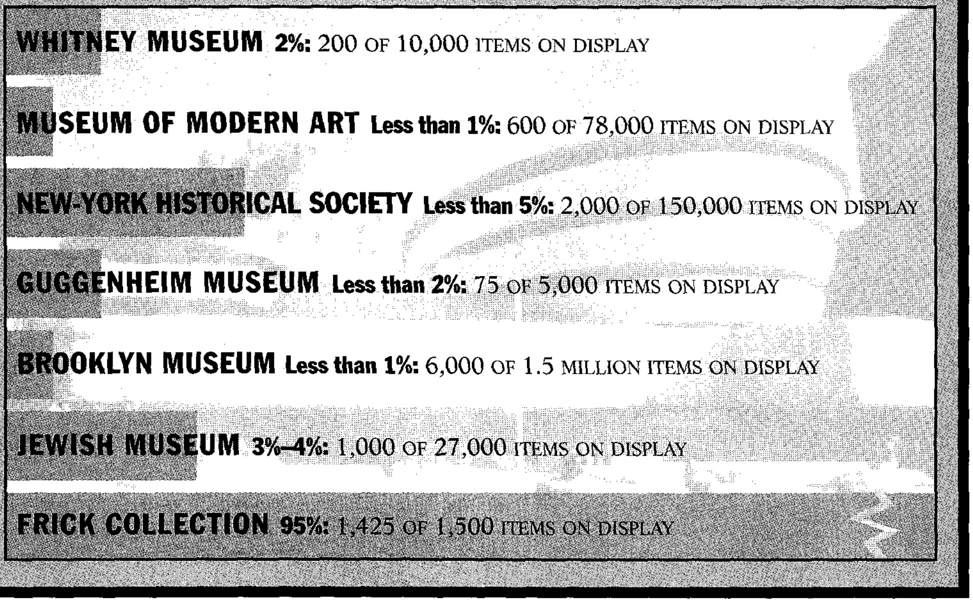
Then there's David Perlman, a science teacher at Chelsea. Several weeks ago, during class, Perlman called a black student "a bag of shit" and "a fucking asshole," and asked him, "What are you going to do when you get to college and you have to compete against white kids?" Perlman then proceeded to ridicule the student's dreadlocks. "Look, we have worms in our room," Perlman sneered. After the student's mother wrote the school, the

CULTURE

Flies in the Attic

When the New-York Historical Society received a $7.5 million grant from the Henry Luce Foundation last week, it announced it would use the money to increase the proportion of its 150,000-article collection on display from roughly 5 percent to 85 percent. Space in New York being as precious as it is, most of the city's museums have only tiny fractions of their permanent collections actually on display at any given time (the Frick, anomalously, shows 95 percent of its holdings). Some curators, however, *like* keeping their attics full. Says the American Museum of Natural History's Elizabeth Chapman: "Honestly, do you really want to see millions of *flies*?"

KRISTEN LIPPERT-MARTIN



Photographs: top, Brian Velenchenko; bottom, Steve Elmore/The Stock Shop.

administration assigned Perlman to work in the Manhattan high-school superintendent's office pending an investigation. During the course of the investigation, which can take months or even years, Perlman will receive full pay. Thanks to the fact that Perlman has tenure and the power of the United Federation of Teachers behind him, the worst that's likely to happen to him is that he'll be transferred to another school. "I really have nothing to say," he said when contacted by *New York*.

The UFT has provided Perlman with a lawyer but has done nothing for Mitchell. In fact, instead of trying to help Mitchell, Chelsea's UFT representative, Arthur Costigan, has been sniping at assistant principal Hess, a strong-willed administrator who is backing Mitchell and has repeatedly locked horns with the union over disciplining teachers such as Perlman. Seeing Hess stroll into the faculty lounge recently, Costigan barked *Sieg heil* and raised his arm in the classic Nazi salute, say witnesses. Hess, who is Jewish, fled Nazi Germany as a youth. Costigan says his actions were misinterpreted. "There is a group of people who want me out as chapter leader, and this [misreading of my actions] is part of the plan to do it."

Several weels ago, Hess received an anonymous one-word note in her box at school. It was *Verraeterin,* German for "snitch." Last week, she received another note, addressed to "Frau Hannah Hess." The letters S.S. were drawn to look exactly like the lightning-bolt insignia of the Nazi *Schutzstaffel.*

ROBERT I. FRIEDMAN

Obituary

JON GONE

The Jon Stewart Show, A SCRAPPY combatant in the late-night-TV talk-show wars, died on Saturday, June 24, at 1:30 A.M. After a year at MTV, *Stewart,* starring the stand-up comic of the same name, lived for nine months in syndication (Channel 9 locally), broadcasting from a studio on West 26th Street.

The true cause of death is disputed by relatives and friends of the canceled, though the proximate cause is clear: a ratings pulse barely in the single digits.

The last days of *Stewart* were, like much of its life, odd, exuberant, and wildly uneven. During taping of his penultimate show, Stewart's mood swung from giddy to glum. He grimaced as actress Elina Lowensohn chatted cheerily about sucking fake blood in a vampire movie. Then came a five-minute parody of *Willy Wonka* with Stewart playing a petrified visitor to the blood-soaked factory of a deranged butcher called Meaty McGillicuddy. "Nothing like a good meat video," Stewart muttered nervously backstage.

The wackily apocalyptic atmosphere deepened when the musical guest, the death-metal band Marilyn Manson, protégés of Nine Inch Nails's nasty boy Trent Reznor, smashed its instruments, then lit an unscheduled fire.

The next guest, actor Cameron Bancroft, swept up in the high jinks, smashed his coffee mug into the table in front of him—slicing open his right palm and spewing real blood.

In his dressing room afterward, Stewart clutched a Budweiser and a Marlboro. Paramedics attended to the hemorrhaging Bancroft while the lead singer of Marilyn Manson shotgunned a can of beer and the band's drummer inhaled whippets. "This," Stewart said, "is getting interesting."

The show had, in fact, been pretty interesting all along. *Stewart* staff members, busy boxing up their belongings, blamed the cancellation on everything from lame promotional support by the show's syndicator, Paramount ("They kept telling us viewers would *discover* Jon"), to the inevitable internal debates about whether *Stewart* should be a talk show with comedy sketches or a comedy show with talk, to Stewart's coming across as just too damn nice ("You can't be soft, cuddly, *and* hip").

Stewart, who lost ten pounds and gained gray hairs during the show's run, blames himself. "I'm compiling rationalizations now," he says. "Everything from bad schedule placement in a lot of cities to volcanic activity off the coast of Japan. But it's hard not to take it as a personal rejection. I was looking for a hug, and America spit in my face." He laughs. "And I was never the most positive fellow to begin with." (An on-air visit by David Letterman cheered Stewart up the next night.)

Did the show at least get him dates? "I got laid more when I was assistant manager of a shoe store," Stewart says. "If you say, 'Size seven?' the right way, women melt."

Sitcom and movie offers are accumulating, but Stewart, a Jersey guy, is going "down the shore" for a few weeks. He'll grow a beard. Then he'll write a screenplay.

The Jon Stewart Show is survived by Tom Snyder and—ugh—Conan O'Brien.

"Monday starts the new me," Stewart says in a tone straight from Hallmark. "The new me eats well. The new me writes poetry. The new me . . . takes time . . . for me."

CHRIS SMITH

Stewart with wig and members of Marilyn Manson.

Entertainment

BAT DROPPINGS

"WE CHANGED THE FACE OF MARKETING IN this industry when we came out with Mortal Kombat two years ago," exults Allyne Mills, the young public-relations director for the video-game production company Acclaim Entertainment. "Then, in its first week, Mortal Kombat II generated $50 million in revenue—September 13, 1994."

"September 9," corrects Steve Lux, Acclaim's buttoned-down director of product marketing.

"Ninth," Allyne says. "Sorry."

It's a few days after *Batman Forever's* $53 million opening weekend, and a 100-person film crew has gathered on an ominously cloudy and very Gothamite Wednesday evening in the shadow of the Manhattan Criminal Court building on Centre Street. They are here, in impeccable nineties horizontally integrated fashion, to film scenes for the commercial for the video game based on the sequel to the sequel to the feature film adapted from the TV series based on the comic book called *Batman.*

"The commercial," explains Holly Newman, director of advertising communications, "trails this escaped criminal through the streets, and everywhere he looks he's confronted by symbolism that represents Batman and Robin." When he reaches the Criminal Court building, he becomes entranced

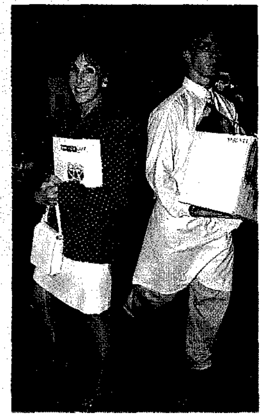
Photograph by Catherine McGann.

Red Is Dead

At the Russian Consulate for the American Russian Youth Orchestra's benefit "From the Hudson to the Neva."

By Alex Williams
Photographs by Patrick McMullan

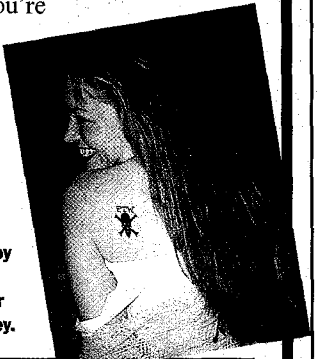
'WE WERE REALLY A child of *glasnost* in '88," says director Edythe Holbrook, recalling the founding of the American Russian Youth Orchestra, a mixing of young musicians across the Missile Gap. "We were still dealing with a notion of an enemy." Ah, yes, the Big Thaw, back when only rubes said "Russia" and Moscow girls gooped on eye shadow in glossy primary colors.

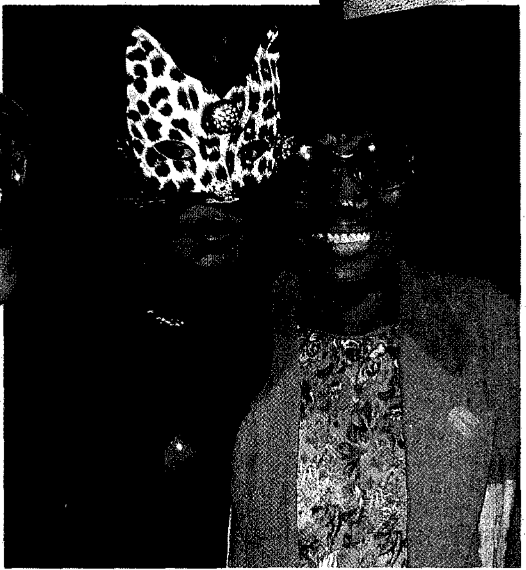


But Western reforms brought the Freedom to Mingle, which is clubbily apparent here under the consulate's 23-karat-gold leaf. Taking glibness cues from imperialist Yankee wits like George Plimpton and Arthur Schlesinger, the modern Russkies explore the sartorial limits of teal and pinstripe. A woman stands poised in a little black dress and Manolo Blahnik pumps: Must be a Bergdorf's publicist. She then opens her mouth, waxing social in fluent Russian. Amid the czarist, Louis XVI opulence, Miss Teen Russia USA, Marina Sokolovsky, is asked about things back home. "It's better when you're optimistic," she says.

And where is home?

"Brooklyn."





Clockwise, from top: Carillon's Patricia Barroll with boss Michel Roux at the Stolichnaya/Condé Nast ARYO party; Elizabeth Wurtzel bares even more at the Bowery Bar; birthday girl Grace Jones at the Supper Club with her mom, Marjorie; the *Times*'s party boy Bob Morris at the Heritage of Pride parade; Seema Boesky at Sotheby's for the "Bid for Life" auction in honor of Robert C. Woolley.

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by two huge stone gargoyles (actually Styrofoam facsimiles) squatting atop dramatic 33-foot tall columns at the entryway. The gargoyles metamorphose into Batman and Robin and swoop down upon him.

The crew is milling around trying to figure out the cause of a power outage, and a gaggle of Acclaim honchos stand off to the side, waiting and conversing tactfully about licensing rights. "Warner Bros. is very concerned about what gets mentioned about their products," says Lux, declining to describe the Batman video game.

They're more forthcoming, however, about the ad, which airs in theaters and on TV next month. "One guy had a tattoo covering his entire lower face," says vice-president of marketing Sam Goldberg about an actor in the commercial. "His bottom lip was pierced. His girlfriend had a Doberman. They're nice. Nice people." A cell phone chirps, and all at once, the five executives plunge their hands into handbags and pockets, and then laugh in embarrassment.

Around 10 P.M., Batman and Robin—the actual stuntmen who doubled for Val Kilmer and Chris O'Donnell in *Batman Forever*—appear and begin alternately striking awesome folded-arm poses and chatting up the crew. The Criminal, a wild-haired, orange-stripe-prison-garbed character, prepares by rolling maniacally in the dirt next to the sidewalk. Scott Barbey, the ad-agency art director, rolls his eyes. "Method actors."

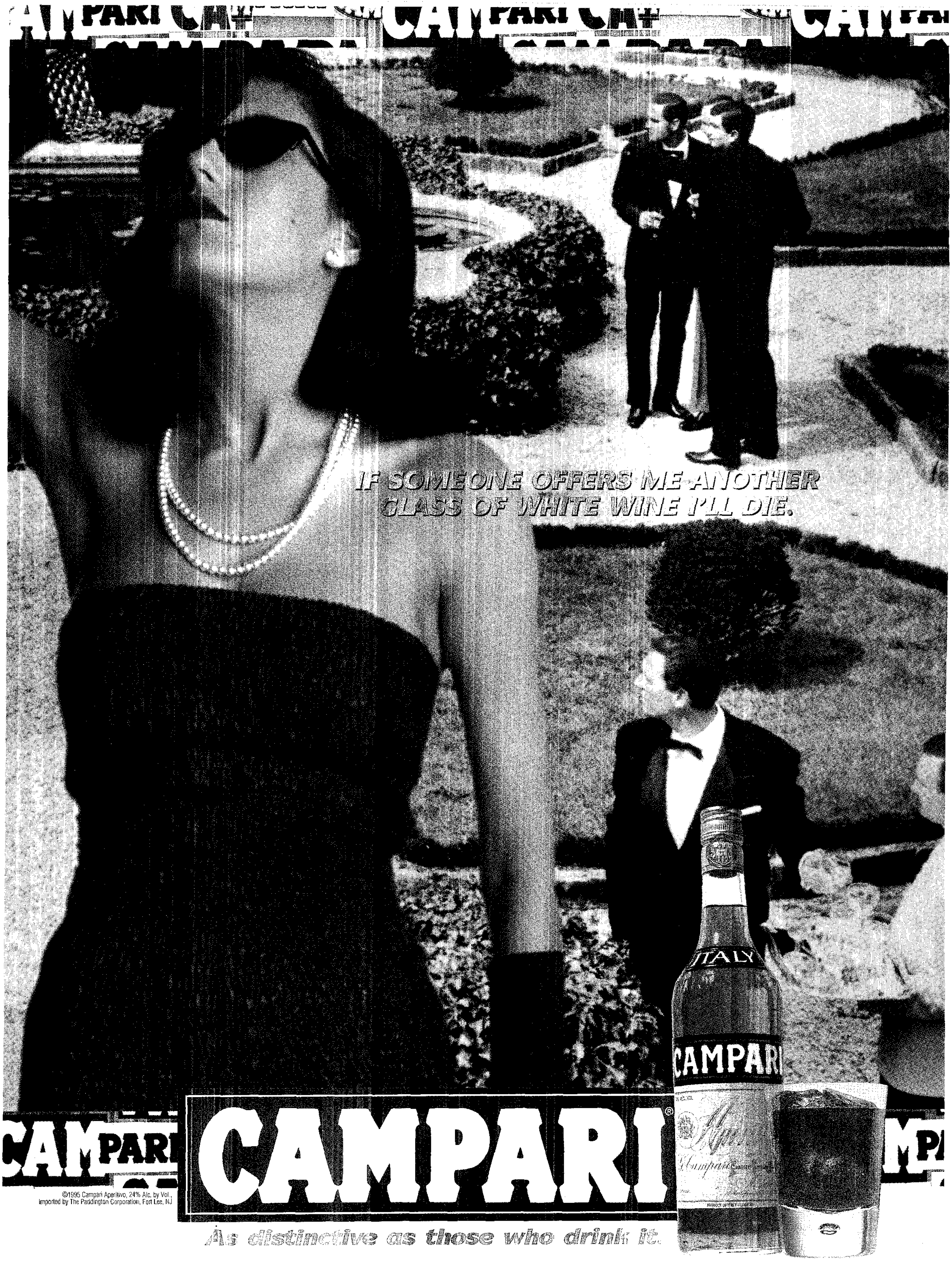
Finally, the crew is ready for the first shot, a rolling scan up the pedestals to the gargoyles. The director, a Harvard film-school professor named David Anderson, hunches over the monitors with director of photography Dariusz Wolski. Behind them hover the assistant director and the assistant cameraman, behind them the ad-agency crowd, behind them the Acclaim crowd. And behind them, production assistants scurry everywhere. "It's like levels of government," says Barbey, amazed.

The shoot begins. Smoke spews from the hovering cherry picker and twin searchlight beams dance between the columns as the camera glides forward on its dolly, boom light rising in the background through the misty air. On the monitor, the gargoyles show up leering and wreathed in eerie green light.

The massed crowd is utterly silent. Even the pudgy beat cop guarding the set stops hitting on a starstruck teenybopper.

"That's a cut," yells the assistant director. *"Back to one."*

"I like it," Anderson says quietly. "I like it." MICHAEL KRANTZ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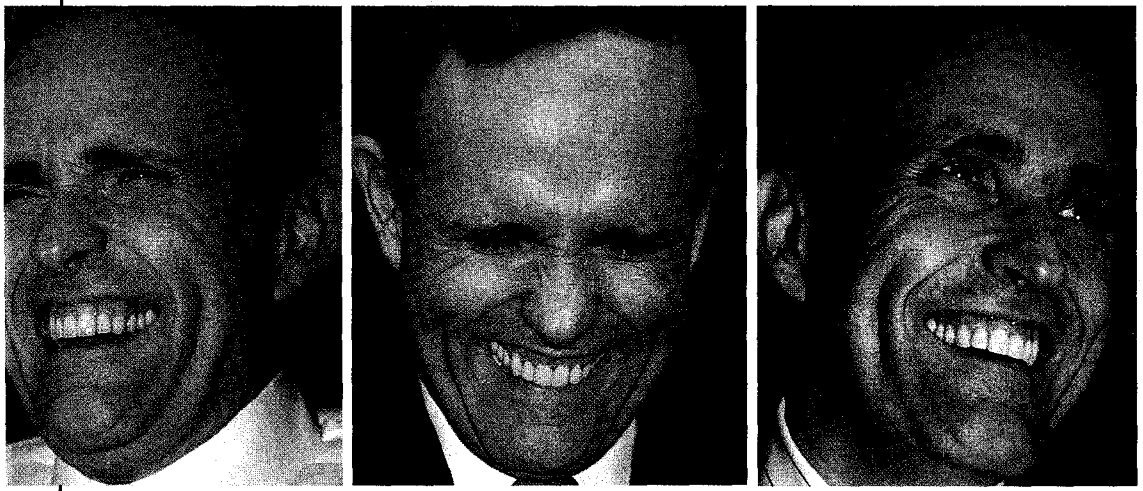
THE CITY POLITIC ERIC POOLEY

The Last Word on Rudy

Why is this man laughing? Perhaps because he's won his battles in spectacular style—and he's too blind and stubborn to see what he's lost.

THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING FOR RUDY GIULIANI, THE mayor's new 40-man mobile cheering squad—the one that surrounded him at last week's Gay Pride March, erupting into huzzahs and chants of "Rudy! Rudy!" whenever anyone else started booing—ought to take up permanent residence inside City Hall. (For pointers, Giuliani might look to Mobutu Sese Seko of Zaire, whose entourage is forever calling him "The Great Redeemer.") What better way to stress the essential rightness of the mayor's every position than with a claque of smiling, placard-waving "volunteers" on hand for his every press conference, foray into the streets, or meeting with Democratic rivals? Now that Giuliani has hounded from office Schools Chancellor Ramon Cortines—calling the city's favorite Latino official a *precious, whining little victim;* deputizing a posse of subpoena-wielding cronies to lynch the school-safety division; and setting the stage for another round of ugly racial politics over the credentials and ethnicity of the *next* person foolish enough to take the chancellorship—Giuliani's need for personal cheerleaders surely won't diminish. Despite his many accomplishments, the man's popularity will keep slipping, and not just within the election-swinging Latino community; once-trusted advisers like Ed Koch are now comparing Giuliani to "Frankenstein's monster . . . you run at the sight of him."



Photographs by Frances M. Roberts.

It's a strange, bedeviling moment in Giuliani's career—which means it's a typical moment. He has won so much: neutralizing his Democratic opposition, getting the City Council to sign off on his budget in record time, shutting out what's left of the "progressive" community while he and Peter Vallone conduct the business of the city. So many victories, but so few cheers that Giuliani must orchestrate his own. What *is* it about this mayor that he can wholly dominate the political landscape and at the same time repel most everyone who inhabits it?

Giuliani claims, simplistically, that because he's making tough budgetary choices—trimming a bureaucracy that resists change and "rises up against you"—he has no choice but to "make the disputes public." In fact, his badgering of Cortines (and of the Board of Education, now that Cortines has quit) has nothing to do with "building public support"—quite the contrary, it *erodes* his support, because his lip-curling assaults annoy even those who agree with him on the issues. Since he can't admit that he makes mistakes, he also can't admit that his rantings are anything less than the careful working out of a master plan—although even some top advisers these days will call a rant a rant. ("This is not a man with a long fuse," says one.) He routinely exaggerates the amount of opposition he faces (his twin premises, that the city overspends and that taxes shouldn't be raised, are accepted by just about everyone) because his self-image demands that he be the White Knight—takin' 'em on, gettin' it done. Everything Giuliani does, in fact, serves what might be called his Great Man theory of municipal history. Guess who gets to be the Man? "If you put Rudy on the couch," says a close friend of his, "you'd see that deep inside he's not a politician at all. He's a public man dedicated to making radical change, and if he can't do that, he'll just say *fuck it* and leave."

At his best when he gets to be bigger than the office (his Cuomo endorsement is the sterling example), Giuliani has trouble because most of his work isn't so transcendent—it's more like mayor as sanitation engineer, sweeping up the detritus of decades of profligate liberalism, with relatively few chances to shine. No wonder he hires cheerleaders and grabs the mike every chance he gets: giving the budget briefings, announcing the crime statistics, presiding at the disasters. He *needs* the applause, so it's logical that he organize and carry it with him from place to place.

Those who work for the mayor are of course required to share his view of himself. "When you start having doubts about the cult of personality," says a former aide, "it's time to move on."

The one official who has never wavered in her assessment of her boss is Cristyne Lategano, the much-reviled communications director. Lategano these days is the subject of a whispering campaign concerning her close relationship with Giuliani. A number of breathy, suggestive newspaper stories have described Lategano out shopping for dresses with Giuliani, Lategano's private office adjoining the mayor's, Lategano's habit of accompanying him on his evening rounds. "The innuendo is sexist, wholly inappropriate," says a senior administration official. "If a guy were out to dinner with the mayor late at night, no one would say a word. They have a father-daughter relationship, not a romantic one. What he values is her loyalty."

A communications director whose speciality is *not* communicating with reporters, Lategano is the perfect vessel for Giuliani's press contempt. Since it is the media's duty to resist buying into the Great Man theory, Lategano naturally can't abide them. She has made it clear that the role of her public-information apparatus—not just in City Hall, but in the Police Department's press office (which she gelded and now rules) and every other agency's—is to serve the mayor's image over the public's right to know. The better minds in Giuliani's camp know that Lategano's sneering approach is disastrous over the long haul; as the drumbeat of bad press surrounding Lategano got louder last spring, top advisers like Peter Powers and David Garth are said to have urged the mayor to dump her (or at least rein her in). As a result, Giuliani cut off relations with Garth; he is said to have silenced Powers with a few harsh words.

If the game is about power and access, Lategano—just 30 years old, with seven years of politics under her belt—plays better than anyone expected her to. (I once wrote that she had "no policy clout"; that may have been true at the time, but it sure isn't now). Some say that Lategano, having survived Powers's long knife, is mightier now than even the first deputy mayor. That's an exaggeration. Lategano spends more time with Giuliani than Powers does, to be sure, but Powers remains Giuliani's oldest and closest confidant (though even that role doesn't leave much room for candor). "He's still the First Friend," says a colleague. "Cristyne is just the pawn. Rudy likes to drive wedges between people who work for him, and she's the wedge. He likes to thumb his nose at people, and she's the thumb. He likes to hear he's right, and she's always willing to tell him."

The question, of course, is whether the Great Man theory is justified. Giuliani clearly *is* smarter and quicker, more focused and decisive, than most people; he needs less sleep, cuts faster to the chase, and the rest. All of that, however, is merely the prerequisite for greatness—and greatness from a public servant demands heart and soul as well as brains and brass. Those close to the mayor swear he's got the first two attributes, and some of us have seen glimpses now and then. But if the mayor wants to be remembered as a Great Man, and not just a promising mayor who went terribly awry somewhere in his second year in office, he'll need to rediscover these parts of himself and communicate them to the people. As the opportunistic Koch said last week, "he must *bleed* a little when they bleed."

If much of the above reads like a premature summation of the Giuliani years, it is. This is my last column (I'm moving across town to cover national affairs for *Time*). The other day, when I mentioned this to a splendidly grizzled City Hall old-timer, he leered at me and tugged at his chin hairs. "Your last column on the Rudester," he said. "Which of the six will it be?"

"What's *that* supposed to mean?"

"Well, there are only a half-dozen columns that anyone ever writes about this administration: Rudy's battles with *x*. The effect of budget cuts on *y*. The grudging admission of his achievements. The what-does-it-all-mean-for-'97?"

We were both laughing by then, so I never did get to hear the other two topics. But I disagree with him. The Giuliani administration offers endless subjects to write about (there are 8 million stories in this naked City Hall). At the same time, of course, it offers just one: the ever-maddening puzzle that is our mayor. Every story doubles back at him.

In Giuliani's world, of course, that's the way it must be. ■

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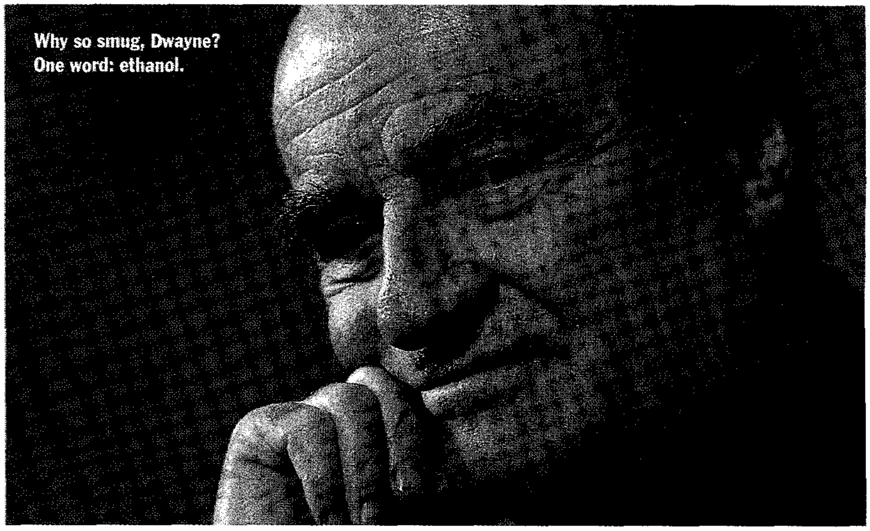
THE NATIONAL INTEREST JACOB WEISBERG

Bob Dole's Sugar Daddy

Thanks to the Senate majority leader's good offices, Dwayne Andreas and Archer Daniels Midland are the nation's No. 1 corporate-welfare case.



Why so smug, Dwayne? One word: ethanol.

BEFORE HE DIED, RICHARD NIXON gave Bob Dole some political counsel. To win the Republican nomination, Nixon advised, Dole should run "as far as you can to the right" because that's where the GOP primary voters are. But after winning the nomination, Dole should "run as fast as you can back to the middle." Dole—in all things Nixon's disciple—has so far followed the plan to the letter. He has savaged the merchants of rap, gleefully obstructed the nomination of Henry Foster, and repeatedly professed his devotion to "reining in government," as he terms it. So far, the right seems impressed; Dole's long history of moderate squishiness—his sponsorship of civil-rights bills and tax hikes—is fading from memory. But Bob Dole will deserve to be called a real conservative only when he denounces the purest boondoggle in the federal budget: the giant corporate-welfare apparatus that supports his friend Dwayne Andreas.

You may not know Andreas's name, but you've surely eaten his processed-food products. Andreas is the CEO and largest shareholder in Archer Daniels Midland, the agribusiness conglomerate that advertises itself on the Sunday-morning chat shows as "Supermarket to the World." ADM buys wheat, soybeans, and corn and converts them into those curious-sounding ingredients like high-fructose corn syrup and partially hydrogenated soybean oil without which Bugles, TV dinners, and Cheez Whiz as we know them would be impossible. Andreas is also the most adept cultivator of government subsidies since the railroads were built. There are few important elected officials he has failed to befriend and assist. But it is the Dole-Andreas relationship more than any other that stands as a case study in the legal corruption of politics, and as an explanation of why, in the midst of a budget-cutting frenzy, some of the juiciest handouts aren't even in jeopardy.

Dole has performed many services to ADM over the years, but none greater than advancing the cause of the synthetic fuel ethanol. Ethanol came into being because the Decatur, Illinois–based company wanted to do something with corn by-products. But it needed political help, since its cost of production left ethanol uncompetitive with gasoline. In 1978, Dole secured the 54-cents-a-gallon exemption from the federal highway tax that made ethanol economically viable. Since then, he has introduced more than 50 bills to promote its use. He has extended the subsidy, prodded the Agriculture Department to donate its corn surpluses to ADM, demanded tariffs to block Brazilian ethanol, and fended off attempts by competing products to get in on the action. And though Bill Bradley and a few other noble souls have fought the ongoing subsidy, worth $3.5 billion over the next five years, it seems truly ineradicable. In the words of a Prudential Securities research report of last year, "Ethanol's well-known exemption from the federal fuel tax through the year 2000 remains safe, in our opinion, as long as Senator Dole . . . retains his substantial political clout."

In the past, Dole has justified his defense of ethanol by claiming it as legitimate pork barrel—it helps corn farmers in his home state. But what of his avid defense of another Republican budget survivor, the sugar program? There aren't any sugarcane growers in Kansas. Dole's position makes sense only when you understand that the market for another ADM product, the corn-based sweetener fructose, depends on Congress's artificially inflating the price of its competitor, sugar. The sugar and ethanol causes are related, of course. "It's a cascading subsidy," says Rob Shapiro, an economic analyst at the Progressive Policy Institute. "They start out with a subsidy for corn and produce corn syrup, whose price is supported by the sugar quota. Then they take the refuse and make ethanol with a 60-cents-a-gallon subsidy. This is probably the least subtle case of corporate welfare out there."

Andreas essentially operates through legalized bribery. And sometimes not so legalized. In 1972, he gave a secret $25,000 cash contribution to his close friend Nixon that found its way (via G. Gordon Liddy) into the account of one of the Watergate burglars. Two years later, he was indicted (though ultimately acquitted) of passing his close friend Hubert Humphrey an illegal contribution. A few years after that, he was revealed to have given a bundle of ADM stock to the family of yet another close friend, a Carter nominee to the Commodity Futures Trading Corporation. Since then, Andreas has tried to maintain a low profile, though he occasionally makes it into the news for doing things like buying Carter's peanut farm for $1.2 million. He shuns the press and avoids having anything so gross as a Washington office or a registered lobbyist. He simply writes big checks.

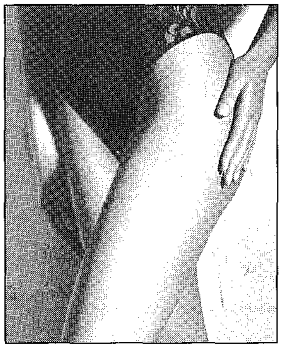
Campaign cash is the least of it. Since individuals and corporate PACs can donate only limited amounts to candidates,

Photograph by Steve Woit.

Andreas and ADM have given Dole less than $100,000 in direct contributions over the years. But Andreas has found other ways to express his gratitude. Most notoriously, Andreas sold the Doles an apartment in an exclusive Bal Harbour, Florida, co-op he runs, at the below-market price of $150,000. (Howard Baker, David Brinkley, and Bob Strauss are also Andreas-sponsored neighbors.) Dole has use of ADM's corporate jet, a privilege he has taken advantage of 29 times since 1993, according to *Newsweek*. When Elizabeth Dole became chairman of the American Red Cross, Andreas sent the charity a half-million-dollar check to welcome her, and another half-million the next year. He has given $275,000 to Dole's foundation for the disabled, and $100,000 to the recently closed Better America Foundation, a Dole front. "Despite all the money he's given, it's a drop in the bucket compared to the hundreds of millions that have accrued to Andreas and ADM because of his political connections," says Charles Lewis, director of the Center for Public Integrity, an anti-lobbying group. "It's chump change."

Dole, of course, has no monopoly on vice. Clinton's EPA was originally in sympathy with environmental groups that think ethanol is a waste of time since it may actually raise smog levels and a gallon of the stuff produces only as much energy as was used to create it. But after the 1992 election, when Andreas-bucks began to flow to the DNC in greater profusion, the Clinton EPA did an about-face, ordering gasoline refiners to use ethanol instead of methanol, which is cheaper and cleaner. In essence, the EPA determined that 10 percent of the gasoline sold in the U.S. would have to contain ethanol. Given that the bulk of the nation's ethanol-production capacity belongs to ADM, this amounted to a dirigiste allocation of market share to a single, favored company. When the issue came up for a vote in the Senate, Al Gore broke a 50–50 tie in ADM's favor. Oil companies subsequently sued to reverse the EPA's decision and in April won their case, but the EPA is appealing. Should it prevail, the total cost of the ethanol boondoggle will increase to $1 billion a year, while boosting the price of gasoline as much as 7 cents a gallon.

In a rare interview last year, Andreas told the Houston *Post* that there was no such thing as a free market. "People who are not in the Midwest do not understand that this is a socialist country," he said. Maybe *this* is what Nixon had in mind for the general election: junk-food collectivism. Dole's slogan could be "Socialism in one company"—or perhaps "All power to the Soy-viets." ▬



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MEDIA RICHARD TURNER

Playing for Keeps

As two editors wrestle for the top job at 'Sports Illustrated,' other magazines take aim at its audience. And winning is the only thing.

THIS PAST WEEK, THE COVER OF *Sports Illustrated* posed a heavy question: SHOULD WE ROOT FOR MIKE TYSON? This was three weeks after it declared WHY THE UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI SHOULD DROP FOOTBALL. Lest you think that fanatics have seized a portion of Time Inc. to publish a series of religious pamphlets under the *Sports Illustrated* logo, be assured that *SI* is the same magazine it has been for 40 years, comfortable with taking positions on the events of the athletic world. When *SI* speaks out on issues in its domain, people listen. Its views may tend toward the conventional—vigilance about sleaze in college and amateur athletics, pleas for common sense among greedy owners and players. Some find it sanctimonious. But its editorial voice speaks with real moral authority, a rare thing in the cluttered media bin of instantly disposable opinions.

A Memorable Masters
Sports Illustrated
Sports Illustrated
Why the University of Miami should drop football
DENNIS RODMAN of the San Antonio Spurs

Yet there is something else going on at *SI,* an internal drama that accounts for why the magazine lately has been more in-your-face than usual. And although the atmosphere has been outwardly civil and genteel so far, it has made the staff deeply uncomfortable. New Time Inc. editor-in-chief Norman Pearlstine is conducting a competition—a bake-off, it's called in-house—between two prospective editors, an insider and a relative outsider, to determine the future direction of the magazine when longtime editor Mark Mulvoy departs after the Atlanta Olympics.

SI's lack of competition has helped it hang on to certain old-fashioned virtues like good feature writing, but it still faces challenges. People "watch a game on Saturday, with 500 highlights, see it discussed interminably on ESPN with 50 experts, hear about it on talk radio, read newspapers and *USA Today* about it—then pick up *Sports Illustrated* on Thursday to read about it again. It's regurgitation," says Frank Deford, the former *SI* writer who left amid nastiness with editor Mulvoy and went on to edit *The National,* a sports daily that blew through $100 million in eighteen months before folding in 1991. Should *SI* continue to cover every big game? The new editor will decide—post-bake-off.

Pearlstine, himself the first outsider to run Time Inc.'s magazine division, has made it clear that his magazine editors are going to be working for *him,* not fixed in some natural firmament of corporate culture. So after Mulvoy had anointed assistant managing editor Bill Colson heir apparent, Pearlstine reopened the oven and inserted Dan Okrent, baseball nut and managing editor of *Life,* into the bake-off. Employees quaked when Pearlstine, who ran the *Wall Street Journal* during the eighties, first focused on *Fortune* magazine, firing and hiring, installing his own new editor. Now he turns to *SI,* something more alien to him and, as a mega-revenue weekly, with higher stakes. He's closely reviewing issues, forming high-tech committees, bombing editors with E-mail, tweaking stories with suggestions such as a greater use of sidebars. And in doing so, he's messing with the most independent island in the Time Inc. archipelago, long ruled like a Samoan princedom by the larger-than-life Mulvoy, who for a decade roamed the halls with a golf club and about as much subtlety as a Big Bertha driver.

Under the more than faintly degrading terms of the bake-off, Colson is running the magazine in May, June, and July, and Okrent does the following three months. Both are under extreme pressure to produce memorable issues. "It's like a medieval joust," says Deford. For years, Mulvoy has awakened on Sunday morning and ripped apart the magazine, starting from scratch for the next day's close. It's part of the drill, and Colson reportedly has aced it in recent weeks. Okrent will have to rise to such fierce decisiveness because his experience is in monthly magazines: He edited the award-winning *New England Monthly,* has written baseball books, and founded the now insufferably ubiquitous activity of Rotisserie-league baseball.

Inevitably, Okrent's outsiderness is engendering paranoia about people's jobs, and he'll have to show the troops he's a meat-and-potatoes "sports guy," not just a baseball romantic appearing on the latest Ken Burns PBS epic. Colson must prove he's not a Mulvoy clone—then, horribly, he's got to function as Okrent's No. 2 for three months. Does he help him, make him look good, then go home and get a good night's sleep? Think of *that* when you're reading about the BoSox on the beach next month. Both candidates will also have to wow Pearlstine with ideas about sports in cyberspace. And he hasn't ruled out a third choice.

So far, Colson has produced a parade of provocative covers that are said to have pleased Pearlstine. On one such cover, Colson displayed basketball star Dennis Rodman—he of the rotating hair color and Madonna-inspired androgyny—decked out in black leather, dog collar, and nose ring (Rodman's offer to pose nude was declined).

Colson's not crazy—he knew Pearlstine loved the Rodman package—but some questioned whether the story contradicted an *SI* cover story earlier this year citing Rodman's place among "petulant prima donnas" in the NBA. This was vintage Mulvoy, a Jesuit-educated Irish Catholic from Boston whose vision of basketball was formed by Bob Cousy and who confesses to "a strong sense of right and wrong, which may be too stiff and rigid." Says Mulvoy from the smallish office he's relocated to while Colson gets his turn: "Would I have put Rodman on the cover? I don't know."

This debate reflects the old-white-guy factor about *SI* that makes some magazine-industry rivals lick their lips. But to truly challenge *SI* would cost perhaps $100 million, and though competitors smell complacency, so far they've merely nibbled away with niche magazines about individual sports or flamed out. Fifteen years ago, *Inside Sports* tried being more hard-core than *SI* about the four major spectator sports, but the Washington Post Company finally blinked and sold it off.

Now would-be challengers see another pattern: big, broad-based mainstream magazines like *Money* and *Rolling Stone* losing ground to younger, hipper competitors like *SmartMoney* and *Spin*. One such aspirant is Michael Caruso, a former editor at *Vanity Fair* and *The Village Voice* whose pitch is for a sort of hip-hop alternative to a country-clubbish *SI*. His code words are MTV, Nike ads, and the "cross-cultural" nature of sports, like ESPN2 on paper. To Caruso, *SI* is part of a "sports establishment" that has a "plantation mentality. . . . *SI* can't keep up with the explosion in sports."

Caruso developed his new magazine idea, a biweekly to be called *The Score*, for Murdoch Magazines. But after five months, Murdoch just passed on the proposal as too expensive. Caruso says he's talking to other investors. In any event, Caruso's concept will have to get past the fact that sports fans tend to be dead serious about their fandom, relatively unmoved by neon and flash—*SI*'s troglodyte annual swimsuit issue notwithstanding. *SI*'s real weak spot, some say, is its portentousness, a tendency to pontificate from on high—something of a Time Inc. genetic predisposition. Editors at the new *Total Sports*, accordingly, toyed with the phrase "We're in the seat next to you." Their brief is that there's so much bad news in sports today, and *SI* takes it all so seriously, that the enthusiasm treasured by fans has withered away. *Total Sports*, from Hearst, a 20 percent owner of ESPN, will publish a football annual next month. An NFL preview is a long way from a weekly magazine (and *SI* is preparing its own), but the experiment will test the marketing clout of ESPN's name, which is the only other brand name in sports media. ESPN has attitude, irreverence, and tons of information—seven days a week—and the incoming *SI* editor will worry about it.

SI remains maybe the only huge-circulation magazine that people actually buy for the writing, to hear stories passionately told. Perhaps the feature-writing depth has fallen off some lately. But unlike *People* or *Entertainment Weekly*, *SI* isn't about browsing. It's still, as bake-off contestants should recall, about reading.

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Pre-Sale Ends July Fourteenth

Winning the TV Season

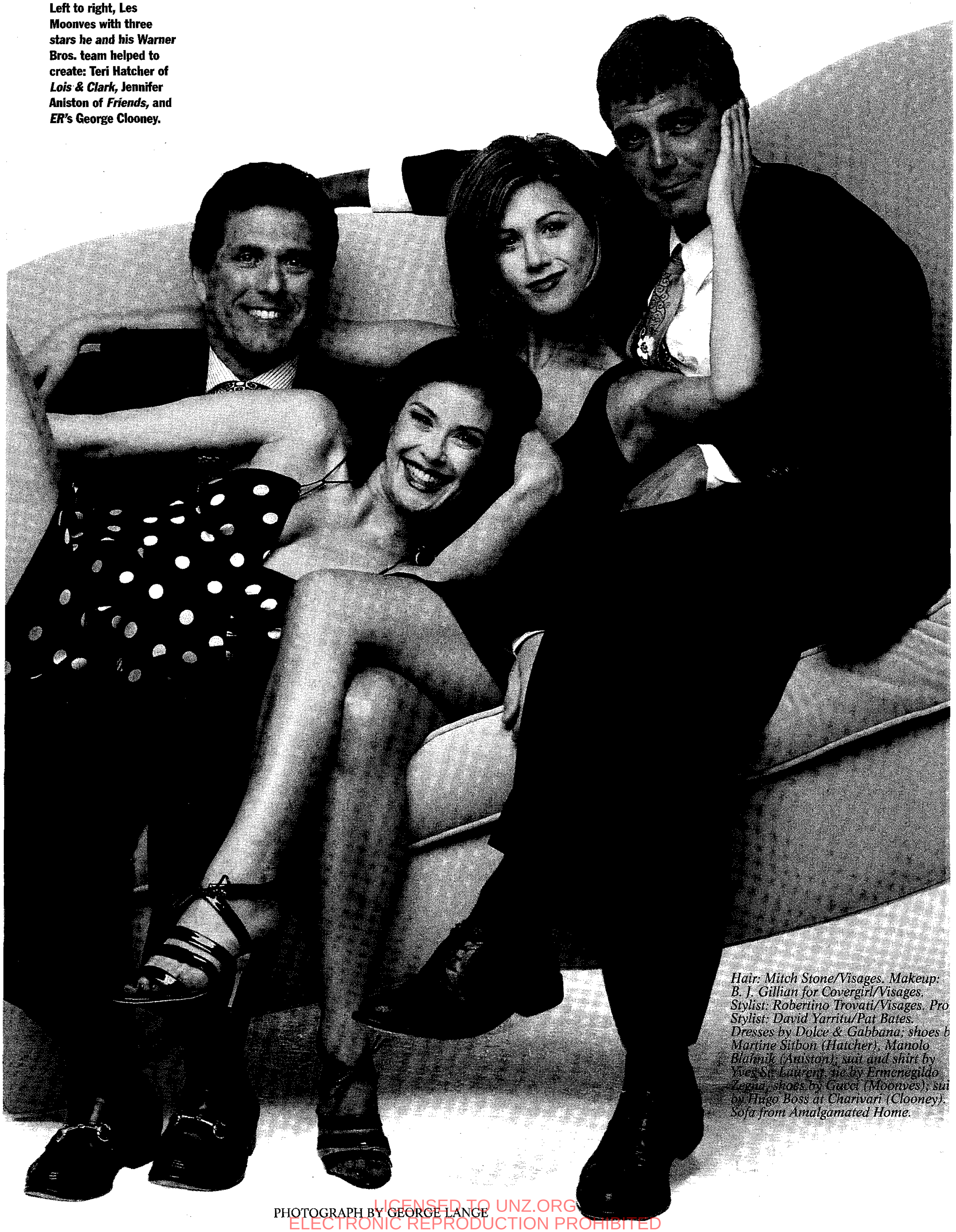
By Lynn Hirschberg

How Les Moonves pushed and cajoled and guided his Warner Bros. team to the most successful year in history—eight new pilots on the air—and won a bigger prize: head of CBS Entertainment. An exclusive report on how TV is made

IT'S LUNCHTIME ON A TUESDAY IN LATE March, and Leslie Moonves, president of Warner Bros. Television, is driving a golf cart through his kingdom. All in all, Warner Bros. had eighteen shows on the air last season, and this road trip is like flipping around the dial: One minute, Moonves is zipping down the tree-lined streets of Metropolis, where *Lois & Clark* is shot; he then makes a right at Soundstage 11, where the *ER* hospital borders the *Friends* set. He waves hello to George Clooney, who is shooting some baskets in his green scrubs. Next, he makes a sharp turn at the former set of the recently canceled *Full House.*

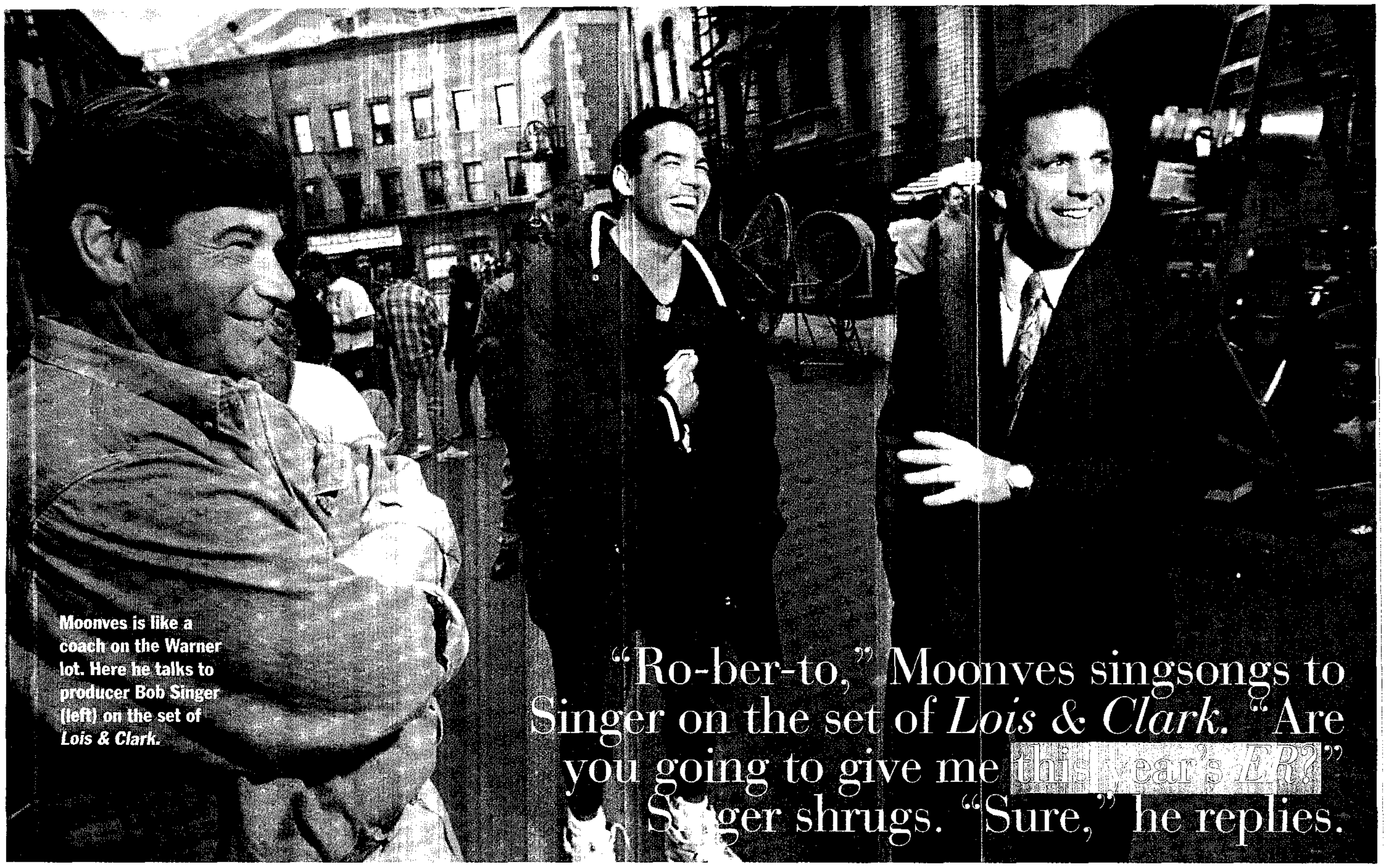
"It's been a good year," Moonves says in his resounding voice. He was once an

Left to right, Les Moonves with three stars he and his Warner Bros. team helped to create: Teri Hatcher of *Lois & Clark*, Jennifer Aniston of *Friends*, and *ER*'s George Clooney.



Hair: Mitch Stone/Visages. Makeup: B. J. Gillian for Covergirl/Visages. Stylist: Robertino Trovati/Visages. Pro
Stylist: David Yarritu/Pat Bates. Dresses by Dolce & Gabbana; shoes b
Martine Sitbon (Hatcher), Manolo Blahnik (Aniston); suit and shirt by Yves St. Laurent, tie by Ermenegildo Zegna, shoes by Gucci (Moonves); sui
by Hugo Boss at Charivari (Clooney). Sofa from Amalgamated Home.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE LANGE



Moonves is like a coach on the Warner lot. Here he talks to producer Bob Singer (left) on the set of *Lois & Clark.*

"Ro-ber-to," Moonves singsongs to Singer on the set of *Lois & Clark.* "Are you going to give me this year's *ER?*" Singer shrugs. "Sure," he replies.

actor, playing heavies on *Six Million Dollar Man* and *Cannon,* and his voice still carries. Moonves projects—he speaks, he moves, he behaves like a captain of industry, Hollywood-style. He is not prone to introspection. He is, instead, seemingly born to a double-breasted suit, a go-go life, and constant action. He is perfect for his job.

"It's fun," Moonves says, maneuvering the golf cart into a tight parking spot in front of the Warner Bros. commissary. And yet, and yet, TV being the business that eats its young, Moonves knows that in a few weeks, about a third of the Warner Bros. shows will be canceled. His job is to persuade the networks to keep as many Warner shows on as possible while simultaneously selling new shows—pilots—to the same buyers. It's a yearly ritual, beginning around January and ending with the schedule announcements in May. "It is the heart of my job," Moonves says, making his way into the executive dining room. "In the next two months, entire schedules will change. We have eighteen pilots. If we get . . . *five* of those on the air, I'll be happy."

Moonves is led to his table. The room is modest, like the restaurant at a country club or a midsize hotel. He orders a tunafish sandwich and minestrone. Moonves is, as always, hyper-alert and enthusiastic, but he also seems a bit distracted. This two-brained state, is, it seems, part of his job description: He's talking to you, but he's thinking about a pilot; he's listening intently, but he's also wondering if NBC will move *Friends* to another night. "My job is very consuming," he allows. "You think about it at home, in the car, first thing in the morning, and the last thing at . . ."

Moonves interrupts himself. He sees Bob Singer, a producer who has an overall deal at Warner Bros. Singer, who is big-dog shaggy and dressed in jeans, has had one show or another on the air for seven straight years. Currently, he's working on *Lois & Clark* and overseeing *Charlie Grace,* a pilot starring Mark Harmon, on the Warner Bros. lot. Moonves and Singer are buddies, but Moonves is also his boss. "This is my twenty-fourth straight day without a day off," Singer says, by way of saying hello. "Ro-ber-to," Moonves singsongs. "Are you going to give me this year's *ER*?" Singer shrugs. "Sure," he replies.

"What were we talking about?" Moonves asks when Singer leaves. "Oh, yeah—the job." He pauses. "I'm always thinking about the job." The food arrives and he bites into his sandwich. "Especially," he continues, like a man in love, "during selling season. From now until the end of May, I'm just in it all the time. Even in my dreams. This job never sleeps."

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS: MOST OF THE SHOWS on television are supplied to the networks by independent studios, like Universal, Disney, Columbia, TriStar, and Warner Bros. These studios, and others, have writers and producers and actors under contract, developing shows year-round. These projects are first presented to the studio, which either encourages their development ("Yes! A show about a 13-year-old nonconformist nerd might work!") or suggests another try. In the beginning of November, the studios have a pretty fair idea of what the networks are looking for—last year, ABC needed hour-long dramas, NBC needed sitcoms, CBS needed everything—and they organize their development accordingly. They then pitch the ideas to the networks, pilots are written, and, in January, shows are ordered.

There are also complicated preferences. Bob Singer, for example, prefers not to work with NBC. His show *Midnight Caller* was on Tuesdays at 10 P.M. and was doing well. NBC moved it to Fridays at 10 P.M., where it fared poorly and ended up being canceled. The show the network replaced it with on Tuesday nights, *Law and Order,* is still on the NBC schedule. "That was Bob's time slot," says Moonves. "NBC and [NBC president] Warren Littlefield cost Bob Singer millions of dollars." As a result, Singer's shows are now on ABC.

There are, however, rules to this game. With exceptions, pilots seem to fall into a few categories, almost entirely based on what has proved to be successful in the recent past. First, there are the spin-off shows—pilots based on successful movies (*The Client, The Paper*) or other successful TV shows (*ER* in a police station, *ER* at a magazine, *Friends* but blue-collar, *Friends* but all guys, *Absolute-*

Photograph by Art Streiber/Montage/CPI.

ly Fabulous but set in the literary world, a young *Odd Couple* but set in L.A., and on and on). Then there is the star vehicle. Typically, a star—and he is usually male—like Don Johnson or Mark Harmon or Scott Bakula (all of whom have pilots this season), starts out in features, finds big success on a TV show, becomes a household name, and then goes back to the big screen, where he fails miserably. A few years later, he returns to TV in a splash of glory, invariably playing a private eye or a disillusioned cop in snappy suits.

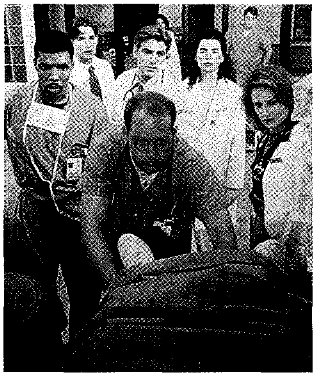
Of course, television executives do not like to think of themselves as small or craven or beholden to the common-denominator whims of their audience. Which means they also like to schedule one or two bet-the-farm pilots a season. "Quality TV," NBC advertises, and the other networks like that notion as well. So, this season, in an attempt to be innovative and creative, *Bonnie,* a CBS pilot co-produced by David Letterman, will feature improvisation in each episode; on ABC, Terry Bradshaw hopes to play the Larry Sanders of sportscasting. Fox is enthusiastic about *White Dwarf,* a pilot, co-produced by Francis Ford Coppola, about the mysterious activities on the planet Rusta.

"Nobody really knows what will work," says a prominent TV agent. "No one could have predicted that America would fall in love with *Friends.* Or that George Clooney, who had been on, like, twenty other shows, would suddenly become a big star in *ER.* You can never tell. It's all a guessing game. And that's what makes it interesting."

IT'S THURSDAY, MARCH 29, AT AROUND 3 P.M., and the Warner Bros. team is gathering in Moonves's large office for its first overall strategy meeting. The office is divided into three distinct stylistic spaces: the reception area, where Moonves's two assistants sit, is decorated with framed photos of Warner Bros. shows; the walls in the conversation-pit/sectional-sofa part of the office are covered with framed photos of politicians (all liberal: Jack, Bobby, Bill, Al); and the huge-desk part of the office is full of jock toys—photos of boxers (Ali knocking out Liston), an Astroturf putting green, a speed bag, an autographed basketball.

Moonves and team on the Warner lot.

To the right of Moonves's well-organized desk (neat piles of scripts, magazines, tapes, glossy head shots) is a large magnetic board diagramming the prime-time schedule. Each network is designated by color (ABC is red, CBS is blue, Fox is black, etc.). The Warner shows are green. For the next two months, nearly every meeting at Warner Bros. will focus on this board. Its fluctuations, its possibilities, its every mood or blip or gap will be analyzed.


Last year's Warner Bros. pilots are this year's ratings astronauts: *Friends* (above) and the doctors of *ER* (right).

The team starts to file in. Tony Jonas, the executive VP of creative affairs, is tall and bearded and wearing a Superman watch. "As long as *Lois & Clark* stays on the air," he says, "I'll wear the watch." David Janollari, the senior vice-president of comedy development, comes in, followed by his deputy, Maria Rastatter. Janollari is short and energetic, and Rastatter is cool, tall, and blonde. Billy Campbell, the senior vice-president of drama, walks in and begins eating fruit off a plate on Moonves's desk. He is southern and went to Harvard, where he was a basketball star, and he is clearly Moonves's pet on the staff. Nina Tassler, Campbell's senior vice-president, settles in a deck chair close to the board.

They start with ABC on Wednesday nights. "It's wide open," says Moonves, looking at the board. "This is a big jump ball." They would like to get their pilot, *Drew Carey,* a kind of blue-collar, all-guys version of *Friends,* in at that time. "ABC could dump the Saturday-night movie," Moonves continues. "*Charlie Grace* would be fabulous at 10 P.M."

Even this early in the game, the Warner Bros. team is pretty sure that one of ABC's soon-to-be open 10 P.M. slots will be filled by Steven Bochco's new drama, *Murder One.* "Wednesday at 10 P.M. is going to be a dogfight between Bochco and Diane Sawyer," Moonves says. "Whoever has more clout. We should find out which time he's got—somebody find out. Somebody at CBS may know."

Jonas chuckles. This may or may not be a joke. Bochco has just left ABC and signed a big deal with CBS, making him the biggest asset at the ailing Tiffany network. The staff makes a note to check on *Murder One*'s progress. It has two extremely promising hour-long pilots at ABC—*Charlie Grace* and *The Monroes,* which is a *Kennedys*-meets-*Dynasty* soap opera starring William Devane—and it wants the best placement possible.

Moonves stares at the board for a second. "You can bet the house Tony Danza is getting Tuesday at 8 P.M.," he says of a rival pilot. "And Friday night is a mish-mosh of mediocre shows." He pauses. "Wednesday at eight—that's a land of huge opportunity. Let's hone in on that."

ABC outlined, the group's attention goes straight to the vast wasteland of programming known as CBS. They skip over NBC, which, despite the enormous success of *ER* and *Friends,* did not order any pilots from Warner Bros. "Does it bother me?" Moonves has asked rhetorically. "I would have to say I found it surprising after the year we gave them." The success of *ER* and *Friends* has caused some ill will between Moonves and his old friend Warren Littlefield, president of NBC Entertainment. Moonves thinks Littlefield has taken an undue amount of credit for the shows (he was reportedly nervous about both in the pilot stage), and it irks him. "Warren will say in the press, 'I talked to Steven Spielberg.' I mean, *come on . . .*"

But he cannot voice these qualms to Littlefield—he must remain on good terms with every network head. He needs them to buy his shows. "Are they going to move *Friends* to Wednesday?" he asks now. "If they do, I'll kill

Photograph: top and center, courtesy of Warner Bros. Television; bottom, Art Streiber/Montage/CPi.

myself. They better not move it. They feel cocky because moving *Frasier* last year worked, and they assume they can do it again." Moonves pauses. "Find out whatever we can about this. Start getting all the dirt."

He turns to CBS. "They don't have one show that's working," he says, rather incredulous. CBS is a mess: Except for *60 Minutes* on Sunday Night, it doesn't have a single show that opens a night that it can build around. Warner Bros. has two comedy pilots, *High Society* (a campy *Ab Fab* offshoot) and *Bless This House* (Andrew Clay—he's dropped the Dice—and Cathy Moriarty in *The Honeymooners* redux), that Moonves thinks could anchor Wednesday or Tuesday or . . . "Who knows?" he says, cradling his head in his hand. "Wednesday at 8 P.M. on CBS is the valley of death," he complains. "We had *Tom* there and it died. How many shows have we had die there?"

No one answers; they just look forlornly at the CBS blues. The three hour-long Warner pilots ordered by CBS—John Grisham's *The Client* (JoBeth Williams playing Susan Sarandon's character), *NY News* (*ER* in a newspaper, co-starring Mary Tyler Moore as the matriarchal boss), and *Prowler* (starring Scott Bakula as a cop with a dark past)—look promising, but the schedule is so wide open that it's actually harder to figure out which slot to aim for than it would be at a more successful network. "Maybe we should go up against *ER* at ten on Thursdays," jokes Moonves. "We can take it. It's not that tough."

The staff laughs. Perplexed by CBS, it turns its attention to Fox. This will be John Matoian's first schedule since being named head of Fox Entertainment last September. Moonves is keen on *Divas,* a Warner pilot about an aspiring black singing group much like En Vogue. Thomas Carter, who is one of the best directors working in television (he directed the pilots for, among others, *Miami Vice, A Year in the Life,* and *St. Elsewhere*), is running that project. Moonves also thinks *Too Something,* his half-hour comedy pilot that's a bit like the independent film *My Life's in Turnaround,* will find a way onto the schedule. "*Cops* will stick," he says, staring at the board. "I could see *Too Something* on Sundays at 8:30."

They run down some Fox rumors and talk about rival pilots, but it's still early and the front-runners are not clear. "Find out whatever you can," Moonves instructs. He sounds, as he often does, like a coach giving a halftime pep talk. "Home in," Moonves continues as his team members collect their papers. "Start getting all the dirt."

THERE'S THIS GUY IN A SUIT PACING BACK AND forth in the Warner Bros. parking lot. He's around 25, he's dressed up a little too slickly, and he's gesturing wildly, talking to himself. He's got a script in one hand and he's walking a little maniacally between the parked cars, round and round, until he sees Moonves. He stops dead—he knows Moonves on sight. He knows this is a man who can seal his fate, make his future. He waves. "HELLO!" he shouts, too loudly. Moonves waves back.

Moonves understands. He was an actor, too. He has guest-starred on his shows—playing a network executive on *Sisters,* a sleazy divorce lawyer on *Reasonable Doubts*—and his acting background has made him especially sensitive to casting. "It is, without a doubt," Moonves says, "the most important part of the process. More than any other element, the right actor can save a show."

Today, Moonves and team are casting the sidekick for their pilot *77 Sunset Strip,* which is loosely based on the sixties classic. The lead guy, an all-American-jock type, has been cast, and they've narrowed down the buddy part to two guys: Mr. Parking Lot, who looks like an updated Ricky Ricardo, and a stereotypical soap-opera hunk who recently co-starred in the TV gym soap *Muscle.*

This audition is taking place in the office of WB Network chief programmer Garth Ancier. He is in New York and will be watching on a monitor with a two-way speaker. Ancier was responsible for *Muscle* and helped create the Fox network with such shows as *In Living Color* and *21 Jump Street.* On the wall of his office is an autographed photo of Johnny Depp, *Jump Street*'s most famous progeny. "For a great guy," Depp writes, "at a f—— network."

As Moonves and company find chairs, Ancier appears on the monitor. Mr. Parking Lot is brought into the room. He reads, with the all-American-jock lead, a sequence that could have been lifted from a Quentin Tarantino movie. This is a hallmark of the '95 season: If it's successful, copy it. So in the middle of a cop show, two characters will digress on the semiotics of Froot Loops ("I like yellow," one will say. "No, red is nice," the other will reply) between killing off bad guys.

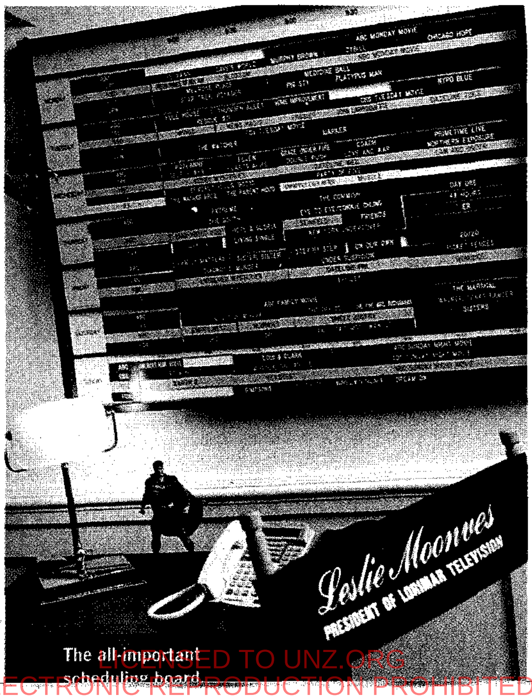
"There is a direct correlation between naked asses and critical acclaim," reads Mr. Parking Lot, doing his best Pacino. "They call it Quality Television!"

This gets a big laugh from the execs. "He's got energy and spark," says Jonas after the guy leaves. "He's got it all."

On to contestant No. 2, Mr. Muscle. If the first guy thought he was starring in *The Godfather,* this guy recites a passage dissecting the meaning of *horny* as if he's not altogether certain what the word means. "This is a no-brainer," Moonves says, when Mr. Muscle is finished. "That first guy could be a home run."

But Ancier isn't convinced. He likes the look of the second guy. "Handsome is good," he says, via TV screen. "We're in the TV business, after all." Moonves and team are incredulous, but polite. "Garth," Moonves says. "In the room, it wasn't even close." Jamie Kellner, head of the WB Network, seconds Moonves. "Let the kid be a star," he says. Ancier demurs, but will not give a firm yes to Mr. Parking Lot. "That second guy really had something," he counters. Moonves says nothing. He knows Ancier will be outvoted (a day later he is), and he knows this is not worth a battle. "That's the price you pay when you leave town," Moonves jokes. Ancier laughs. "Maybe you're right," Ancier says finally. "You could be right."

MOONVES'S SCHEDULE FOR the months of March and April, day after day, goes like this: casting session, table reading of pilots, more casting, run-throughs onstage of pilots, more casting, a strategy meeting or two, some phone calls to the networks, and then full-dress pilot rehearsals and final tapings. "It's very intense," he says, walking into a table reading of Andrew (no-Dice) Clay's *Bless This House.* "It's like having 26 plates spinning in the air at the same time." CBS is very keen on this show, and it is here in full force. Pilot season is always network-intensive: Present at every reading, run-through, and taping is the entire slate of top



The all-important scheduling board

Photograph by Art Streiber/Montage/CPI.

network executives, from, in this case, Peter Tortorici, president of CBS Entertainment, on down.

Moonves greets Tortorici warmly. There have been rumors in the past week that Moonves is being considered for the top job at CBS. In one scenario, he would be, as Don Ohlmeyer is at NBC, the *Über*-boss, and Tortorici would remain in place, as did Warren Littlefield when Ohlmeyer arrived at NBC. Moonves won't say whether there's a shred of truth in any of this CBS talk, though his Warner Bros. contract is up in about six months. "My name gets mentioned for things all the time," he non-answers.

Tortorici, a dark, handsome man in a gray Armani suit and maroon tie, takes a sip of coffee and strolls, with Moonves, over to Bruce Helford, the writer-producer of *Bless This House.* Helford, who has an overall deal with Warner Bros., was procured by the studio in a trade with Disney TV. Disney wanted a Warner Bros. writer named Wendy Goldman to run *Ellen,* and Moonves maneuvered to swap for Helford. Goldman quickly left *Ellen* (that show has gone through almost as many producers as *Roseanne*), and Helford now has two promising pilots for the fall season. "Good trade," Moonves says whenever Helford's name comes up.

Executives watc ***Bless This Hous*** **"In Andrew," Moonves says, "we have gold."**

CBS executives are getting the jitters. "They've just started to bail. If you're CBS right now, you gotta swing for the fences." Moonves pauses. He wants to be diplomatic. "And they're just not."

Moonves, the consummate host, claps Helford on the back and makes his way over to the towering Andrew Clay. The rest of the cast assembles around a large table and starts to read the script. This pilot taps into a certain nostalgic view of working-class life (the family loves one another; they're stupid but wise; they have smart-ass children; the neighbor is a sexpot; the friends are loyal; and it ends with a big kiss), but it's numbingly predictable. The characters could have been lifted completely intact from hundreds of shows. Cathy Moriarty and Clay, though, have low-rent grandeur and a certain chemistry, and the execs love this show. It's safe, it works, it has a star.

After the schmaltzy *Honeymooners* Baby-you're-the-greatest ending, the executives applaud and go off to a backstage greenroom to give their notes to Moonves, Helford, and the Warner Bros. team. "They thought the first act was better than the second," Moonves reports. "But in Andrew, we have gold. It's premature to say, but I think it could open a night for them." Jonas nods at this.

"FROM THE TABLE READING ON, I WAS ALWAYS worried about the guy's appeal," Moonves is saying before the taping of *Too Something,* a pilot for Fox that features Eric Schaeffer and Donal Lardner Ward, the stars of *My Life's in Turnaround.* "It's fine to have edge. But it's another thing to be an asshole." Moonves pauses. "I mean, on television, you can be an asshole, but you need to be likable."

Moonves is in the greenroom of the ex–*Full House* soundstage, waiting for the taping to begin. They usually shoot pilots on sets from old sitcoms ("If anyone's watching the couch, you're in trouble anyway"). Pilot tapings often have the feel of a party that has lasted a little too long, but at the moment, the greenroom seems almost festive. There's a spread of fruit and pasta and some sort of chicken dish and tiny cakes and cookies. When John Matoian, the head of Fox, arrives with his top executives, he pours himself a glass of wine. This is Matoian's first schedule, and he appears a bit anxious. "Well, if this building blows up, Fox is over," Moonves says to Dan McDermott, a Fox executive. "If this building doesn't blow up," says McDermott, "Fox may still be over."

Matoian, who is dressed in a checked suit and red tie, positions himself in front of the two monitors. He eats and he stares. Not to worry—*Too Something* is actually good. The pilot is about two mailroom guys with larger ambitions (Eric wants to be a writer; Donal wants to be an astronaut). They have the usual oddball friends and there's a blonde love interest, but the writing is fresh, and as Moonves hopes and fears, Eric Schaeffer is not your typical sitcom star. "I went over to Eric just now," Moonves tells Matoian, "and he said, 'Am I likable?' " Matoian cracks a smile. "And he *was.* At least for that moment."

The show begins. A scene is played. The studio audience watches. The network executives watch. And then the action stops. Matoian and his five compatriots confer. They want the scene

Photograph by Art Streiber/Montage/CPI.

to be snappier in parts and slower in others. They think Eric sounds too angry, not happy enough. They call the booth and list their demands.

These thoughts are conveyed to the actors, and they play the scene again. It doesn't seem all that different, but the Fox execs seem okay with it now. "He sounds happier, I think," a Fox exec says.

The next scene starts and ends, and when it's finished, the slower, quicker, funnier, *warmer,* more likable, more throwaway, too angry, not-happy-enough analysis begins again. Thoughts are given, action is taken, the scene is adjusted. "They ruin shows this way as much as they fix them," says McDermott, who is not part of the fast-slow-more-likable decision-making process. "All the fiddling can make things much worse." Moonves stays out of the network tinkering. It is, after all, their show. The mood in the room is very serious, almost dire. "It's high-stress," says Jonas. "This is the time when people are bouncing off the walls."

Warner's 1995 pilots include *High Society,* an *Absolutely Fabulous*–like comedy (above); and *Charlie Grace,* with Mark Harmon (right).

***Too Something* stars Donal Ward and Eric Schaeffer (above left and right) of *My Life's in Turnaround. Bless This House* (left) stars Andrew (no-Dice) Clay.**

We are up to Scene H, which takes place in the boys' living room. Their goofy friend Evelyn is over, and they are discussing romance. Evelyn has (of course) bad luck with men. As the scene ends, Eric is accusing Evelyn of being in love with him and Donny. "I would," she retorts, "let the New York Giants pull a train on me before I would drink from the same glass that you drink from."

Matoian and the Fox execs are perplexed by this line. "Is it 'pull a train *on* me'?" McDermott asks. "Or is it 'pull a train *with* me'?" Maria Rastatter, who went to UCLA with McDermott, repeats both versions. "I think it's *on,*" she says. "You pull a train *on* someone." This conversation continues for five minutes while the booth waits for instruction. "Maybe we should just cut it?" someone suggests. "No," Matoian says, considering the question. "We should just fix it. That's what we're here for."

IT'S A TUESDAY NIGHT IN MID-APRIL, AND Moonves is driving his Jaguar convertible to the Forum. He has floor seats, courtesy of ICM, for the last Lakers home game of the season. The car phone rings. It is Moonves's daughter Sara, the second of his three children, calling about a school assignment. "I'll be home late," he says into the receiver. "I'll see you tomorrow."

Moonves's family is used to his schedule. His children never knew him as an actor. He pretty much decided to quit that profession in 1977. After a stint producing theater, he asked a friend, Warren Littlefield, then a low-level NBC executive, if he knew of any jobs behind the camera. Moonves had no formal training. The son of a gas-station owner who was a frustrated ballplayer, Moonves, who is 45, grew up in Valley Stream, Long Island. He was premed at Bucknell University, but after he graduated he opted for acting. He moved to L.A. in the early seventies and met his wife, Nancy, who was an actress. "But I started to hate acting," he recalls. "It became less and less glamorous."

Littlefield suggested Moonves to Saul Ilson, the producer of *The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour,* who hired him as a development executive. His rise was rapid, and in 1985 he joined Lorimar Television as a vice-president. Four years later, when Warner Bros. bought Lorimar, which was known for soaps like *Dallas,* he became Lorimar's president. Soon Moonves became president of Warner Bros. Television. "Les was always a quick study," says Littlefield. "You could tell that from the start."

He's also constructively stubborn and acutely aware of the bottom line. "It's the Les-is-more principle," says Gavin Polone, a prominent agent whose clients tend to have more lucrative deals elsewhere. "Les believes that writers should be willing to take smaller up-front financial guarantees in order to work with him. And maybe he's right."

Moonves seems to subscribe to a team view of the universe. He's like a coach, pushing for the sum rather than the parts—the good of the group rather than of a particular individual. He likes talent, but he prefers a team effort. "Half of this job," he says now, changing lanes on the San Diego Freeway, "is management. That, and knowing when to say no. There are questions and casting options, and sometimes you get pilots picked up that you don't want picked up. Two seasons ago, CBS ordered a pilot that starred Paul Sand as a dog. It was a horrible pilot every step of the way, but Jeff Sagansky [then head of CBS] likes animals, and he wanted it." Moonves laughs. He won that battle: The show was not scheduled. "If a show works, we succeed together," he says, reinforcing his all-for-one philosophy. "And if it fails, we fail together. And I just knew that Paul Sand as a dog would fail."

He pulls into the Forum parking lot. "I'm not always right," he says. "We had a show called *Sherwood's Travels* last season that I thought was charming, but it tested terribly. It was about a couple in Europe. *Hart to Hart,* but set in Europe. But it just didn't click." Moonves parks the car. "It was too whimsical," he says, sounding mystified. "And America just doesn't like whimsical."

IT'S A TUESDAY IN LATE APRIL, AND AS always, they're staring at the board. Kato Kaelin, along with his fast-talking agent ("I've been in this business fifteen years, and I've never heard of his agent," says Moonves) have just been up to see the Warner Bros. team. The studio actually made *Frogmen,* O. J. Simpson's last foray into acting. "You don't know," says Moonves, "how much I've been offered for that footage."

But now it's back to the board. The playing field is getting clearer—eleven Warner pilots look like they have a good chance to make it on. "I'm worried about *High Society,*" Moonves says, staring at CBS's lineup. This is, arguably, Warner Bros.'s riskiest and classiest pilot. It is an *Ab Fab* spin-off (ironically, Warner Bros. also owns *Ab Fab*) and stars Academy Award nominee Mary McDonnell; Jean Smart, of *Designing Women;* and Faith Prince, a Tony-winning actress, playing rivalrous friends who drink and gossip too much.

Photographs courtesy of Warner Bros. Television.

Les Moonves on the phone in his office. During the season, he talked to the network heads every day.

Warner Bros. has just set a new record. But Moonves seems muted. "Warner Bros. has not been that enthusiastic," he says. "And it's put a damper on things."

CBS executives, wildly enthusiastic at every run-through, are now getting the jitters. "CBS said, 'Isn't the show too over-the-top?' " says Moonves, sounding annoyed. "They've just started to bail. If you're CBS right now, you gotta swing for the fences." Moonves pauses. He wants to be diplomatic. "And they're just not."

None of Warner Bros.'s 1995 development comes close to the level of last year's *ER. The Monroes* looks fun and *The Client* could garner ratings, but *NY News—ER* in a newsroom—has no edge, and *Prowler* is apparently lifeless. CBS's schedule is still confounding, and even ABC is looking murky. In two weeks, the Warner Bros. crew heads to New York for the final push and the big announcements. "We'll be ready," Moonves says. "Go out and get information," he instructs his gang. "And hope a lot of pilots go bust out there."

"I THINK WE KNOW ABC," MOONVES IS whispering. It's almost 1 A.M. on Sunday morning, May 14, and he's standing in the *Saturday Night Live* studio waiting for Rod Stewart to sing "Maggie May" for the zillionth time. He and his team arrived in New York more than a week ago, and they've been meeting with network heads ever since. Tonight, they had dinner with Don Ohlmeyer, president of NBC West Coast, and then they trooped over to Rockefeller Center for the last *SNL* of the season. "NBC's moving *Mad About You* to Sunday night," Moonves whispers. This is the news flash of the NBC schedule—"*Friends* is still on Thursday, but they're moving it to eight o'clock."

So far, so good—keeping *Friends* on Thursdays was a key priority for Warner Bros. Paul Reiser is so upset about the *Mad About You* switch that he and his agent, Peter Benedek, and Jon Feltheimer, the head of TriStar TV, have requested a meeting with Ohlmeyer at NBC tomorrow.

Rod finally appears in a yellow satin suit and sings his biggest hit with remarkable conviction. "That was great," says Moonves as he and Jonas and Campbell and the rest of the gang head to the *SNL* post-party at the American Festival Cafe in front of 30 Rock. "I'm pretty sure about ABC," continues Moonves. "*Charlie Grace* on Thursdays at eight; *The Monroes* are on, but I'm not sure where; and *Drew Carey*, probably on Wednesday night; but again, I'm not sure what time. ABC won't say anything until after NBC announces."

Moonves and group find a table at the party, and he studies the crowd. The two-week announcement of the fall schedule is similar to when the fleet docks. Suddenly, for a period of a week, there are white-clad sailors all over Manhattan. During the mid-May TV blitz, throughout New York City there are suddenly swarms of well-dressed men (and women, but this is a guy thing) speaking on cellular phones, chatting intensely about time slots, and inquiring about the Bowery Bar. They are camped out everywhere: NBC stays at the Rihga Royal, UTA and CAA stay at the St. Regis, stray cool guys (George Clooney) stay at the Royalton, and nearly everyone else, including Moonves and team, encamps at the Regency. "I've tried to convince Les to stay somewhere else," Billy Campbell says. "But he's superstitious. For the last five years, we've done well, and now he won't move."

So he's ensconced in the same suite on the same floor (eighteenth). Moonves refers, rather cinematically, to the outer room of his suite as "the war room." The magnetic schedule board has been transported there (of course), the Regency has installed extra phone lines, and a secretary mans those phones full time. The room is mostly a hangout—the Warner execs spend the bulk of their days there, trying to find out whether *High Society* is really dead; whether *Dweebs*, a Warner pilot about computer nerds, will make it onto CBS; whether *Too Something* will be scheduled after *The Simpsons;* and so on. As the scheduling picture gets clearer, it's easier to know what to fight for. *High Society* and *NY News* are still iffy at CBS, *Divas* is still questionable at Fox, and *Charlie Grace* is a little shaky at ABC, although Moonves feels confident that Ted Harbert, head of ABC Entertainment, will put it on the schedule. "Out of five pilots, we have three in play at ABC," Moonves says now, waving hello to Ted Harbert's wife, who has been dancing with Ohlmeyer. "And I think *The Monroes* is a lock." Moonves smiles. "But locks have been broken."

Susan Harbert, very tan and dressed in tight black, sits at the table. "So what's the

Photograph by Art Streiber/Montage/CPI.

schedule, Susan?" Moonves flirts, knowing she won't answer. "Ted will set the schedule at 3 P.M. on Monday," Harbert volleys. ABC is competing against NBC, and it will plan its schedule according to what Littlefield announces. It's really only a two-network race—CBS doesn't announce until next Wednesday, and it is so far out of it that neither ABC nor NBC really cares what it programs. "We had dinner with Ohlmeyer, and he won't tell," Moonves says. "They don't want to help Ted." Harbert smiles. Before her marriage, she was a programming executive at ABC, and she has viewed this game from every angle. "It's a big-dick thing," she says matter-of-factly. "Ohlmeyer won't tell, Ted won't tell—it's all a big-dick thing." Moonves laughs, as if to say, but of course. "You know what I mean, Les," she says, smiling. "Don't you?"

TO GET INTO THE NBC ANNOUNCEment at Avery Fisher Hall, you have to wear a Day-Glo peacock-feather pin that looks sort of like a fat exclamation point. "I am willing to get a big hole in my jacket for NBC," says an agent, piercing his lapel.

As at all schedule announcements, the NBC mood is wildly rah-rah, more so because of how far it's come. Two years ago, Warren Littlefield and company were in third place. But Ohlmeyer's arrival seems to have corresponded with a revitalized spirit NBC: He empowered Littlefield, who then got very lucky with his development. Not only did NBC score hits with *ER* and *Friends,* but when Michael Jordan returned to basketball, ratings soared for NBC's televised games. "It's a cyclical business," Littlefield has said many times. "And this is our time."

There has been a small drama this morning. Paul Reiser was supposed to introduce Littlefield and do some standup but changed his mind when NBC moved his show to the dread Sunday night. So George Clooney was recruited. "I think you should introduce Warren as the man who didn't like the *ER* pilot," Moonves had half-joked to Clooney earlier today. Instead, Clooney, dressed in a dark Hugo Boss suit and vintage tie, is now onstage, going, "I'm the only actor who was willing to say nice things about Warren Littlefield." That gets a big laugh. "Warren is a drunk and he steals. . . ."

Littlefield takes the stage and unveils NBC's schedule, which does look impressive. Mostly, though, Littlefield preaches NBC's excellent demographics. Every network wants to entice viewers who are 18 to 49. It's a mantra: 18 to 49, 18 to 49, 18 to 49. They love those numbers.

Littlefield isn't making an announcement so much as a sales pitch, and the brand of TV he's pushing is predominantly urban, hip, young (18 to 49!), smart, and interested in quality. He brings out his product—the shows are announced, the stars march onstage and wave at the crowd—and the audience members, most of whom are part of the demographic, are largely enthralled. "It's a good schedule," says Jonas. "But it might be a little upscale."

After the announcement, in the lobby of Avery Fisher Hall, George Clooney and Noah Wyle from *ER* are literally crushed by female admirers. David James Elliott, the tall, extremely handsome star of *JAG,* NBC's only new hour-long drama, is being led through this locustlike melee by an NBC publicist. His show has not aired yet, so he is largely ignored by the throng. "You're looking at your future," the publicist says. "Only if the show's a hit," says Elliott. "Next year at this time, we'll see if they even know who I am."

BY TUESDAY AT 10 A.M., THE MORNING OF the ABC announcement, the Warner crew already knows the network schedule. It was surreptitiously leaked to David Stapf, its VP of publicity, at the annual William Morris party last night at '21.' Moonves missed the bash—he was with his wife at Al Gore's for dinner in Washington—which means that he didn't get to hear the major agent Norman Brokaw extol the virtues of *High Society* ("It's not dead yet!"). Moonves also missed the real event of last night, NBC's post-announcement party at Match in SoHo. The NBC party didn't break up until 4 A.M., when David Janollari, Warner's head of comedy development, commandeered a limo containing, among others, Jennifer Aniston (*Friends*) and George Clooney and cruised through the streets of Manhattan in a futile search for an open bar. "I heard Warren Littlefield credited *you* with Warner Bros.'s success," Moonves teases Janollari. "It was weird," admits Janollari. "I didn't even know he liked me."

The party dissected ("Did Warren *really* drop his pants?"), Moonves turns his attention to the board. Remarkably, nearly all of Warner Bros.'s projections are panning out, even down to time slots. Part of this can be credited to smart development—these shows appeal to a broad spectrum. The other important aspect of Warner's success stems from Moonves's relationship with the networks. In New York, he talks daily to all four network heads. "What do we hear about Fox?" Moonves asks now. "*Too Something* looks good," replies Jonas. "And they will probably order *Divas.*" Moonves nods. He is more concerned about CBS, particularly *High Society* and *NY News.* "It's hard to lobby," he says, "when you have only one or two shows not on the schedule. You can push it, but when they're already putting a lot of your shows on, you find they won't listen." Moonves studies the board. "I don't think *High Society* is going to make it on the schedule," he says. "I mean, we're going over to CBS tomorrow, but . . ." Moonves stares a second. This one frustrates him, but he's resigned to the defeat. "Let's go over to ABC," he says. "Hear some good news."

ABC'S SCHEDULE IS PRESENTED AT the Museum of Natural History, amid the reconstructed dinosaurs and the dioramas of wild beasts. The show begins with Ted Harbert tied up with rope as a punishment for the extreme length of 1994's presentation. Once released, Harbert, who is compact and shiny and friendly to the point of perkiness, launches into the familiar 18-to-49 chant.

Yet where NBC seems geared toward the urban audience, ABC is aiming straight for the heartland in its choice of sitcoms (conversely, its dramas are sophisticated and urban). Most of the comedies are headed by former stand-up comedians. The network had success with *Roseanne* and *Grace Under Fire* and *Home Improvement,* so why not extend that winning formula?

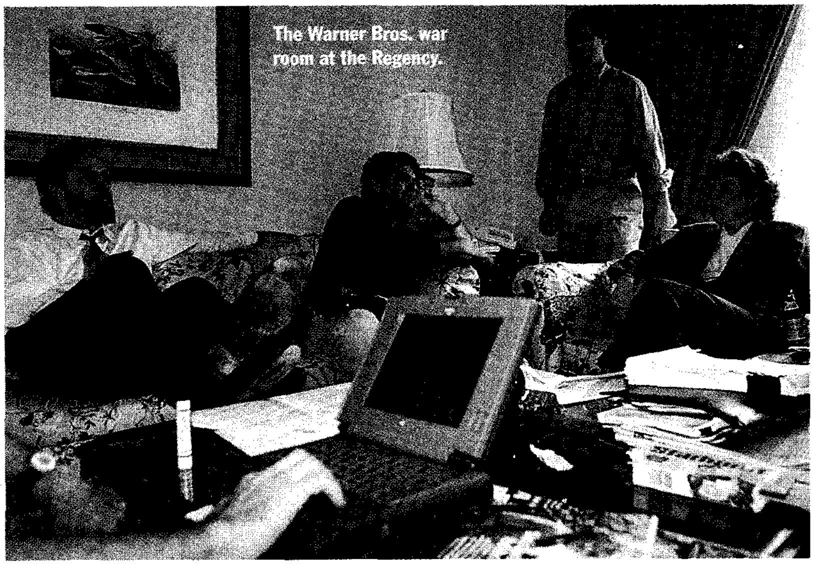
Here's why not: Jeff Foxworthy. Foxworthy, who has a thick brush mustache and a deep Georgia twang, is the star of *Somewhere in America,* a new ABC show that is damn similar to a sitcom he did for CBS two years ago. That show failed, but ABC has high hopes for Foxworthy's likability quotient and has scheduled him on Saturdays at 8:30.

Onstage, Foxworthy launches into his signature routine. "How can you tell if you're a redneck?" he asks this decidedly non-redneck audience. "Well, if you ever stared at a can of orange juice because it said 'Concentrate,' you might be a redneck." This gets only a twitter, but Foxworthy continues. "If your family tree does not fork, you might be a redneck." Only a few small laughs, but Foxworthy perseveres. "You might be a redneck," one agent whispers after Foxworthy mercifully finishes, "if you watch ABC."

ABC does, however, have the most promising new show. Steven Bochco's *Murder One,* which follows a single trial all season, looks excellent. But *Murder One* lost the battle with *Prime Time Live*—Diane Sawyer got Wednesdays at 10 P.M., while Bochco, who's leaving ABC when his contract is up in three years, will have to battle *ER* on Thursday nights.

ABC's eclectic—some would say schizophrenic—schedule receives mostly negative reviews. "They're going for the moron demographic, plus *Murder One,*" says a studio insider. "I bet they sell a lot of pork rinds and sparkly nail polish." Yet Moonves, who adores Harbert, seems honestly enthusiastic about ABC's fall lineup. "Congratulations, Ted!" he says at the reception following the announcement. "Really a great schedule!"

"Les is very loyal," says a competitor. "And that loyalty has paid off. Harbert put three Warner Bros. shows on the air. It makes sense that he'd like the schedule."


The Warner Bros. war room at the Regency.

Moonves now has to compete with his own shows. "I turned on *Friends* the other night, and I turned it off. It bothered me. It's not mine anymore."

IN THE TAXI ON THE WAY TO THE CBS announcement at the Marriott Marquis Hotel in Times Square, Moonves seems disconnected and a bit nervous. It's over: They have lost the *High Society* battle, but *The Client, Dweebs,* and *Bless This House* made it onto the CBS schedule, which brings Warner Bros.'s pilot-success rate to eight, an all-time record. And yet Moonves seems muted today rather than his usual exuberant self. "I'll be honest," he explains. "Warner Bros. has not been that enthusiastic. And it's put a damper on things."

"Bob Daly and Terry Semel [heads of Warner Bros.] do not respect what Les does," says a company insider. "They treat him as if he were the head of animation or something. He is not treated as an equal to the movie division."

The rumors that Moonves is going to CBS are rampant again, but Moonves is an excellent poker player—he will not show his cards until he's ready. He will not even concede that he's negotiating with the network, but it's clear there's a problem with his current employers. "At Warner Bros., they don't disapprove of mediocrity," says a high-ranked executive at the company, "and simultaneously, they don't really approve of great success. They don't realize what they have in Les. They don't think that way. They think you should be honored to work at Warner Bros."

At the Marriott, Moonves and his team make their way into the banquet room. It is, perhaps inadvertently, decorated to resemble a low-rent disco—a giant mirrored ball spins from above. Peter Tortorici begins by joking about CBS's disastrous 1994 season. "All the viewers we had, I knew by name," Tortorici says. "I mean, even the CBS eye got conjunctivitis."

In an attempt to get younger viewers (18 to 49 would be nice), CBS is programming shows like *Central Park West,* Darren Star's splashy-looking soap opera; *Can't Hurry Love,* which is like *Friends* but set in Brooklyn; and *American Gothic,* a *Twin Peaks*–ish scary show co-produced by cult-fare feature-film director Sam Raimi. CBS also has, arguably, the worst new show on any schedule in *Courthouse.* It just looks ridiculous. Picture Robin Givens as a public defender, protecting the rights of the downtrodden, and superhunk Brad Johnson as an earnest judge. "I can't believe that one," says Jonas. "They didn't want *NY News* and they wanted *this*?"

Moonves disappears with Peter Lund, the Broadcast Group president of CBS, for a long while. When he returns, he's uncharacteristically quiet. "What do you think?" Jonas asks Moonves. "Pretty good schedule," Moonves says, sounding distracted. "We'll see how it works out."

BACK AT THE REGENCY, THEY'RE BUBBLE-wrapping the board for its journey back to Burbank. New York has been a huge triumph: Warner Bros. Television now has twenty shows on the air, a new record. That breaks down to eight new shows and twelve returning shows, equaling a total of thirteen Warner network hours for the 1995 schedule. It's unprecedented. The previous record holder was Universal in 1972, with only fourteen shows.

But as Moonves heads out to FAO Schwarz to buy toys for his kids, his manner is more reserved than ecstatic. He says that after three weeks at the Regency, he's weary and anxious to get back to L.A. But that's clearly not the whole answer.

On June 8, two weeks after Moonves returns to L.A., it's official: He is going to CBS, as president of CBS Entertainment. "At the CBS announcement, I knew that a deal was just about in place," Moonves explains. "I dreaded going to that announcement, but I was also curious. I realized that a year from now, I would be up at that podium."

The timing of the CBS deal was a little peculiar. When Moonves's appointment was announced, Tortorici resigned immediately, but Moonves could not jump in because he has months remaining on his contract (he's since been released from it, in a deal in which CBS has agreed to buy five Warner series over five seasons). "It's very awkward," Moonves says. "I can't say good-bye or hello, and it's horrible. I keep imagining Ted Koppel saying, 'American held hostage—Day 15.' "

Moonves plans to take Billy Campbell with him to CBS. Tony Jonas will likely inherit Warner Bros., and everyone else will move up a rung. Moonves kept the CBS job secret from his staff until the night before it hit the trades.

On the day of the announcement, Moonves received a call from his good friend and fellow coach Pat Riley. "He said, 'You're in the hallway from hell,' " Moonves says. "It was one of Riley's motivational speeches. He said, 'Anytime one door is open, another is shut, and there's that transitional period. That's the hallway from hell.' " Moonves pauses. "He quit the Knicks a week later. I think he was talking about himself."

The transition may be more complicated for Moonves than he realizes. He'll now be competing with his babies, scattered all over the dial. "I can't watch *ER* now," he admits. "I turned on *Friends* the other night and I turned it off. It bothered me. It's not mine anymore."

He had dinner with Steven Bochco ("CBS's best asset") the night after the appointment was made and has been studying the CBS schedule in his Warner office. "I'm thinking about *High Society* for mid-season," he says, sounding out his plans. "I think it might work." Moonves won't make any promises—he's a network guy now. "It's going to be fun," he says in his best booming voice. "You'll see." ■

Photograph by Ron Haviv/Saba.

Those of a certain age like to complain that nothing changes anymore in New York nightlif

Text by Vivian Barad

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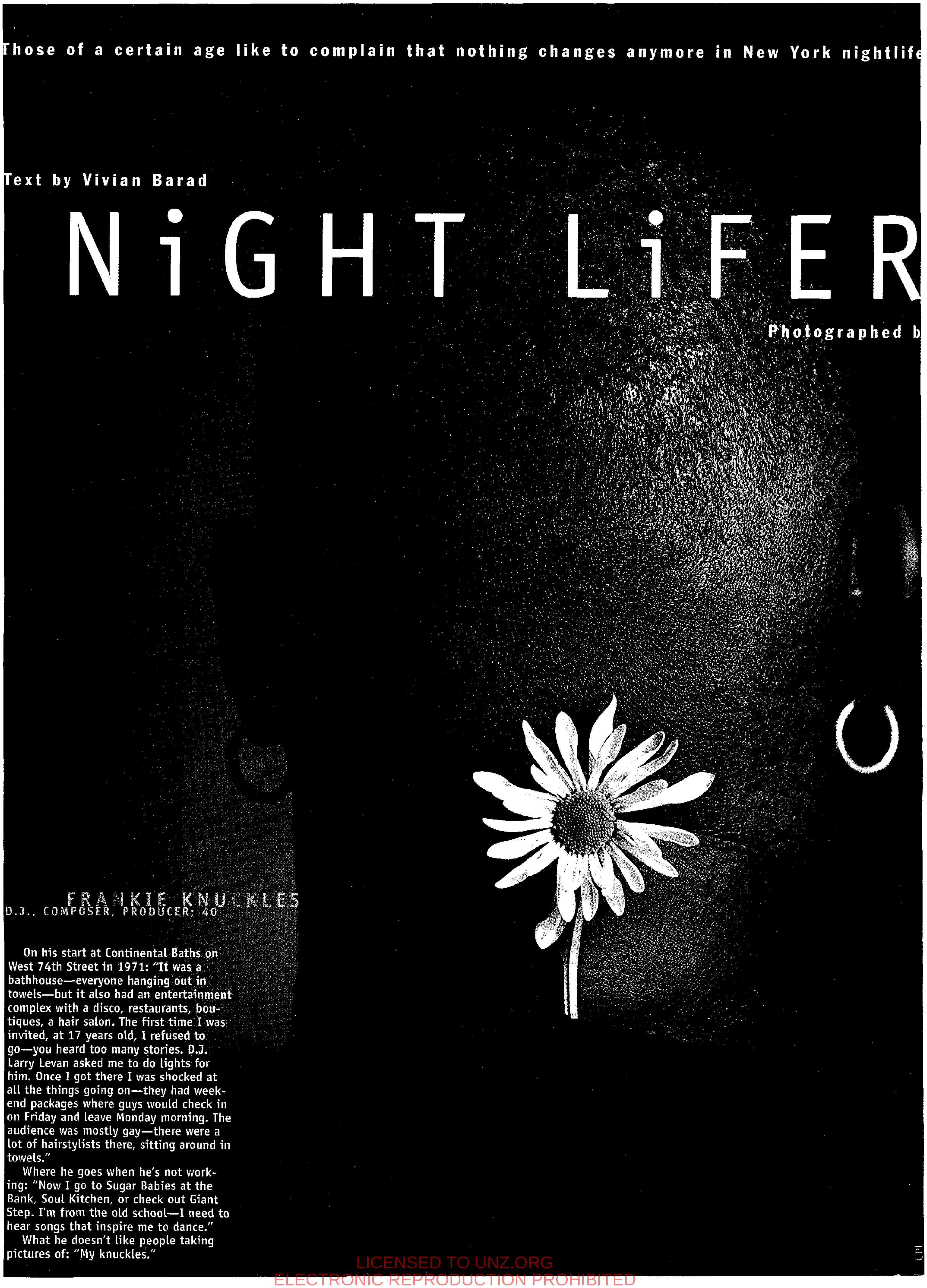

FRANKIE KNUCKLES

D.J., COMPOSER, PRODUCER; 40

On his start at Continental Baths on West 74th Street in 1971: "It was a bathhouse—everyone hanging out in towels—but it also had an entertainment complex with a disco, restaurants, boutiques, a hair salon. The first time I was invited, at 17 years old, I refused to go—you heard too many stories. D.J. Larry Levan asked me to do lights for him. Once I got there I was shocked at all the things going on—they had weekend packages where guys would check in on Friday and leave Monday morning. The audience was mostly gay—there were a lot of hairstylists there, sitting around in towels."

Where he goes when he's not working: "Now I go to Sugar Babies at the Bank, Soul Kitchen, or check out Giant Step. I'm from the old school—I need to hear songs that inspire me to dance."

What he doesn't like people taking pictures of: "My knuckles."

ot entirely true, but there *is* a certain familiarity to some of the figures still making the

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CARMEN D'ALESSIO
PARTY PROMOTER, 47

Background: Peruvian-born Sorbonne graduate; worked for Valentino in Rome in the early seventies; the original party promoter at Studio 54. These days, promotes International Night at Tatou and is one of the owners of Le Taxi, an upper–Madison Avenue boite-of-the-moment.

What D'Alessio wore to Studio 54's opening night: "I was very glamorous then. I wore a creation by Antonio Lopez—it was very rare for him to design clothes—all white silk ribbons, woven together, you know, to cover the breast area and the hips area, and the rest hanging down in ribbons."

What keeps her party batteries charged: "I'm very social; I love to dance and put beautiful people together."

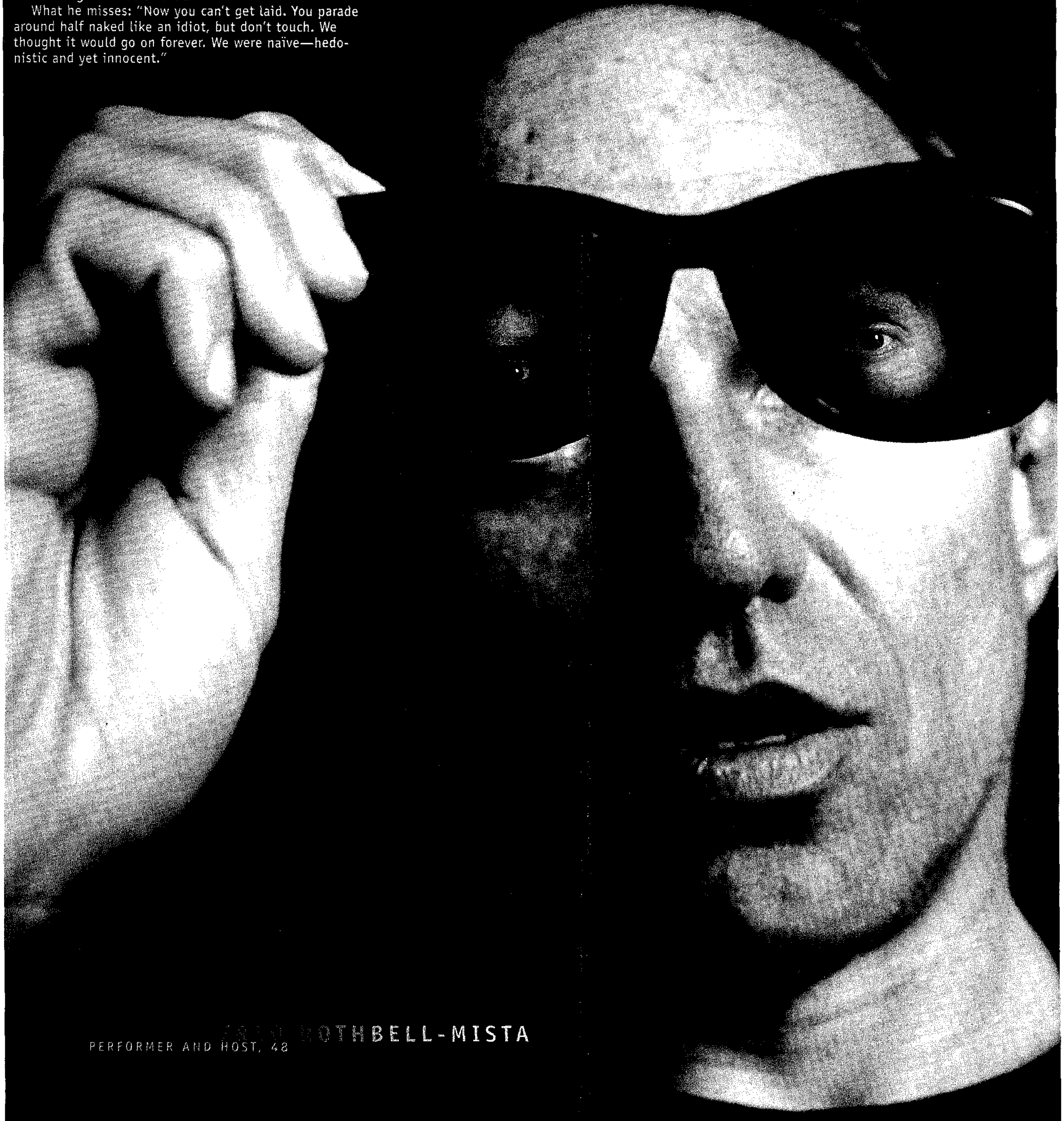
Were those the good old days? "The seventies were different days altogether—no fear of AIDS—people were carefree. Drugs were even in fashion. It was very, very glamorous. I still believe Studio 54 was the most legendary club ever. We changed the lifestyle of New York by combining the ingredients of international people and fashion."

Does she like the fact that her clientele is often called *Eurotrash*? "It's not a nice word, *non*?"

Résumé highlights: "I performed at the original Peppermint Lounge in the seventies. I used to have blue hair and sing Sinatra songs." Also was host of the "VIP's VIP" room at after-hours clubs AM/PM and the infamous Crisco Disco. In this decade, he performs as Rocco Primavera, a *faux* Vegas lounge singer, and is the city correspondent for WDST radio in Woodstock, New York.

What Fred witnessed: "Cocaine was glamorous, so people were up all night. Drugs were the great equalizer; people got so whacked-out they'd talk to anyone. Think Hollywood in the forties—there was no AIDS, no herpes; everybody had money and got laid—it was almost as glamorous as that."

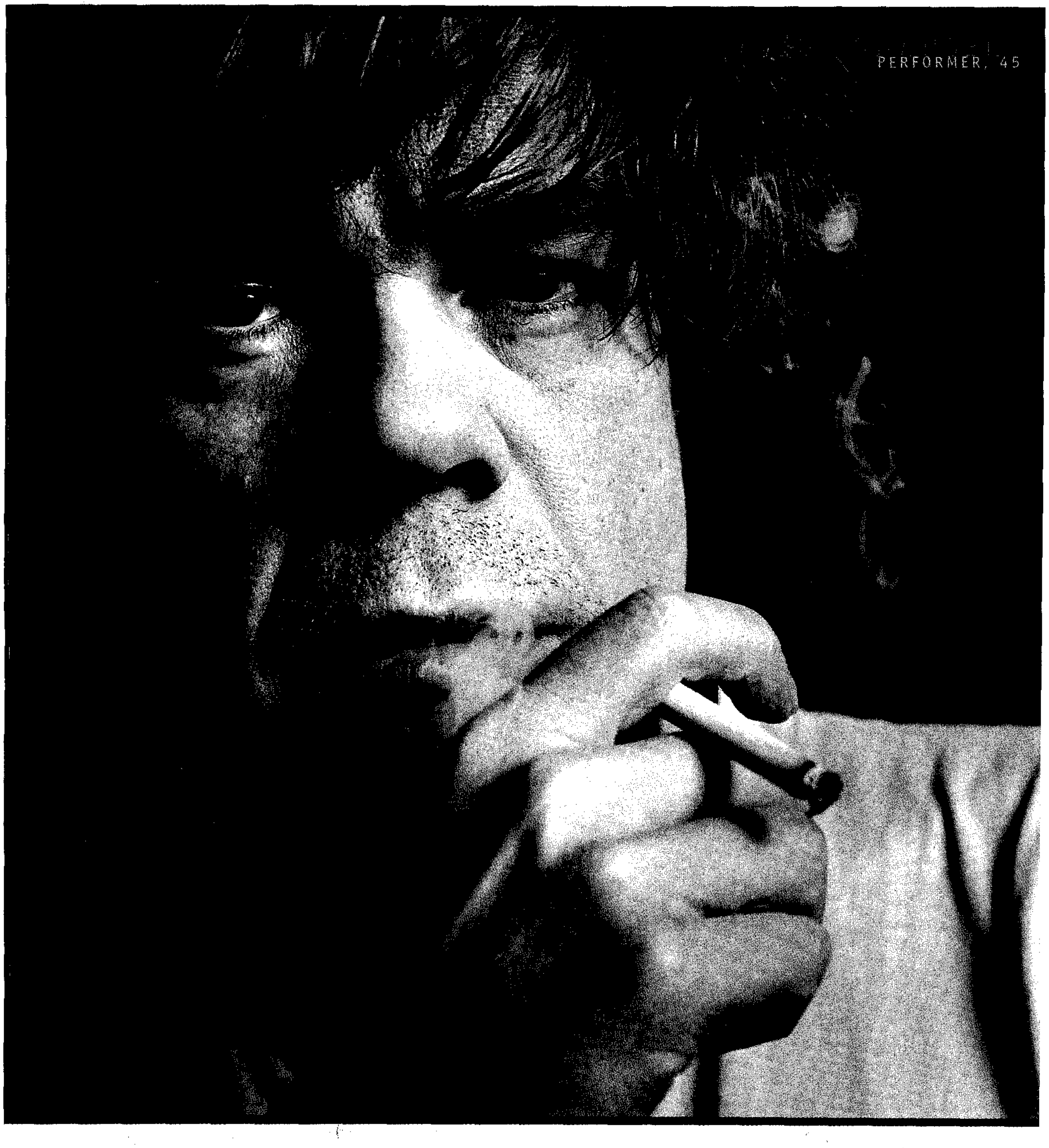
What he misses: "Now you can't get laid. You parade around half naked like an idiot, but don't touch. We thought it would go on forever. We were naïve—hedonistic and yet innocent."



FRED ROTHBELL-MISTA

PERFORMER AND HOST, 48

scene at 2 A.M. In fact, an alarmingly large number of the hipsters who flitted through Max's Kansas City, the Mudd Club, and Studio 54 in the seventies, and Paradise Garage and Area and Palladium in the eighties, are still going like Energizer bunnies in the nineties, little the worse for wear. Pictured here are some of the original club kids who are still at it, more or less. Some, like David Johansen, purport to stay home Friday nights reading books. Most of the rest have unapologetically decided to make clubbing a career.



Résumé highlights: lead singer of the New York Dolls; started Buster Poindexter act at Tramps in 1986; three Buster albums; six David Johansen albums; movies include *Car 54, Where Are You?, Scrooged,* and *Married to the Mob.*

What kind of culture did the Dolls come out of? "In like 1971, we used to hang around at a club called Nobody's on Bleecker Street, which was kind of like a mod bar of people who used to dress up in Granny-takes-a-trip kinda clothes. Nobody's was not really an intellectual place; it was more like a dressing bar. We also used to notice each other at Max's—like nobody from Nobody's hung out at Max's and nobody from Max's hung out at Nobody's, except for us."

Is Buster Poindexter just perfect for the Catskills, or what? "They love it. They're like people my age, with the kids and their parents—three generations. And we do a nice clean show, just straddling the line of bad taste but never going all the way."

Do fans dig the pompadour? "They go nuts. They love-mug you. Did you ever get love-mugged? It's a bummer. I'd rather get real mugged."

Why isn't Buster a hit with Gen X? "Kids—what the hell do they know? All they know is Madonna! Vanilla Ice!"

STEPHEN SABAN

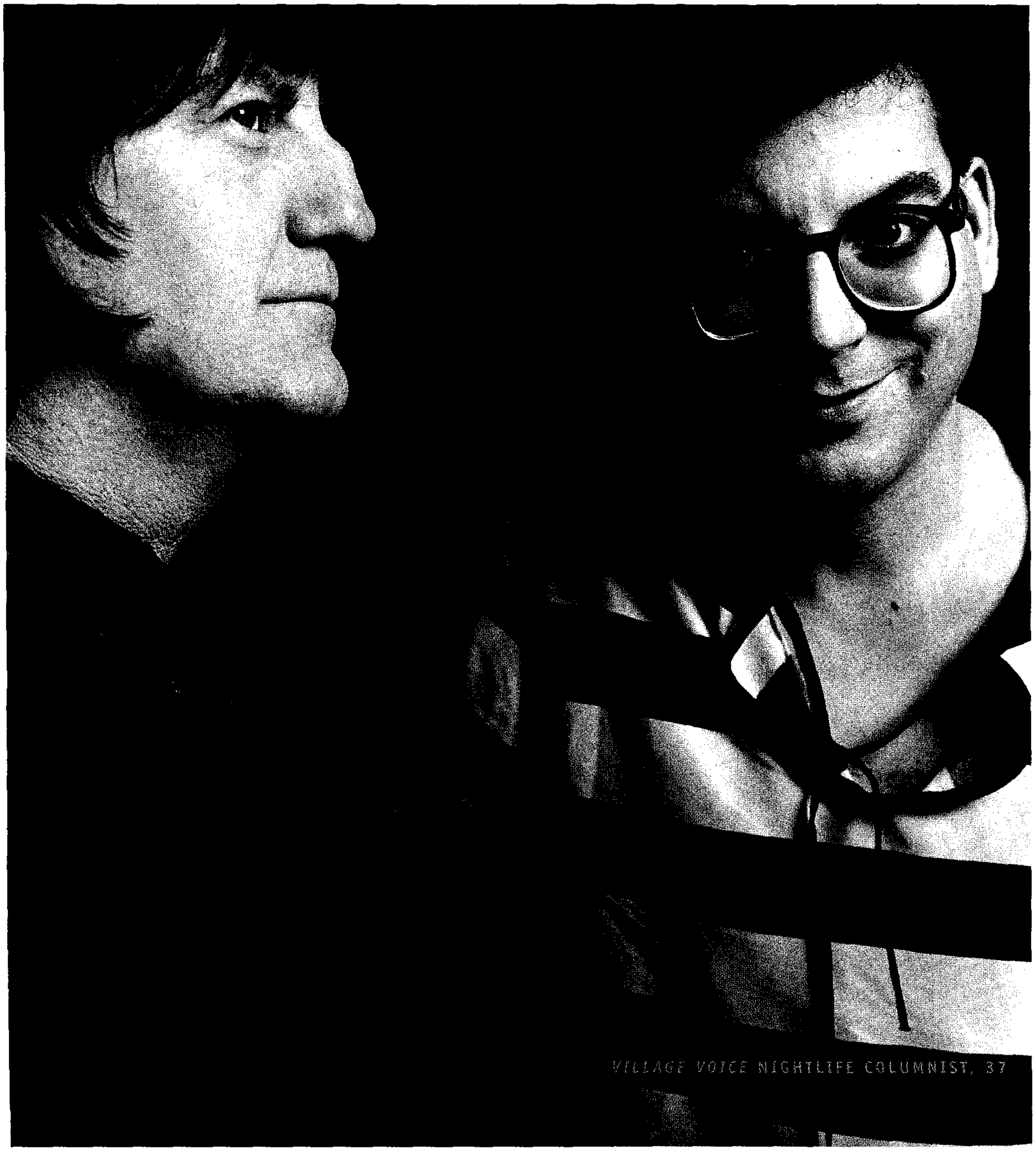
DETAILS CONTRIBUTING EDITOR, 49

Résumé highlights: "At the *SoHo Weekly News,* I was the downtown version of Liz Smith—she covered Studio 54, I covered the Mudd Club and the Peppermint Lounge."

Is the glitter gone? "Clubs are not as creative as they used to be. There used to be a difference between uptown and downtown; now it's all blurred. It's all Eurotrash. It's just no fun."

Does he sit by the phone on Saturday nights? "I really, really don't go out. I'll R.S.V.P. to a party, get dressed, and then just stay home. I went out for fifteen years—nightclubs were my office—and now I'm an elder statesman."

What's out there for the rest of us? "It's threadbare now. There's a lot of places to go, but they're all the same. People go to neighborhood bars—like No-Tel Motel or Tenth Street Lounge—or to mini-clubs like Jackie 60."

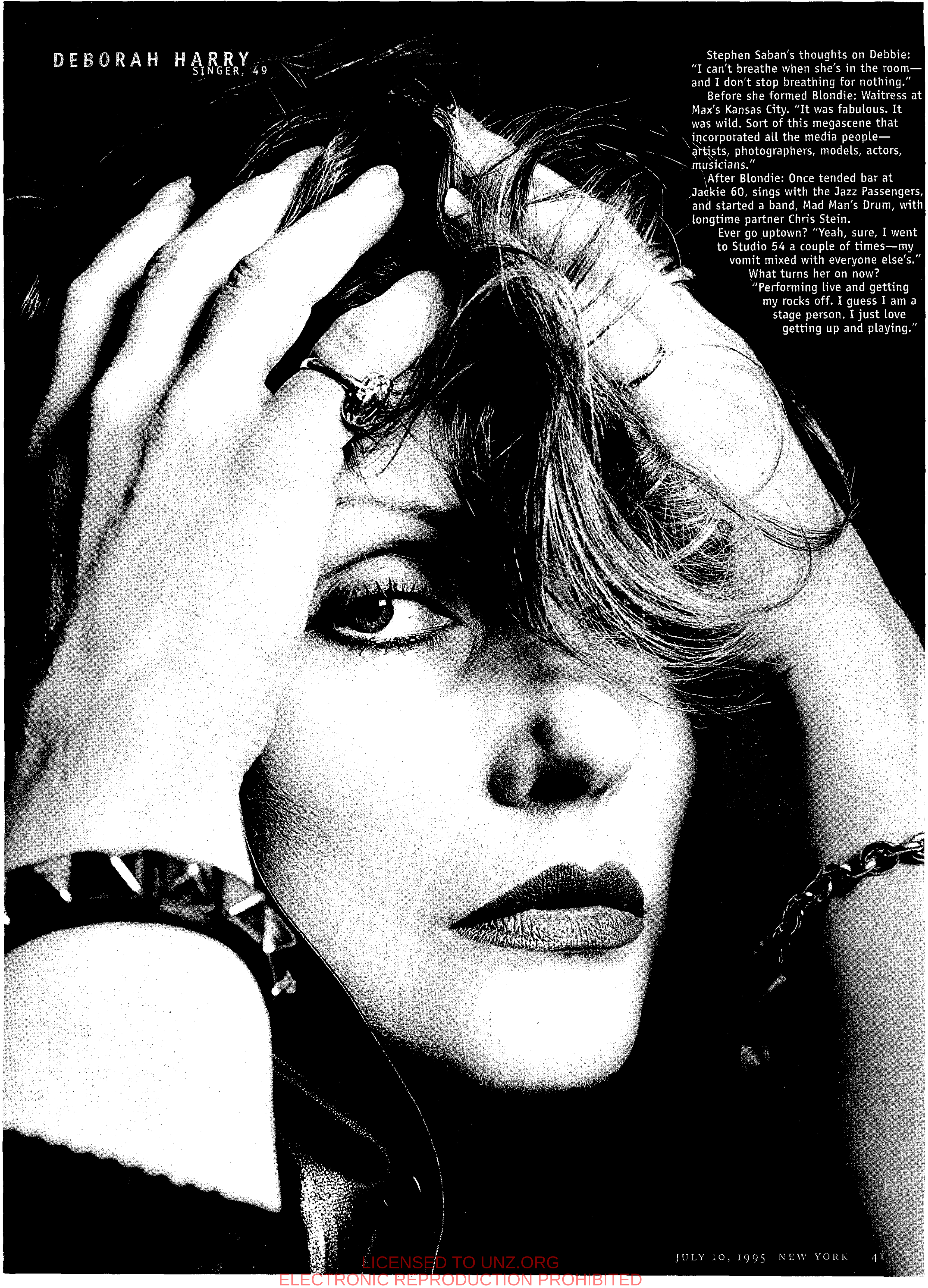


VILLAGE VOICE NIGHTLIFE COLUMNIST, 37

Does Musto remember when velvet ropes weren't whisked aside for him? "At first I was so in awe of the spectacle that was Studio 54 that I would spend entire nights with my friend just standing outside, watching the limousines pull up and everyone from Raquel Welch to Johnny Carson to Dolly Parton go inside. I must have been 19. I didn't think I had a chance to get in, so I didn't even try. I wasn't a celebrity or a model, and I didn't really look that great."

What happened to everybody? "Most of the people who partied, partied really hard, so they couldn't keep going. A lot of them dropped dead; a lot of them ended up in the Betty Ford Clinic."

What's wrong with his beat these days? "A lot of the new kids only think within the realm of nightclubs. If you mention the Middle East to them, they think it's some new after-hours club. There are less options too—with New York's zoning regulations, few dare to open new spaces, so old ones just get recycled. I go less to clubs these days and more to premieres, perfume launches, and Broadway openings."



DEBORAH HARRY

SINGER, 49

Stephen Saban's thoughts on Debbie: "I can't breathe when she's in the room—and I don't stop breathing for nothing."

Before she formed Blondie: Waitress at Max's Kansas City. "It was fabulous. It was wild. Sort of this megascene that incorporated all the media people—artists, photographers, models, actors, musicians."

After Blondie: Once tended bar at Jackie 60, sings with the Jazz Passengers, and started a band, Mad Man's Drum, with longtime partner Chris Stein.

Ever go uptown? "Yeah, sure, I went to Studio 54 a couple of times—my vomit mixed with everyone else's."

What turns her on now? "Performing live and getting my rocks off. I guess I am a stage person. I just love getting up and playing."

Who's *rude* enough for Rudy? From left, Freddy Ferrer, Mark Green, and Ruth Messinger.

NEW YORK'S LIBERALS HAVE FALLEN, AND THEY CAN'T GET UP

IT'S QUIET OUT THERE IN DEMOCRATLAND. WAY TOO QUIET. ARE THE CITY'S MOST PROMINENT PROGRESSIVES TOO WIMPY TO SPEAK UP? OR HAVE THEY RUN OUT OF THINGS TO SAY? BY CRAIG HOROWITZ

ON A COOL WEDNESDAY evening in the early spring, Mark Green, the likable, glib public advocate, held a town meeting at the YMHA on Nagle Avenue in Washington Heights. At the 7:30 starting time, there were about 140 people gathered in a multipurpose room cast in toxic blue-gray tones by the harsh fluorescent lights. The crowd mirrored the city itself: blacks, Jews, Dominicans, senior citizens, yuppies. Solid liberal territory, a place where Green enjoys a political home-court advantage. In the last mayoral election, voter turnout in this neighborhood was low, but some 70 percent of those who voted cast ballots for David Dinkins (and Mark Green). And given the severity of Mayor Giuliani's budget cuts, the meeting held great promise for sparks if not actual fire.

By 8:30, however, the only real excitement was trying to guess who might fall asleep first—the crowd or Green himself. As the desultory exercise dragged on and one person after another went to the microphone, it was painfully clear that the city's fiscal crisis and Giuliani's leadership were issues neither the crowd nor Green was interested in taking on. When one woman finally spoke out against the CUNY cuts, it was not on principle but because several courses she and a handful of other students were enrolled in might be discontinued. Then a young man who works with kids argued the logic of cutting youth programs given their value in keeping teens out of trouble. Green agreed, but when pressed on what could be done constructively, he offered little beyond platitudes.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL O'NEILL
FOR NEW YORK

"IT'S A HUGE FAILURE," SAYS ESTER FUCHS. "WHERE ARE THE POLITICAL LEADERS? ONE NEEDS LEADERS TO ARTICULATE LIBERAL IDEAS, AND THAT'S JUST NOT HAPPENING IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK."

The most notable thing about this meeting was what was left unsaid. No one questioned the changing direction of the city or the mayor's priorities and goals. Nor did Green, one of the city's best-known and most ambitious liberal Democrats, show an inclination to seize control of the discussion—it was, after all, his forum—and push a substantive, spirited debate. His toughest reference to the mayor came in his opening remarks when he said, "You all know, I'm sure, that he's not a great listener."

In fairness to Green, who is a smart, capable, charming politician and who will probably challenge Mayor Giuliani in 1997, this was not a campaign stop. But the listless quality of the give-and-take in Washington Heights illustrated what an awful job the liberals have done in promoting and framing the urban debate. The truth is, right now, there is no real debate in the city at all.

As the mayor hacked his way through entitlements, health care, and social programs on his way toward the city's biggest budget cut since World War II, the only sound you heard was his huffing and puffing. New York's liberal politicians and intellectuals let Giuliani have at it with barely a whisper of self-righteous argument or morally superior protest. Though they have been ideologically and rhetorically pushed, kicked, punched, and even spat upon for a number of years now, the liberals continue to show an amazing reluctance to fight back. The less charitable might even argue that the New York liberals are quiescent because they recognize that they *have* no fresh, cogent counter to the Republican mantra of "Spend less, tax less." Otherwise, how is it possible in the most liberal big city in the country that the progressive voice has been so completely silenced?

What *Is* a Liberal?

Ed Koch, former mayor: "A liberal understands that people are different in their abilities and wants to assist those in need of help, recognizing that not everyone can make it on his own without government help. The conservative believes that if he or she has made it on their own, everyone else can, as well."

Al Sharpton, activist: "It has come to mean a former radical and future conservative. A liberal believes in the structural and institutional framework of society but believes it should be more benevolent to the downtrodden and disadvantaged. But liberals are not liberators, because they don't believe in changing the structures altogether."

Bill Lynch, deputy mayor, Dinkins administration: "Someone who cares about people, not things."

Michael Meyers, executive director, New York Civil Rights Coalition: "One who is open-minded, capable of weighing evidence without being dogmatic. On another level, one who has a high regard for freedom, particularly individual freedom. On a third level, one who thinks people are basically decent and responsible for themselves and others and, as such, supports social progress."

"There is not even debate at cocktail parties or in intellectual circles," says Bronx borough president Fernando Ferrer, another leading liberal and potential Giuliani challenger in '97. "By contrast, the right, the conservatives, have been debating constantly in this city, and most of the intellectual ferment has been coming from their side. They're doing the most prolific and profound thinking about the city that's been done in a long, long time."

"It's a huge failure," says Ester Fuchs, the new director of the Barnard-Columbia Center for Urban Policy and author of the recent study of municipal politics and finance *Mayors and Money*. "Where are the political leaders? Where are Mark Green and Ruth Messinger and Freddy Ferrer and Alan Hevesi? One needs political leaders to articulate liberal ideas, and that's just not happening in the city of New York."

"ONE VERY GREAT FAILING OF NEW YORK liberals has been their failure to deal with the basic economics of the region," says liberal congressman Jerry Nadler, who represents most of the West Side of Manhattan and a piece of middle-class Brooklyn. "The city is in a long-term, systemic economic collapse. In every previous era of budget-cutting, you had a temporary crisis. Everybody always worked on the assumption that the money would be there eventually. There was always maneuvering room. Well, now there's no more maneuvering room."

The extreme nature of the city's economic crisis, combined with the national wave of conservatism, would seem to be motivation enough for progressive Democrats to retrofit their ideas. Liberals have been rendered so marginal by the new budget exigencies, in fact, that it's worth asking the most basic of questions: What does it mean to be a big-city liberal *now*? Does it mean anything anymore beyond arguing on behalf of entitlements and city services for the underclass? What should city government be? How big should it be? What should be its primary functions? And what shouldn't it do at all?

"To be a liberal now," says Green, to whom I posed some of these questions, "means to acknowledge that in an era of economic austerity, government has to be smarter and smaller but still provide home care for the disabled elderly and find polluters who are a danger to public health. We need to police an imperfect marketplace in order to help the losers, who are too frail, too old, or too ignorant to make their own way. And, of course, we need to figure out the right balance between government activism and legitimate taxpayer resentment that money is being frittered away. But ultimately, laissez isn't always fair and the public wants government to soften the harshness of the free market."

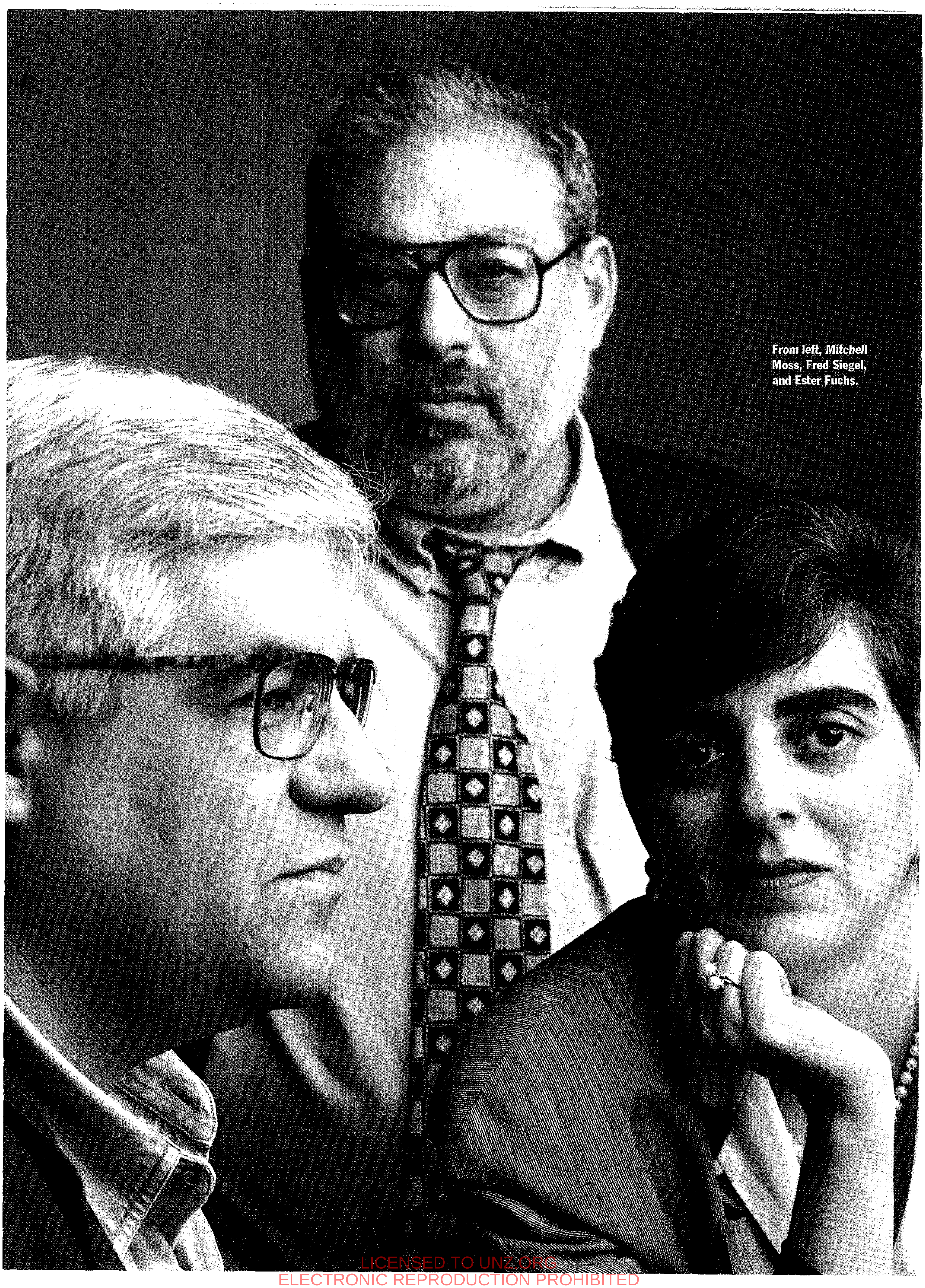
If Green doesn't sound particularly chastened, it's because he isn't. He is convinced that what he calls the "measurable but not dramatic shift" to the right is temporary, just one more political cycle. And he is certain that voters will continue to "politically channel-surf" until the economy picks up. "The public is dissatisfied," he says in his office on the fifteenth floor of the grimy, run-down Municipal Building, with its dated computers and homemade cardboard hallway signs. "Growth is slow and poverty is up—which has nothing to do with the Democrats—so who are the voters going to turn to in a two-party system? On the one hand, I see no reason to change my values because in one election the public changed the government in Washington by one point," he says, "but on the other hand, being a practical politician, I think it is entirely appropriate to rethink old programs and strategies and try to adapt enduring values to new approaches."

I put the question of the silent liberal to Andrew Cuomo, assistant secretary of Housing and Urban Development in the Clinton administration and, given his genetic pedigree, almost inevitably a future force in New York politics. "You only have half a discussion in New York right now," he agreed. "But the cuts are only half the equation. AFDC didn't work, public housing didn't work. Okay, but where do we go from here? Teen pregnancy, joblessness, crack, AIDS. Where is the future? Where is the hope? How do you keep the city strong? All you get is silence. That's not a question of liberalism; that's one of leadership."

Manhattan borough president Ruth Messinger, perhaps *the* archetypal Upper West Side liberal, seemed similarly uncomfortable with the L-word. At the start of an interview about the state of New York liberalism, the ambitious potential mayoral candidate mentioned a recent Quinnipiac College poll that showed a majority of New Yorkers actually wanting *more* money spent on cultural programs, on the parks, and on education. But practically before the words left her mouth, she began backpedaling. "Please, *please* don't misquote me on that," she said nervously. "I'm not offering that as *my* solution to anything. I just think it's an interesting read from the public."

"The ugly reality of New York politics," says the Cooper Union history and political-science professor Fred Siegel, "is that we have no learning curve whatsoever. I don't see a larger perspective from

Photographs: top, Steve Allen/Gamma-Liaison; bottom, Mitchell Levy.



From left, Mitchell Moss, Fred Siegel, and Ester Fuchs.

"LIBERALS ARE MORE INTERESTED IN EULOGIES THAN IN ACTION. THEIR INCLINATION IS TO MASTURBATE AND WHINE ABOUT THEIR LOSS OF POWER RATHER THAN TO TRY TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO COMPETE."

the Democrats that makes sense. I don't see any attempt to say the social-service sector has to shrink and be reshaped, it's a disaster. Mark is endlessly glib, and Ruth can always point to a good program that's been cut. But she can never point to a bad program."

Unlike in Washington—where liberalism has undergone some fifteen years of self-critique, begetting first the policy wonks' neoliberalism and then the Capitol Hill Southerners' "New Democrat"—the New York–liberal hegemony has gone unalloyed and unchallenged for 50 years. "The Democrats haven't had a competitive Republican Party to keep them honest, to keep them sharp," says Siegel. "As a result, liberal politics has run on a separate track from the economy and the rest of society. It has to do with whether liberal interest groups get their cut of the pie, not whether we're solving problems or whether we're doing well overall."

Which, if you're a Republican, makes the liberals extremely easy to attack. "Republicans have been very effective at putting out a kind of ideological caricature of liberalism," says Fuchs. "They have been able to equate all failures in America with Democrats and liberals. Liberals have let the conservatives characterize all of liberalism, going all the way back to the New Deal, as unsuccessful and not having done anything good for America."

Felix Rohatyn, managing director, Lazard Frères; former chairman, Municipal Assistance Corporation: "Someone who believes in the government's ability and duty to improve the well-being of its people."

Jimmy Breslin, *Newsday:* "I had it drilled into my head in Catholic grammar school in Queens that the only thing ever said about the credentials to get into Heaven was 'I was hungry, and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave me to drink; I was in prison, and you came to me. As long as you did it to one of my brethren, you did it for me.' Christ said that. The words have lasted through attacks by heathens for 2,000 years and should certainly last for the next couple of thousand. *Liberalism* is not a word at a cocktail party. It comes out of church."

Patricia Duff, activist: "Somewhere along the way, big-*L* liberalism came to be about support for certain types of governmental programs, and liberals should not be afraid to question that status. I think liberalism should return to its original meanings in the sense of not being bound by authoritarianism or orthodoxy."

David Dinkins, former mayor: "One who believes that our society will one day be judged by how it treats the most vulnerable among us."

ONDINE COHANE

But conservatives can also claim, not unfairly, that they are thinking creatively about urban problems. Every recent proposal—good or bad—from enterprise zones to privatization to Giuliani's mega-store retail strategy has come from conservatives. When, for example, was the last time the Democrats put forward an idea comparable to the mayor's quality-of-life campaign? It's not a coincidence that many of the other major cities also have right-leaning mayors—Republicans in Los Angeles and San Francisco, conservative Democrats in Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago.

The foundation of the Republican resurgence is no mystery. While out of power, conservatives methodically rethought their strategic and ideological approach and formed think tanks like the Manhattan Institute, which in its high seriousness and lack of facile ideological pandering can take credit for many of the city's freshest ideas. There is no similar effort currently under way on the liberal side. "I can hardly think of a group of young Democrats who are trying to intellectually pioneer for the next generation," says Green. "It is certainly time to rethink and to strategize, and the Democrats are squandering that opportunity."

This failure may mean it will be years before a politician with liberal sympathies returns to power in New York. The Manhattan Institute, for example, didn't just spring to life one day with a fully developed ideological blueprint for governing big cities. It was started in 1978 with seed money from a San Francisco–based group called the Atlas Economic Research Foundation—funded by British-born millionaire Antony Fisher, who wanted to promote free-market economics—and its ideas first began trickling into the public arena in the early eighties. In fact, only now are some of the institute's most potent intellectual offspring becoming actual legislation.

Take the notion that government can in the long run worsen the plight of poor people by giving them money. Once a renegade idea, it's now virtually conventional wisdom. The argument was originally put forth in 1984 by Charles Murray in his polemically brilliant but intellectually slippery *Losing Ground.* Murray was not simply funded by the Manhattan Institute while he worked on the book. When the book was published, the institute conducted an extensive marketing and public-relations campaign. Similarly, the now-popular idea of urban privatization, that big cities should sell rather than manage many of their assets, was promoted by the Manhattan Institute beginning in 1982. "Debate and the formulation of new ideas is so important because it takes people years to get comfortable thinking about new ways of doing things," says Mitchell Moss, the director of New York University's Taub Urban Research Center. "But the liberals have abandoned ideas."

As the twelve-steppers like to point out, the only way to solve a problem is to admit that you have one. And it's unusual for an important New York liberal even to fess up to any mistakes. A rare public acknowledgment, however, was made in the spring when Columbia held a conference, chaired by Ester Fuchs, entitled "New York City: The End of the Liberal Experiment?" "Well, there you go—there's the real problem," Moss says of the conference. "Liberals are more interested in eulogies than in action. Their inclination is to masturbate and whine about their loss of power rather than to try to figure out how to compete."

Moss, who views himself as a kind of iconoclast, is in some ways a symbol of the problem facing the liberal intellectuals: He has more or less given up on being one. Though he supported David Dinkins in '93, he is now a Giuliani cheerleader. "Most academics," he said in his office on the fourth floor of a townhouse facing Washington Square Park, "would rather be invited to a seminar in Salzburg than try to understand the conditions in the city where they work. Most are more devoted to their second homes than to the city."

Fuchs can barely contain herself when told what Moss has said. "Oh, puh-*leez*. So people have their self-interests, big freakin' deal. You can still be on the right side or the wrong side of the debate with your set of self-interests. Hey, I'd like to bring back the limousine liberals. At least those people had compassion; at least they cared. These guys [like Moss]," she says, "these guys who've been around, who used to be Democrats, well . . . as far as I'm concerned, they're just tired, worn out. And they're partly responsible for the rise of conservatism, because over the years, they haven't been minding the store."

THE CYNICAL POLITICAL VIEW IS THAT THE LIBERAL DEMOCRATS ARE not *really* dead, they're only playing dead to buy time. The silence, this theory holds, is tactical, driven by the belief (reinforced by the fact that Giuliani's approval ratings have fallen to 40 percent) that the Republicans will simply self-destruct. Listen to Mark Green: "When times are tight, taxpayers lose any compassion they had. And they're taking it out on the incumbent party [Democrats]. . . . If the trickle-down trio [Gingrich, Pataki, and Giuliani] get their way and there are huge cuts to Medicaid, welfare, and rent subsidies for the near-homeless, and then there are thousands more homeless people and elderly dying because they lack home care, we'll see who the public thinks had the worse cure. The other side now has their chance, don't they?"

Photographs: top, Adam Scull/Globe Photos; center, Dominique Nabokov/Gamma-Liaison; bottom, Craig Filipacchi/Gamma-Liaison.

This bizarre strategy—normally, the worst imaginable fate for a politician is to be ignored—lets liberals escape responsibility for budget cuts and avoid actually having to come up with new ideas. "The politicians are sitting there waiting to see which way the wind is blowing," says Dennis Rivera, the powerful president of the health-care-workers union. "When they see a crowd, they'll get in front of it. But if you're looking for *leadership* from elected officials, you'd better look elsewhere."

Not surprisingly, the politicians vehemently disagree with that assessment. Green and Messinger in particular argue that they are constantly trying to get their message across by speaking to groups around the city, issuing position statements and press releases, calling news conferences, and appearing, whenever the opportunity presents itself, on television and the radio.

Messinger and Green say they don't get their fair share of coverage, either because of the media's ideological bias (the *Post* and the *News* both have conservative proprietors) or because the media want to cover only those in power. "Frankly, in this city, the opposition, the confrontational role, doesn't get much respect," says Messinger, who will likely get little sympathy from city Republicans, who were ignored for decades. "You can go to any other city in the U.S., and if you spend three days there, you will know the names of at least half the City Council. You will also know the name of the person who most often disagrees with the mayor and what a couple of the major issues of debate are," she says. "You can die in New York with four daily newspapers and some great political commentary before you have a clue as an ordinary citizen that any of these people have names."

Freddy Ferrer believes the real reason is simpler: "Republican ideology is reducible to *Reader's Digest* quotes," he argues. "They seem intuitive; they seem right. The Democrats, by contrast, always say, 'Yes, but . . . however . . . you see, you have to do this and that. . . .' We're so into the system and into the complexities of it that we've become the party of *but*."

Such wishy-washiness stands little chance against an obstreperous character like Giuliani. He has called Green's ideas "idiotic" and termed Messinger someone who's "not a lawyer and can't read." Both Green and Messinger are smart enough to know that at least in the short run—the Cortines affair notwithstanding—this angry bluntness has greatly contributed to the mayor's popularity, as it did to Ed Koch's during the eighties. Giuliani looks—by comparison with the caricature of the sensitive, waffling, malleable liberal weenie—like an avenger.

"When the bogus incident occurred at the mosque in Harlem early in Rudy's term," says Jim Sleeper, *Daily News* political columnist and author of *The Closest of Strangers,* a compelling look at race and liberal politics in New York, "he was in complete control. When Giuliani gave Al Sharpton the back of his hand and simply dismissed him, Sharpton went up like a puff of smoke. The perception was only Rudy would have done it. Ruth and Mark would have temporized."

FREDDY FERRER DEFINES HIS LIBERALISM BY A LESSON HE LEARNED FROM his father in 1960, when he was 13 years old. It was a warm Sunday in October and his whole family had gone to his grandmother's house in Hunts Point after Mass. "She lived in a first-floor walk-up," he remembers, "and we were sitting and looking out the window and watching the people on the street. One guy came along and he yelled to my father, 'Hey, Freddy, who you gonna vote for?' My father said, 'Kennedy.' Another guy passes. 'Hey, Freddy, who you voting for?' Again my father says, 'Kennedy.' This happened a couple more times, and finally I asked my father why we were voting for Kennedy.

"I'd heard about him in school from the sisters, and they told us he could be the first Catholic president. Well, my father said, 'I'm not voting for him for that reason. It's because he's a Democrat.' I said, 'Well, why are we Democrats?' And he said, 'Democrats are for people like our family.' I didn't ask any more questions after that because I knew what my family was. We were honest, hardworking people who didn't want to do anybody any harm and just wanted to have a decent life. To the extent that people believed and found credible that connection, that Democrats were for normal working people, we were successful. When they believed that we were not for them anymore but for every special-interest group that came along—and that we ultimately became the party of special interests—that's when they began to lose confidence in liberalism."

It's a nice little story that any speechwriter would be proud of, but it comes as close as anything in explaining the death of big-city liberalism. While progressives became more and more obsessed over the past 25 years with race- and gender-based politics, the Republicans shrewdly adopted some of the basic tenets and symbols of traditional liberalism as their own. "You could see it when Newt Gingrich addressed Congress as speaker for the first time," says the *News*'s Sleeper. "He said if it weren't for the liberals, this nation never would have been saved from segregation. Then he said today's problem of 15-year-olds killing 15-year-olds is a moral crisis that demands a similar national mobilization. There was thunderous applause. [Representatives] Kweisi Mfume and Nydia Velasquez just sat there stone-faced. They couldn't applaud. They knew he had stolen the ground from them."

In New York, this alienation from traditional liberals has been a slow-motion 30-year collapse marked by a series of small cave-ins: the Ocean Hill/Brownsville schools crisis, open admissions at CUNY, the Forest Hills low-income-housing battle, the Central Park–jogger case, the weakness of the Dinkins mayoralty. Even the 1992 Democratic Senate primary that featured Bob Abrams, Geraldine Ferraro, Elizabeth Holtzman, and Al Sharpton. "The state and the city had just had the worst economic year since the Great Depression," says the Cooper Union's Siegel, "and there was no mention of the economy in the race. The campaign was all about competitive victimization. It was an embarrassment that took place in some rhetorical never-never land."

ONE OF THE FEW WHO DO NOT SEEM LOST IS BROOKLYN AND QUEENS congressman Charles Schumer. His eagerness to speak out has earned him a high-visibility role in Washington as a Democratic backbencher. He is also rumored to be considering a run at Pataki in 1998, though he could have a go at City Hall instead.

"The Democrats deserved the kick in the butt we got," he says. "What's bothering the average American and the average New Yorker is that the American Dream may be over. The average American always had the view that in five or ten years, things would be better than they are today and certainly better for their children. Even during the depths of the '82 recession, most people believed they'd be better off in five years. Today, even people who are working don't feel that way. People are worried. Newt's answer, Pataki's, Giuliani's, is to blame government. That's not the answer. Government is going to have to be part of the solution."

Schumer talks about job training, a college-tuition tax deduction, and a middle-class capital-gains-tax break. And while he says traditional welfare is kaput, he advocates a kind of kibbutzlike system in which young mothers live with their kids in a communal setting where there are people to guide and teach them: "During the New Deal, there was a program in the rural South, in white areas, that taught women how to keep home. And it worked."

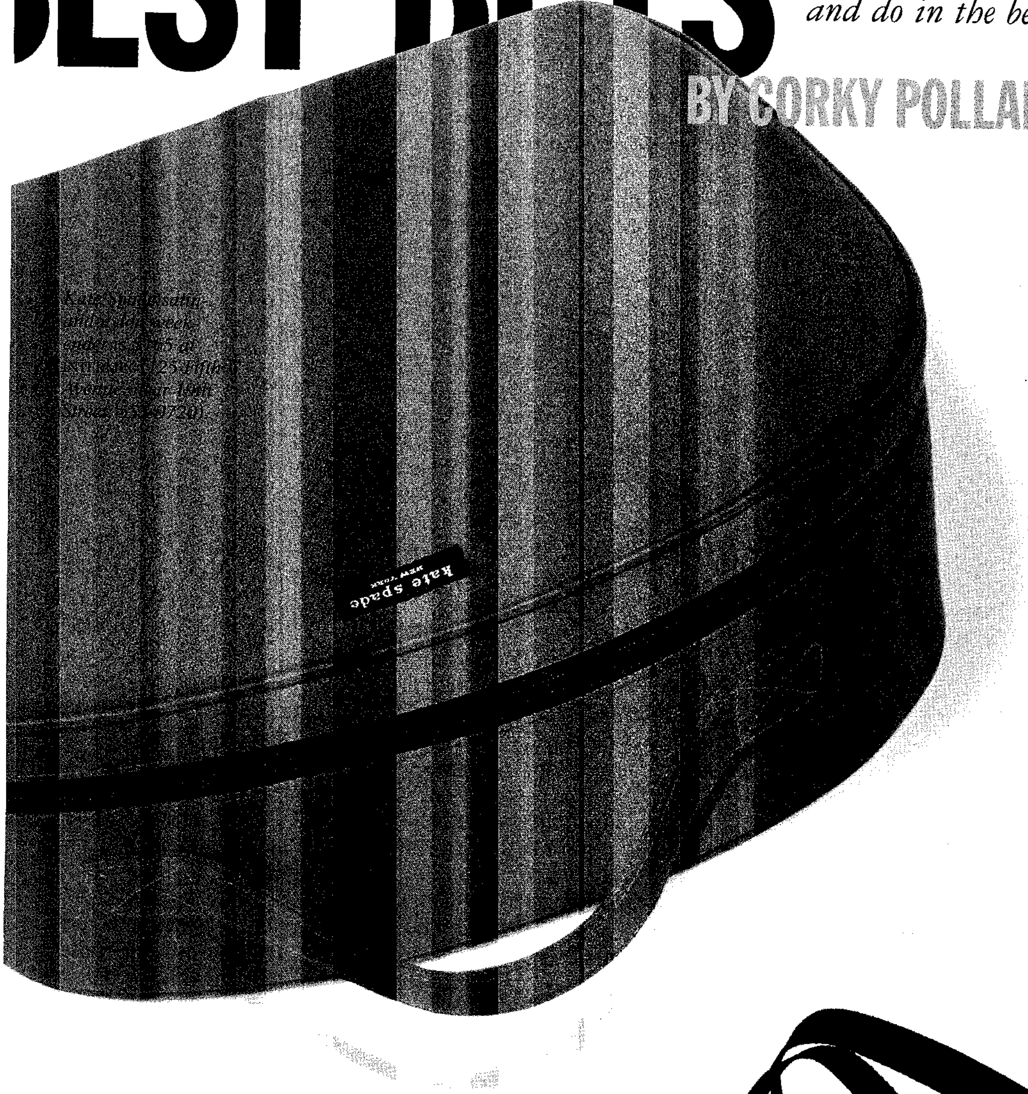
But even Schumer's pragmatic neoliberalism fails to effectively address what remains the overriding problem for the city—the economy. "It's clear now that neither side has a successful paradigm for the future," says Mark Green. "Interest-group liberalism has failed, but so has free-market economics as a theory to generate growth in the urban nineties. Both sides are groping for a fresh vision for a new century."

But the left has a lot more riding on that elusive idea. "New York liberals," says Congressman Nadler, "have to get back to the basics of how the city can function economically, grow economically, and afford to do the things we [liberals] believe it ought to do. Otherwise, there's simply no future for liberalism in this city." ■

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN



Kate Spade's satin-[illegible] week-ender is $[illegible]5 at [illegible] (125 Fifth Avenue, [illegible] 19th Street; [illegible]-9720).

Guess? canvas-and-leather oversize backpack is $80 on BLOOMINGDALE'S *sixth floor.*

Rubberized-nylon duffel is $135 at POLO SPORT *(888 Madison Avenue, at 72nd Street; 434-8000).*

VARSITY
XXL
BASEBALL
TEAM
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Kids' canvas week-ender is $12 at E.A.T. GIFTS *(1062 Madison Avenue, near 80th Street; 861-2544).*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MONICA BUCK
FOR NEW YORK

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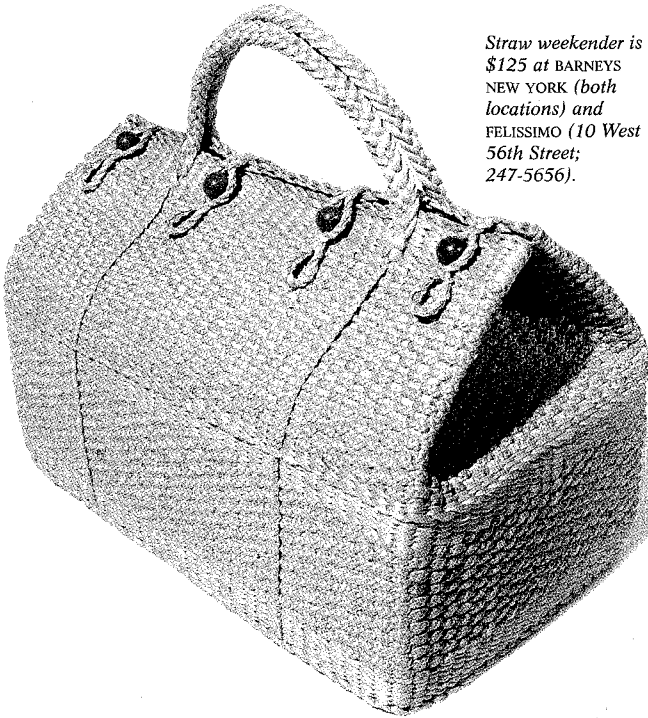
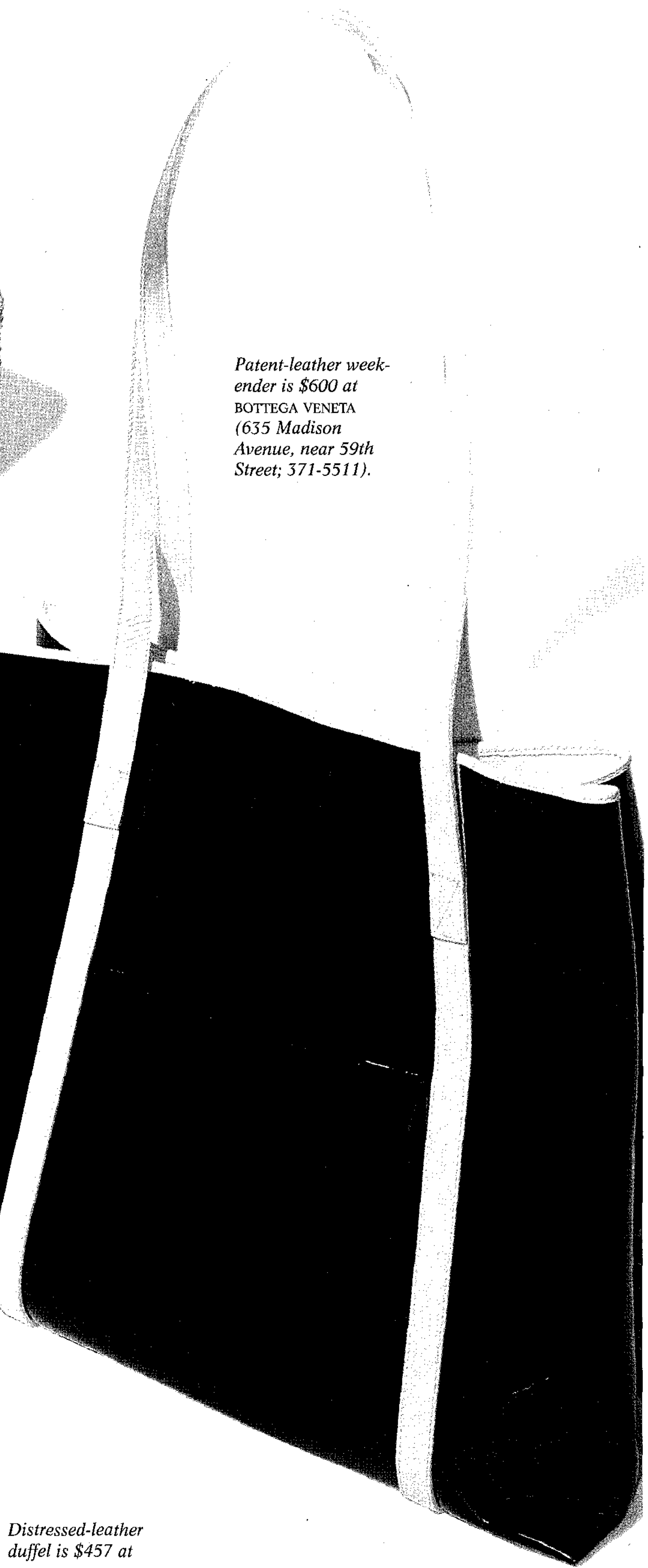
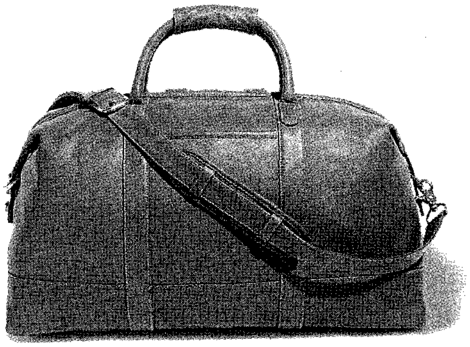


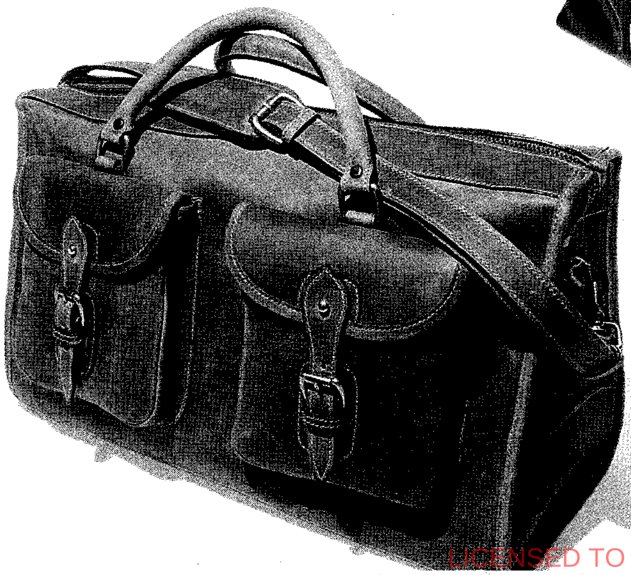
Straw weekender is $125 at BARNEYS NEW YORK *(both locations) and* FELISSIMO *(10 West 56th Street; 247-5656).*



Patent-leather weekender is $600 at BOTTEGA VENETA *(635 Madison Avenue, near 59th Street; 371-5511).*



Coach leather duffel is $534 at COACH *(all locations),* LORD & TAYLOR, *and* SAKS FIFTH AVENUE.

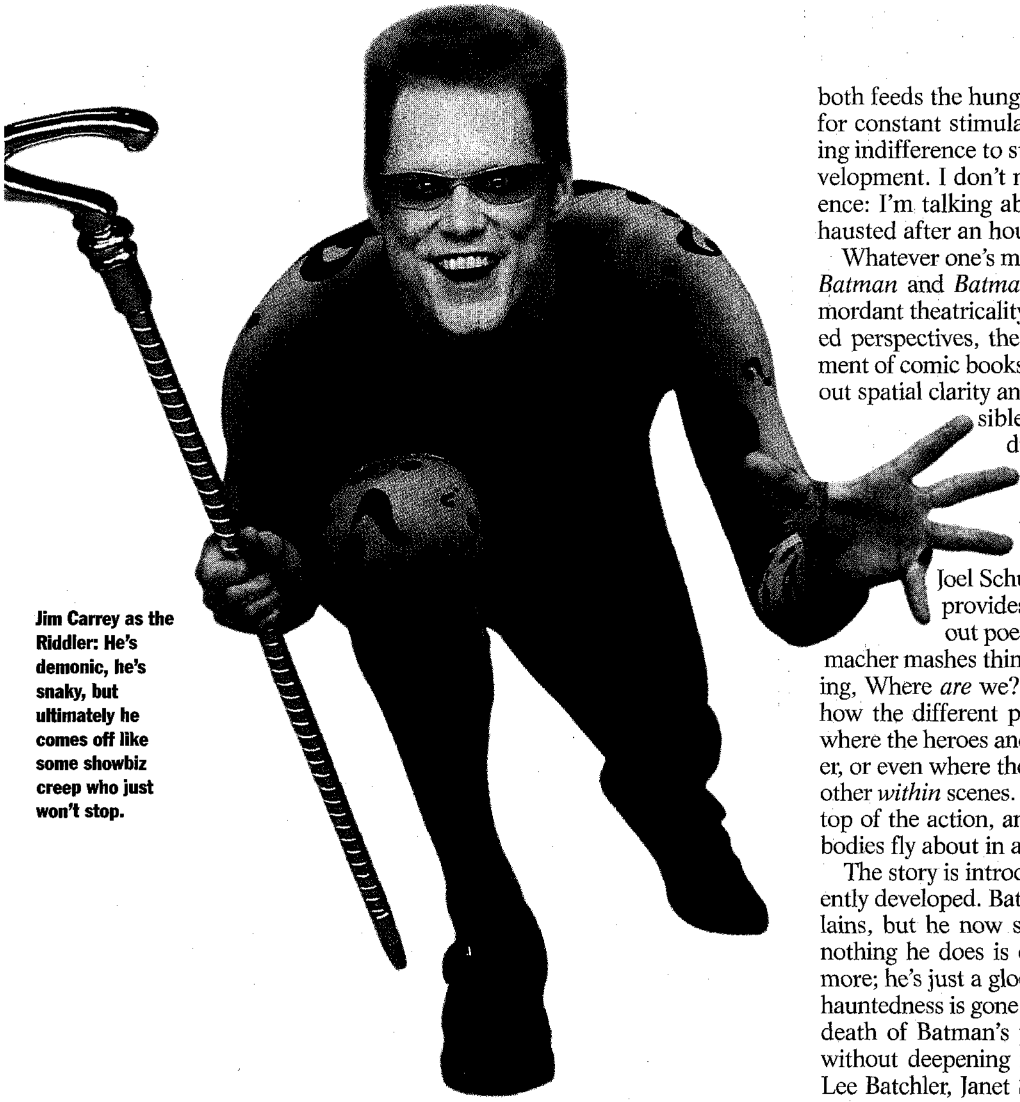


Distressed-leather duffel is $457 at PAUL STUART *(Madison Avenue at 45th Street; 682-0320).*

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Hollywood Babylon

With 'Batman Forever,' the movies finally become pure marketeering. Thank God for the square-jawed integrity of 'Apollo 13.'



Jim Carrey as the Riddler: He's demonic, he's snaky, but ultimately he comes off like some showbiz creep who just won't stop.

NEITHER THE OVERWHELMING COMMERCIAL SUCcess nor the overwhelming awfulness of **Batman Forever** should come as a surprise to anyone. Ever since Steven Spielberg's *Jaws* opened all over the country in the summer of 1975 and the audience, like complaisant angels, woke up and sang—you had to see it that first weekend or you died a little bit—the studios have been testing and learning. *Jaws* was a very good movie, but more than a few executives quickly understood that when it came to creating media frenzy, art was hardly a requirement. With *Batman Forever,* the process of transforming moviemaking into merchandising reaches its apotheosis. The picture is not only kid stuff in the worst sense of the phrase—jangled, repetitive, obvious, and emotionally empty—but quite *intentionally* all these things. The mess we see on the screen both feeds the hunger of the youngest media generation for constant stimulation and reinforces the new, alarming indifference to story logic and ordinary character development. I don't mean to be derisive about that audience: I'm talking about our children. Myself, I was exhausted after an hour of this hyperbolic nonsense.

Whatever one's misgivings about Tim Burton's work in *Batman* and *Batman Returns,* it had spirit and style, a mordant theatricality. Burton appropriated the exaggerated perspectives, the doomy colors and stiff, lurid sentiment of comic books, but he knew well enough that without spatial clarity and coherence, beauty becomes impossible. Burton let us see things: the different levels of the city, Batman gently falling through the air, the heart-stopping memory of an old catastrophe. Burton's work has a sinister, taunting elegance. The new director, Joel Schumacher (*Falling Down, The Client*), provides as many kicks as Burton, but without poetry or even ordinary continuity. Schumacher mashes things together. As I watched, I kept asking, Where *are* we? It's impossible to say. You can't tell how the different parts of Gotham City fit together, or where the heroes and villains are in relation to one another, or even where the characters are in relation to one another *within* scenes. Schumacher puts the camera right on top of the action, and during the fights, limbs whirl and bodies fly about in a wild spaghetti-toss of movement.

The story is introduced in garbled spasms and indifferently developed. Batman rescues people and beats up villains, but he now seems less a hero than a fake, since nothing he does is convincing. He's not anguished anymore; he's just a gloomy avenger, a stud without sex. The hauntedness is gone. When Schumacher recapitulates the death of Batman's parents, he does it coldly, distantly, without deepening it in any way. He and screenwriters Lee Batchler, Janet Scott Batchler, and Akiva Goldsman create villains who exist only as outré visual concepts that scream a lot. The women in the movie, including Nicole Kidman, who's supposed to be a *doctor,* breathe all over the men as if they had nothing better to do.

In this regression from irony to square overstatement, the actors do their worst. Val Kilmer, the new Batman, must have received testosterone shots; his voice has fallen lower than a prize bull's. He mutters his lines in a trance that is meant to signify melancholia but that comes out as macho sludge. Chris O'Donnell, as Robin, survives because he projects decency in whatever he does, but Tommy Lee Jones betrays his coolly precise talent with a convulsively unfunny performance identical to the one he gave in *Natural Born Killers.* Jim Carrey's exciting performance as the Riddler is physically demonic in a way that Jack Nicholson and Danny DeVito could never be. Carrey does intricate, snaky things with his long-waisted body that evoke, of all things, the photographs of Nijinsky as the faun. But Schumacher overdraws on Carrey. The great comic seethes, taunts, and spins until he begins to seem like some ghastly show-biz creep who won't stop.

After a while, my attention went dead, and I could have been watching from the other side of the grave. Schumacher may be trying for a comic-book style, but whatever the affinity of the two forms, a movie can never be a comic book (Burton—and Warren Beatty in *Dick Tracy*—turned comic-book style into new movie styles). In a film, things keep moving; therefore, a director should stage the action intelligibly or even beautifully. Aesthetic order allows us to see things and to enjoy them. It's embarrassing to speak in these basic terms, and probably useless. Watching *Batman Forever,* I had the uncanny sensation that Schumacher had never wanted to make his movie, that he had purposely skipped a stage and gone directly to the trailer. What we see are the highlights, strung out to two hours, of a movie only alluded to.

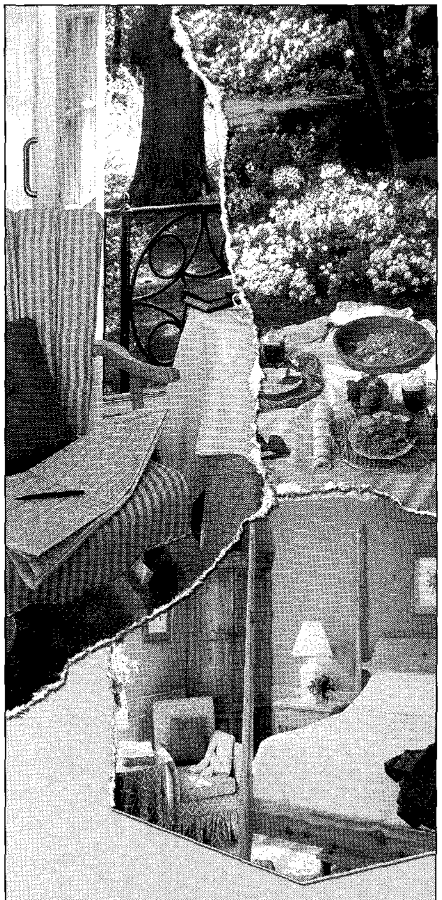
The gimmick of cartoon and comic-book movies has now been thoroughly exhausted. There's nothing liberating, hip, or campy about *Batman Forever.* And its huge success could mean that the struggle to get children to sit through a fully developed narrative may be lost forever. Time Warner, I believe, really is depraved, though not in the sense that Senator Bob Dole meant. Warner Bros. is depraved because it wants to kill movies and replace them with sheer selling. Of course, so do all the other studios, if only they could figure out how.

Photograph by Ron Batzdorff/Universal Pictures.

AS THREE ASTRONAUTS LIE IN A CRAMPED command module, ready to take off for the moon, technicians tread on their shoulders, jamming the men into place. Later, somewhere between Florida and the lunar seas, the module's power and filtering systems break down, and the men, freezing, gaze at their steamy breath with disgust: They are poisoning themselves with the carbon dioxide they exhale from their own lungs. You have to love the weird details in **Apollo 13.** Just like ancient explorers ravaged by weather and fatigue, the astronauts on this 1970 moon shot are forced to withstand bizarre physical humiliations. Director Ron Howard and his longtime collaborator, producer Brian Grazer, took a considerable risk and decided to do the picture straight. They must have figured that a moon shot that almost ended in disaster was quite dramatic enough; the story didn't have to be pumped. And they were right. *Apollo 13* follows the three astronauts through preparation, launch, the amazing weightless hours on the way to the moon, and then the accidents and the bumpy, cold, and terrifying ride home. Contained and realistic as it is, the movie nevertheless works up terrific excitement.

The sick joke of *Apollo 13* is that no one was much interested until things went awry. Neil Armstrong had walked on the moon the previous summer, and the public took a blasé attitude toward a new attempt. When the commander of the flight, Jim Lovell (Tom Hanks), beamed a live feed of the spaceship back to Earth, not one of the broadcast networks picked it up. Lovell, a space-flight veteran, comes off as a very straight guy with a touch of poetic fancy underneath. Tom Hanks, in the great American heroic style of no sweat, makes him a man so sure of himself that he can afford to be relaxed. Bill Paxton, as Fred Haise, and Kevin Bacon, as Jack Swigert, aren't as charismatic as one would ideally want, but charisma is not the point of this movie.

Apollo 13 might be called an answer to *The Right Stuff.* These were not swaggering romantic adventurers, the movie says, but lifetime military men, with the fierce codes and tightly controlled demeanor typical of their tribe. They did what they were told, and were very loyal to one another. It's the team that is heroic. During the flight of *Apollo 13,* the vaunted technology that had already taken men to the moon blows up like a toy spacecraft pushed too hard. As one failure causes another, the flock of nervous, white-shirted flight controllers back in Houston, each one wired into a particular part of *Apollo*'s misbehavior, begin to go nuts. Their honor is at stake. This community of macho techies (led by a taut, hostile Ed Harris) breaks its collective neck trying to bring the men back. The movie is very straight, very square stuff, but stirring and satisfying. There are weaknesses: Lovell has a prescient wife (Kathleen Quinlan) who suffers through premonitory dreams and drops her wedding ring down the shower drain—she's a walking foreshadow of trouble. Some of the family scenes are awfully bland. But when the module is going crazy, turning red-hot as it enters the Earth's atmosphere, you're with the three men, and you are scared. ■



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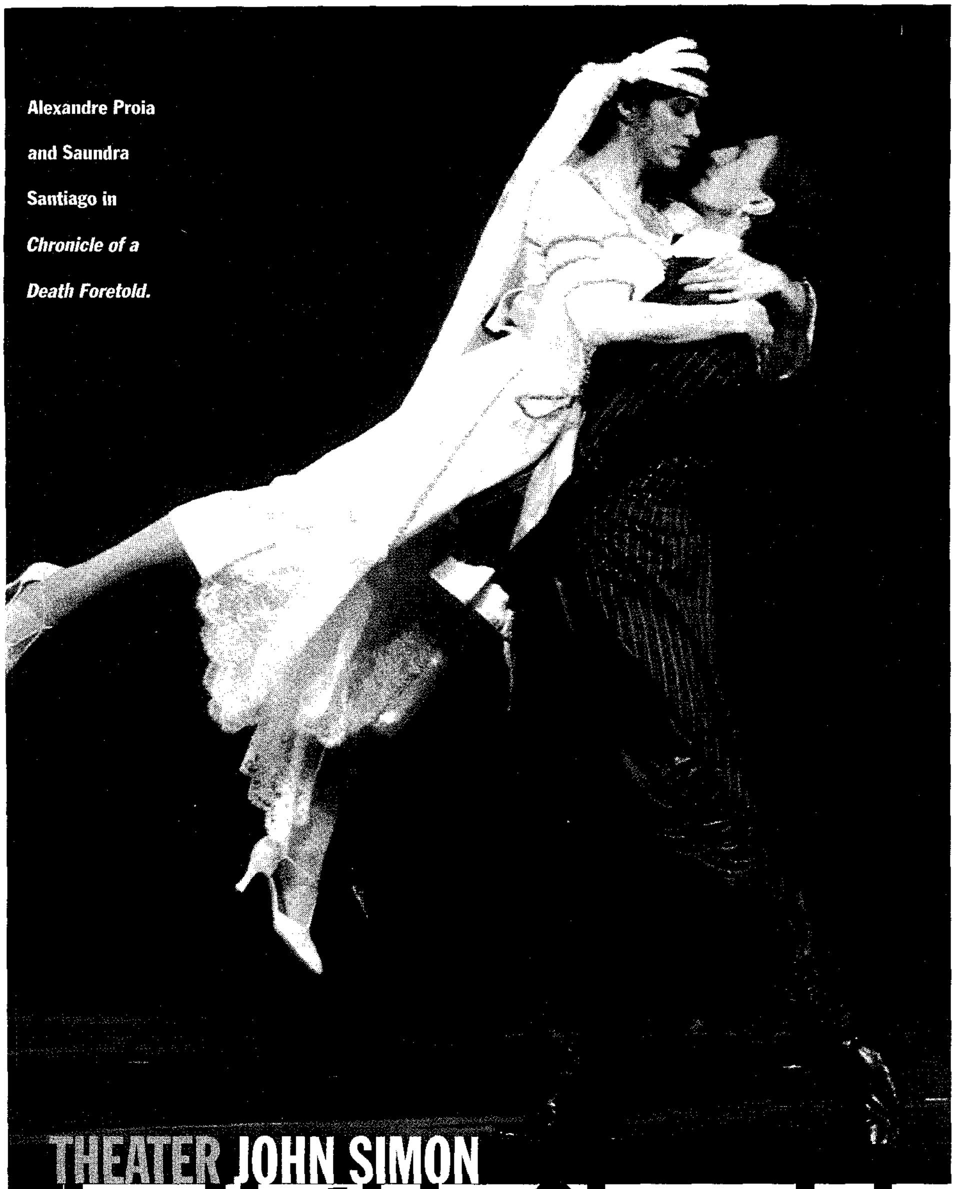
Alexandre Proia and Saundra Santiago in *Chronicle of a Death Foretold.*



THEATER JOHN SIMON

The Untidy Chronicle

'Chronicle of a Death Foretold' thrashes itself to an eponymous death; 'Buttons on Broadway' resuscitates old jokes.

THE IDEAL FORM FOR GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ is the novella. His long fiction—full of magic realism—I find as cloying as a hundred pounds of spun-sugar candy; his short stories try to do too much in too little space. In novellas like *The Incredible and Sad Tale of Innocent Eréndira* and *Chronicle of a Death Foretold,* on the other hand, Márquez says just enough, without clobbering us with whimsy. But he shouldn't be adapted: *Eréndira* the movie was spurious stuff, *Eréndira* the play, a disaster. Now comes **Chronicle of a Death Foretold** the whatsit, a catastrophe.

Graciela Daniele, a director, choreographer, and conceiver of strange theatricals, adapted *Chronicle* with her usual co-conceiver, Jim Lewis; the music is by Bob Telson, with additional material by Michael John LaChiusa. The thing is an 80-minute dance-drama, with dancing, singing, speaking, and posturing. It is the sort of olla podrida that the restless genius of Manuel de Falla could make a silk purse of, but even he would not have gone for this. The novella is a daredevil experiment in killing suspense by announcing the hero's death at the outset, then squeezing excitement out of the workings of stupidity, mendacity, cowardice, indolence, and coincidence as they lead up to murder, and showing how destiny is manufactured.

A previously deflowered bride, returned to her parents after her wedding night, arbitrarily accuses an innocent man as her seducer. Her brothers, two of his cronies, proclaim their intention to kill him but hope that someone will stop them. Yet all the people who could prevent the murder—the entire town, including the police chief and the victim's mother—do their bit to bring it about. One reads the short, cunningly constructed book slowly, as if solving the puzzle of human folly along the way.

The stage changes things. First, because dance is not an investigative, problem-solving medium. Whenever the spoken parts of Miss Daniele's olio start interconnecting and the cogs of craziness begin to mesh in inexorable pseudo-logic, a dance or song number throws a spanner into the works. Moreover, the choreography tends to be genuinely inventive only when two men do a pas de deux. And amid all this song and dance, the best words can get swamped. A good line about some marriageable girls—"Any man will be happy with them because they've been raised to suffer"—is lost in the audiovisual tapestry. Other good lines, e.g., "In those days, God understood such things," simply had to be dumped. And such cheap lines as "It was him, goddamn it, it was him" have been interpolated.

It is hard for performers to meet the complicated singing, dancing, and acting demands. So it is that in the large cast only Tonya Pinkins, as Clotilde the bodega keeper, emerges as a fully fleshed personage—and even she perhaps more as Tonya than as Clotilde. Toni-Leslie James's costumes fail to rise to the heights of fantasy, and Christopher Barreca's interesting set, though strikingly lit by Jules Fisher and Beverly Emmons, is not versatile enough. The mainly serviceable music lacks the ability to get hauntingly under your skin, badly needed here. I would gladly have traded this obstinately obstreperous show for 80 minutes of solitude.

IT WOULD BE EASY, BUT UNJUST, TO POOH-POOH **Buttons on Broadway** as a tepid blast from an outlived past. The truth is that Red Buttons, solo at 76, is as good as ever. Skeptics, of course, will ask, "And how good is that?" It is like the first woman you ever kissed coming back, much

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

to your surprise, not as a garish crone but as a good old gal still kicking up her heels, making you smile and even chortle at old jokes that survive. For Death, in William Cory's immortal words, "he taketh all away, but them he cannot take."

These jokes are possibly redeemed by being so old that those of us who were around then have forgotten them, and those who weren't will experience them as oddly new, like an Art Nouveau settee or a Victorian antimacassar. In the first act, Buttons tells mostly one-liners, arranged in thematic clusters that give them shape, like a theme and variations in music or a series of Monet haystacks in changing light. There are, for instance, vaudevillian name-dropping jokes about General Custer, the first man to wear an arrow shirt; Jacques Cousteau, the last man to see Jimmy Hoffa; and Dr. Kevorkian, who said to the Grateful Dead, "You're my kind of guys."

There are old-fashioned low-down family jokes about Adam, who said to his father, "I've got more ribs; got any more broads?" And Solomon, who said to his thousand wives, "Who hasn't got a headache?" And Dr. Spock, who warned, "Never take your hands to your kids; it leaves your groin unprotected." And Gandhi's mother encouraging, "Eat a cookie—who's going to know the difference?" Also slightly out-of-date place jokes, such as "I was in Tokyo, at a small fund-raising breakfast to buy the rest of Los Angeles." And "I was in Osaka, at a small reunion of kamikaze pilots, whose motto is 'Live and let live.' " And "I was in Pittsburgh, at a small party for premature ejaculators. I was there: I left early, but I was there."

If you don't fancy these sorts of one-liners, Act Two may be more to your liking. Here Buttons reminisces about comedians he has known and tells some of their jokes; then he reflects on his own career and tells some of his jokes, reprising some of his routines. For example, one about a man who, his imminent death having been foretold by his doctor, hastens home for sex, sex, and more sex with his wife until she cries out, "Enough is enough! I have to get up in the morning, you don't." The song-and-mime number "Sam, You Made the Pants Too Long" is a classic, and the joke about a G.I., a pig, and a dog is very nearly sublime.

Whatever he does, including laughing at himself in stories about being mistaken for Red Skelton and Redd Foxx, Red Buttons is wistfully lovable. And, trim in his tuxedo, he is snappily accompanied by Bryan Louiselle's piano. Defiantly, he says, "Old age is when someone compliments you on your alligator shoes and you're walking barefoot." Also, "Old is when you're with a beautiful woman and your pacemaker opens the garage door." Well, *Buttons on Broadway* could persuade you that Velcro may vanish, and zippers may rust, but Buttons still works.

PRESENTED BY THE GLINES, THE GAY-AND-lesbian theater production company, **Lady-Like** is the true story of Lady Eleanor Butler, Miss Sarah Ponsonby (another wellborn lady), and their maid, Mary Carryll, who, romantically escaping from their Irish families, set up a ménage à deux (or trois?) in Llangollen, Wales. From 1778 to 1828, they lived together, their salon becoming celebrated for guests such as Wordsworth and Darwin, Josiah Wedgwood and the Duke of Wellington, John Wesley and Richard B. Sheridan, among others. As opposed to male homosexuals, lesbians seem to have enjoyed a privileged status, presumably because, lacking penetrative organs, female lovers were viewed as platonic or nearly so.

The playwright Laura Shamas tells this warm and moving tale almost too decorously, as if what united the women were, say, a shared love of basket-weaving. Yet she does it vividly and economically, making the three women her only characters but managing to suggest the surrounding others. It is impossible to leave *Lady-Like* without affection for the dramatis personae, amusement at the dialogue, and satisfaction at learning a welcome history lesson.

In this modest production at the tiny Grove Street Playhouse, David Jensen's set and lighting are nevertheless evocative, and Yvonne De Moravia's costumes lavish and fetching. Vivian Sorenson has directed vivaciously, and the only flaw—granted, a serious one—is the acting. Though all three work hard, and none is contemptible, Laura Jane Salvato (Eleanor), Angela McKinney (Sarah), and Jenny Bass (Mary) all have some accent problems and aren't quite up to their characters' intricacy and subtlety. Still, this Off–Off Broadway evening is more on target than many a Broadway one. ■

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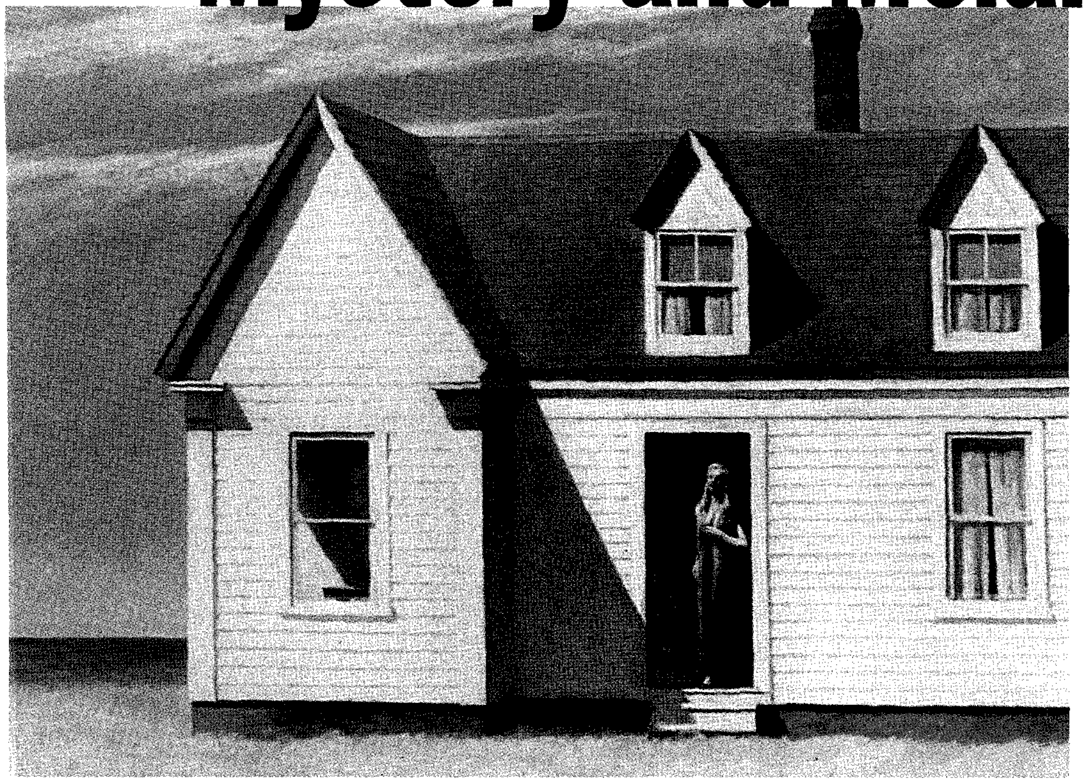
Photograph by Joan Marcus.

ART MARK STEVENS

Mystery and Melancholy

Hopper's vision is steeped in silence. So why does the Whitney retrospective make so much noise?



Women who deserve better of life: Hopper's *High Noon* (above) and *Automat* (below). Opposite: Lord's *Landscape, Summer 1977.*

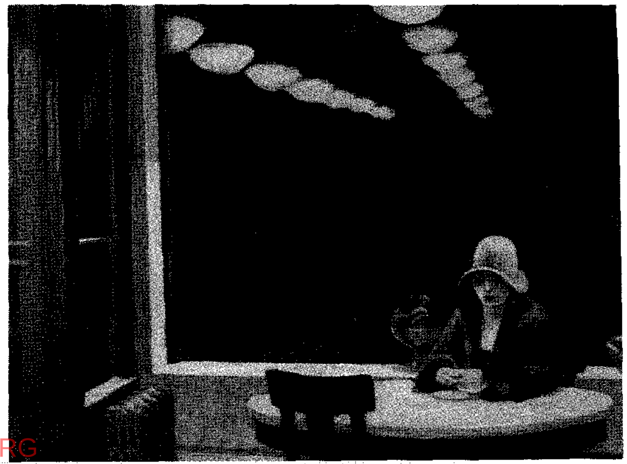
Edward Hopper (1882–1967) EXPRESSED, MEMORABLY, a stillness near the heart of a nation on the move. His hotel rooms, railroad tracks, Automats, offices, and solitary houses call to mind what David Riesman termed "the lonely crowd." His mysterious narratives and freeze-frames of women who deserve better of life (placed in strong asymmetrical compositions where the light is as bold as the shade is retiring) create an atmosphere of melancholy and existential reverie. None of this, of course, is news; Hopper's vision is as familiar as a postcard. Among painters, only Winslow Homer says "America" with the same archetypal power.

This familiarity is compounded by photographers who have a similar or related outlook to Hopper's, such as Walker Evans and Robert Frank, and by the many moviemakers and artists influenced by his imagery. Hopper is also well served by museums and scholars. In 1980, the Whitney Museum of American Art, which has the richest collection of Hopper, mounted a vast survey of his art. Now the museum and W. W. Norton are publishing a three-volume catalogue raisonné (which includes a CD-ROM). Gail Levin, who organized the 1980 retrospective and wrote the catalogue raisonné, will come out this fall with an important Hopper biography.

What, then, does one want of a summer exhibition of this most familiar of artists? Either a plain-vanilla show that simply presents the paintings—great art does not require curatorial chocolate sauce—or an exhibit that challenges or awakens the conventional. Unfortunately, the Whitney's current retrospective, "Edward Hopper and the American Imagination," merely makes the familiar more familiar. In the middle of the exhibition space, the museum is offering a banal "multimedia presentation" that illustrates—hold your breath—that art and movies, especially *film noir,* sometimes look like Hopper paintings, and that Hopper paintings sometimes look like movie stills. The voice-overs repeat the usual Hopper words—"isolation," "dislocation"—in that earnest tone of docu-majesty that now fills public TV. Bits of bluesy music add to the general air of portentous mope.

This does Hopper an injustice. Belaboring the obvious is forgivable, but not when the tone violates an artist's sensibility. Few paintings seem as silent as Hopper's, yet the multimedia presentation leaks ugly sounds and a note of garrulity into the exhibition. (If paintings had wanted noise, God would have given them ears.) And few pictures seem as still or as sober as Hopper's, yet the multimedia presentation offers them to the public in a fancy flash of images. The layout of the exhibition is pretentiously poetic, with sliced spaces that reflect rather than enhance Hopper's own geometries. The chairs rhyme, cutely, with those in his offices. Noble sentiments from famous writers are billboarded onto the walls.

Worse, the presentation sends certain subliminal messages about what is truly important. The theater for the multimedia presentation is located in the center of the show: We learn from this that curatorial exegesis, not painting, is the heart of the matter. There is no seri-



Photographs courtesy of the Whitney Museum of American Art.

ous analysis of the painting *as painting* and no sustained examination of Hopper's imagination beyond the platitudes and woolly talk of his social and cultural import. The central panel of the multimedia presentation shows clips from the movies: We learn here that the movies are the gold standard of value. Hopper must really be important if the movies noticed.

This is what finally makes the familiar seem mundane—that, even in a museum, we must now translate art into our habitual contemporary idiom of movies, television, and cultural commentary. Isn't it Hopper's imagination that we have come to see rather than the Whitney's or even America's? Can't we let him alone? Or bother him in a way that displays serious sensibility as well as sociology? The museum's approach aroused in me, at least, a desire to emphasize how idiosyncratic an artist Hopper can be when his art is allowed to breathe on its own.

For example, there is far too much seminar talk about alienation, isolation, and psychic dislocation. Of course, they are an essential part of Hopper and America. But it is Hopper's rapturous joy in his melancholy that really commands interest—isolation and despair being otherwise rather common, modern, and dull. "Hail divinest Melancholy," said a poet (Milton, not an American of the period). Like so many writers and artists over the centuries, Hopper knew how full emptiness could appear. His light excites the shade; his line frames the dissolving corner; his color has a blooming luminosity. The compositions are constructed to last. This is no rainy-day depressive: Hopper built puritan palaces to melancholy.

And his weaknesses are first-rate. They are as vital as his strengths—since, in the way of successful artists, his weakness becomes inseparable from his strength. There are only a few Hopper pictures in which everything seems exactly right, effortless and given, but he always makes his awkwardness expressive. Any building or piece of furniture in Hopper has more human vitality than his human figures. He could not draw the figure to save his life. But that helps give to his figures their life-and-death desperation—as if any failure to render exposed the incompleteness of life itself.

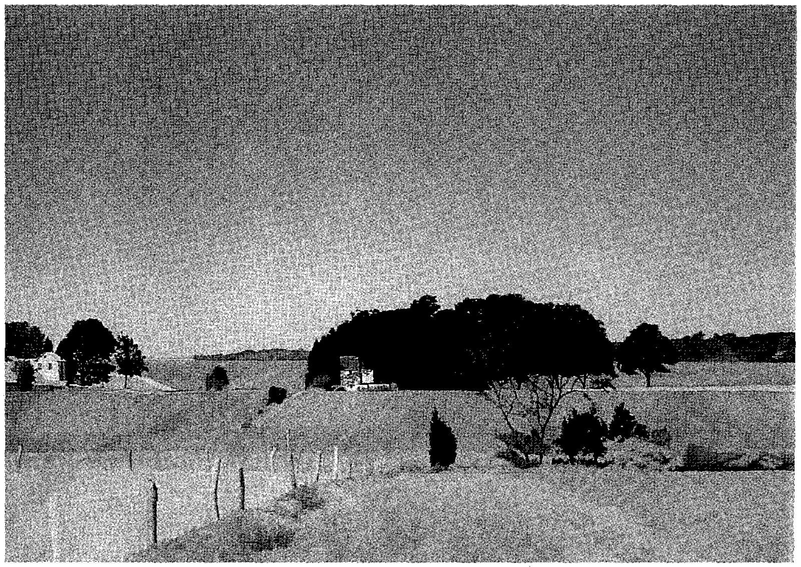
There was also wood in Hopper's hand. He could not relax into curves, and his surfaces are painfully awkward, shy, and masculine. But there is no fluid touch more erotic, in its way, than Hopper's earnest applications. It resembles that of a rough but sensitive man who works with his hands and does not know how to touch a girl. His indirection is poignant. In *Automat,* the dreamy woman's hat—a kind of helmet—rhymes with a bowl of fruit.

The Whitney exhibition emphasizes Hopper's emblematic American status—his canonical authority over the way we see ourselves—but the ways in which he differs from us are no less interesting, Where today would one find an erotic nature this pointedly reticent? Hopper now looks very "period"; his work belongs to a time before computer screens, when the modern world was still heavy with smokestacks and trains and stone buildings and bull-nosed cars pulling up to western motels. Alienation today has a different light, loneliness another shape.

LIKE HOPPER, **Sheridan Lord** (1926–1994) PORTRAYED A place that was also an emblematic state of mind. His tidy houses, potato fields, and distant glimpses of ocean define what many people loved about the East End of Long Island in the old days, before imperial New York finally destroyed the modesty (which was a form of grace) that came from living on neighborly terms with sea, sky, and potato.

An eccentric with a close circle of friends, Lord rarely showed during his lifetime; instead, he sold his pictures to people he knew. As a result, the exhibition of 43 landscapes and still lifes at the Parrish Art Museum in Southampton (on display through next Sunday, July 9) is his first significant show. Organized by John Walsh, the director of the J. Paul Getty Museum in Los Angeles, the exhibit is called "Things in Place"—a good title, for Lord worked in a tradition whose masters, among them Chardin and Morandi, attempt to make a miracle of the modest.

This is one of the trickier games in art, since miracles are inherently immodest. Sometimes Lord is merely modest; occasionally his sweating after the miracle shows. But he can also get it just right. In *Landscape, Summer 1977,* humanity occupies a perfectly sensible band of space between sky and fields. There is no tyranny of measure—the rough dirt road and wobbly fence posts ensure that—yet everything in the world seems to claim its right place. The light of high summer finds its just counterpoint in the centered stack of shade trees. And there is a lovely visual wit: the almost abstract straight line of a tree, standing at attention, juxtaposed with the drunken-sailor march of fence posts.



In 'Landscape, Summer 1977,' Lord lends **stature and conviction** *to the simple—a rare effect nowadays.*

Lord did not devote his full energies to painting until he reached his forties, though he was always in and around art. A natural struggler, he mainly looked to Cezanne, the patron saint of those for whom nothing comes easy. Lord's still lifes are an homage to that master. More important, Lord took inspiration from Cezanne's attempt to find the form that does justice to both the world without and the world within. He himself had little interest in being remembered merely as the recorder of a vanished landscape, though he deplored the transformation of the Hamptons into what he called a "resort suburb."

The composition of *Landscape, Summer 1977* is very complex, yet the effect is one of simplicity. This lends stature, and conviction, to the simple—a rare effect nowadays. I once heard a complaint that there were no birds or living creatures in paintings like *Landscape, Summer 1977.* And I wondered, Why aren't there? Perhaps because that would add disorder to, and subtract stillness from, a certain vision of the world. Lord made a place for himself. ■

Photograph courtesy of the Parrish Art Museum.

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

Pita, Pita, Pita

The tastes of the Bosporus travel well to Ottoman Cuisine, Deniz, and Turkish Kitchen.

Above: Sardines in grape leaves at Deniz. Opposite: White-bean salad at Ottoman Cuisine.

THIS YEAR, FLOATING ABOUT IN TURKISH WATERS seems to be *the* stylish prescription. Just hearing the returnees' tales left me yearning for thick yogurt, green-olive oil, and the glorification of lamb and eggplant that I think of as Turkish. Though I've not found my way there yet, I know what I like. And I don't have far to go.

Just steps from my Upper West Side roost in a pair of adjoining storefronts, **Ottoman Cuisine,** offshoot of a restaurant in Istanbul, boosts the pan-cultural pleasure quotient of the neighborhood. Young couples gaze at each other soulfully, aging a bit as the kitchen slows to a dawdle. Savvy West Siders (artsy, literary, political), toting their own wine, discover one another across the way and trade menu tips. A waiter drags a table from one room to the other for our trio. Now we're waiting, too, one pita basket to the wind, pacified by the instant replacement, desperate for something to dip into.

The waiter, a Turkish actor studying English at Hunter, finally brings tarama (salmon roe blended with olive oil into a thick mayonnaise) and the freshest rice-stuffed dolmas I can remember—four big, fat grape-leaf-wrapped packages. I could easily make supper of these starters, $4.75 to $6.75: A salad of white beans, tomato, and red onion. Dill-flecked artichoke hearts. Deep-fried calamari rings with a kicky garlic sauce. Savory octopus salad. The cucumber-and-garlic-steeped yogurt called cacik. Cubes of liver (I said rare, and they're actually almost rare) with slivers of onion. Tonight's imam bayildi, the eggplant invention that supposedly made a holy man faint, is a bland dud. And for our tastes, currants, cinnamon, and pine nuts in the mussels' rice stuffing is too sweet. Forgot to bring wine? Sip fruit juice or ayran, billed as "the miraculously refreshing yogurt drink that is the best cure for thirst." It's a long, cool version of cacik, surprisingly salty.

Not that entrées, $8.75 to $14.75, are anything to sneer at. First-rate lamb shish kebab and amazingly moist chicken appear freed from their skewers with sweetly grilled onion and tomato on rice. Lamb shank under an eggplant dome with a tomato turret is full of flavor, as is the Adana kebab—ground lamb pressed into savory strips before grilling. One night, a homesick Turkish scholar introduces us to the joys of manti, gnocchilike dumplings baked with lamb, onion, and mint. Even an oddity like hünkăr beğendi, lamb cooked till it pulls apart in shreds on a bed of smoked-eggplant cream, pleases our adventurous crew. But the butter-and-yogurt-sodden swamp of pita in the bottom of the baking dish spoils the yoğurtlu kebab for me.

Choose one of the sweet-nut-and-phyllo pastries, candied chestnuts in syrup, or delicate rice pudding from the show-and-tell dessert tray. Or ask for fruit compote—the Turks must possess some mysterious alchemy for stewing apricots and cherries. The practiced touch makes a difference; no wonder Ottoman Cuisine has become an instant mecca.

Ottoman Cuisine, 413 Amsterdam Avenue, near 80th Street (799-6363). Monday through Thursday noon till 11 p.m., Friday and Saturday till midnight, Sunday till 10:30 p.m. A.E., M.C., V.

IF YOU BELIEVE ORHAN YEĞEN, HE HAD TO ESCAPE THE trauma of success by selling his pioneer venture, Turkish Kitchen: "I got too many write-ups. Too many people came, but not for the cuisine. The people weren't knowing what they were eating. I didn't enjoy it anymore. If you're a musician and you play and the people are not listening, it is the same." He explored Boston, where he hoped to find a more sincere audience, but he hated the weather. He scouted prospects in Turkey but felt uncomfortable in the new political climate. Alas, back in Manhattan, he'd agreed not to re-create the Kitchen concept. Thus came **Deniz,** billed as a "Mediterranean fish house."

There are no kilims anywhere in the vast modern space in the residential canyons of East 57th Street. And prices—entrées $13.50 to $21.50 at dinner, from $9.50 at lunch—probably reflect the real-estate as well as the

Photographs by Greg Miller.

fish market. Fat oval columns illuminated from within march past the bar to the back room, perhaps an allusion to a cruise ship's smokestacks. Mrs. Yeḡen (her name is Meltem, which means "sea breeze") looks shipshape in a naval officer's gold-braid-trimmed jacket over leggings. "Don't you have more Turkish specialties?" I ask, studying the lunch menu (since revised). She sighs as if annoyed. "What do you want? Maybe we have it." I ask for the grilled swordfish, rare. Madame tsk-tsks with the same arrogance. "That's how we do it," she says, sighing again.

Soon we are captivated by marvelous sardines wrapped in grape leaves and are busily spooning tarama, the salty roe paste, on chewy sweet bread. No pita here, please. "That's only for kebab houses," Orhan will tell you. He is the town's foremost expert on his country's cooking, as he will tell you himself. Pan-fried eggplant doesn't taste fried at all but, rather, stewed, with fresh tomatoes. It's so delicious we don't want to give it up, and we struggle with a waitress determined to take the leftovers away. The swordfish could not be more flavorful, but it's definitely not rare. To apologize for the swordfish, the boss brings us a gift, Kunefe, cheese-filled pastry, rich and warm and crunchy.

At dinner, we have to have those sardines again, along with fine grilled-octopus salad, smoked-eggplant purée, and creamy red-snapper-and-vegetable soup. Three of us devour the octopus baked with tomato, mushrooms, and garlic to be spooned over rice. But both the whole red snapper and the porgy, singed on the grill, are overcooked by this crowd's standards. And the porgy has a soft, fatty underbelly that is so fishy, we find it inedible. *"Inedible?"* Mrs. Yeḡen responds. "Nothing is inedible."

The evening's special dessert, six poached dried apricots filled with milk cooked down and refrigerated until it reached a cheeselike consistency, prompts another culinary lecture. "Americans think that you can do this with yogurt instead of milk," Yeḡen complains. "They don't know anything. This food was invented 2,000 years ago." Somehow the inflated ego seems forgivable in the flush of all that passion and in the afterglow of those leaf-wrapped sardines.

Deniz, 400 East 57th Street (486-2255). Lunch noon till 4 p.m., dinner 5 p.m. till midnight. A.E., C.B., D.C., M.C.,V.

IF OTTOMAN CUISINE IS THE BEST AND DENIZ the most surreptitious, **Turkish Kitchen** is the most handsome, with kilims on the wall, copper kitchenware, and its young wait-crew in chef's whites. As if the duplex weren't quite red enough, the chairs wear crimson smocks with the house logo. And the new owners have installed grand new carpeting. Turkish, of course? "No," says Sedat Özkan, one of the partners. "They're from ABC Carpet, our landlord. Cheaper than Turkey."

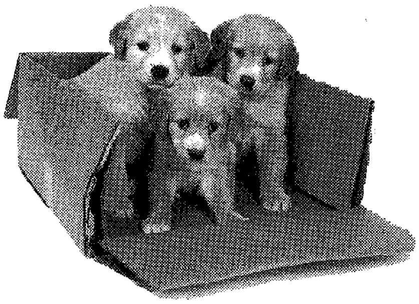
The menu reads like a movie ad, with thumbs-up raves from an array of critics. True, the prices were lower when the megalomaniacal Orgen Yeḡen ruled the roost, but the same chef still tends the stove. (The chef from the Ankara Hilton will join him in the kitchen this fall.)

Expatriate Turks still gather here, pleased to find poached calf's brains, tripe soup, grilled lamb intestines, and the cumin-cured beef called pastŭrmà—esoterica for our town's cuisinary Magellans. Tonight, we're a quartet who loves brains, disappointed these are so dull. But crusty house bread, deep-fried phyllo rolls filled with cheese, the special imam bayildi, and the stuffed vine leaves are good enough. Even better: the char-grilled octopus with slivers of red onion and the tender fried calamari rings with garlicky sauce. The evening's cracked-wheat croquettes studded with pine nuts are a peppery triumph. (Starters are $4.50 to $7.50.)

The shish kebab has little personality, and the baked lamb shank cloaked in wonderful melted eggplant is equally bland. Still, there are cheers among us for the boned cornish hen stuffed with rice and its accompanying zucchini pancakes. The vinaigrette on a hill of romaine salad adds a smart tang to carefully grilled swordfish. (Entrées run $11.50 to $15.50.) There's a new wine list, but I'm content with sour-cherry juice—straight or cut with soda. Small baklava packets and fine rice pudding are superior to pistachio pastry with shredded wheat. And forget the gummy almond-milk custard. Despite the occasional fumble, we find ourselves sipping apple tea and sludge-like Turkish coffee, already planning a return visit.

Turkish Kitchen, 386 Third Avenue, near 28th Street (679-1810). Lunch Monday through Friday noon till 3 p.m., dinner 5:30 p.m. till 11 p.m. Dinner Saturday till 11:30 p.m., Sunday till 11 p.m. A.E., C.B., D.C., M.C.,V. ■

It Never Ceases To Amaze Us How Many People Discard Their Valuables.



It's a miracle that so many abandoned animals make it to the safety of North Shore Animal League. Some are left on our doorstep — others are found on busy city streets — and we routinely rescue thousands from certain death in pounds. Our lifesaving vans are always on the road rescuing puppies and kittens from nearby private homes, from local town and city shelters, and from far away pounds in Virginia, Tennessee, and South Carolina.

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LEONORE FLEISCHER JULY 10, 1995

SALES & BARGAINS

New York vice: from drinking and smoking to brunching and (gasp!) cape-wearing, plus one more thing to do before you go on vacation.

High Appraisal

BEFORE YOU GO AWAY ON VACATION, you might want to have your possessions—fine art, antiques, furniture, etc.—appraised for insurance or other purposes. Helaine Fendelman is a certified member of the Appraisers Association of America, has co-written a number of antiques price guides, and writes a regular column for *Country Living* magazine on appraising antiques. Her customary fee is $150 per hour; through July 10, it's $125 per hour; her usual percentage of 20 percent of the gross sales proceeds for running your house sale will be 10 percent for the same period of time. Phone or write for an appointment. *Helaine Fendelman & Associates, 1248 Post Rd., Scarsdale, N.Y. 10538 (914-725-0292); through 7/10.*

The Cape Crusader Returns

DRAPED OVER A DRESS, BLOUSE, OR COAT, the capelets available here make an interesting accessory: hand-beaded, -pearled, and -sequined, retail $100–$200, here $25–$50; hand-beaded iridescent lace shawls, retail $180, here $59; hand-beaded lace scarves, retail $25, here $10; hand-crocheted unbeaded capelets and shawls, retail $25 and $75, respectively, here $15 and $26; hand-painted silk oblong scarves in various patterns, retail $50, here $24. *BiBi Dee, 389 Fifth Ave., at 36th St., Suite 1105 (481-0777); M.C., V. accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5 p.m.*

Art That Works

FOR QUIRKY, ART-INSPIRED ACCESSORIES AND household gadgets, there's no place more fun than the Museum of Modern Art's Design Store. The store has many items priced to clear, such as leather or pearwood desk blotters, designed and handmade in Italy, were $195 and $200, respectively, now $99.95 for either; tabletop cheese grater from Italy, was $25, now $15.95; from Spain, sterling-silver brooches, lapel pins, and earrings based on Joan Miró's paintings and sculptures, were $90–$200, now $49.95–$109.95; wooden-boxed silk-screened wood dominoes reproducing seven Miró drawings, were $58.50, now $29.95; a beechwood domino set made in France with Keith Haring designs, was $46, now $34.95; silver-washed brass paperweights designed after Antoni Gaudí's Art Nouveau door handles, were $95 and $100, now $69.95 and $74.95. *The MoMA Design Store, 44 W. 53rd St. (767-1050); A.E., C.B., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Wed. and Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. and Fri. till 8 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m.–6 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.*

100 Bottles of Beer on the Wall

THIS BROOKLYN-BASED BEER DISTRIBUTOR carries and discounts hundreds of brands of beer from all around the world, including perhaps the largest selection in the city from U.S. microbreweries. During July and August, it will deliver orders of $75 and up for no extra charge on Saturday to Manhattan below 80th Street or to Brooklyn Heights, Cobble Hill, Boerum Hill, and Carroll Gardens in Brooklyn (call with your order by 4 P.M. Friday). At the same time, the store is lowering its already discounted prices on the following cases of 24: Molson Ice, was $16.79, now $13.99; Pete's Wicked sampler case, was $23.79, now $19.99; and Celis White, was $29.99, now $26.99. In cases of twelve 750-ml. bottles: Chimay Grand Reserve, was $89, now $83.88; Affligem Triple, was $67.49, now $57.99. Franziskaner Hefe-Weissbier, case of 20 16-oz., was $29.99, now $26.49. *American Beer Distributing Company, Inc., 256 Court St., Brooklyn (718-875-0226); M.C., V., c.o.d. accepted; Mon. 2–7 p.m., Tues.–Sat. 10 a.m.–7 p.m., Fri. till 8 p.m., Sun. noon–6 p.m.; through 8/31.*

The Wild Brunch

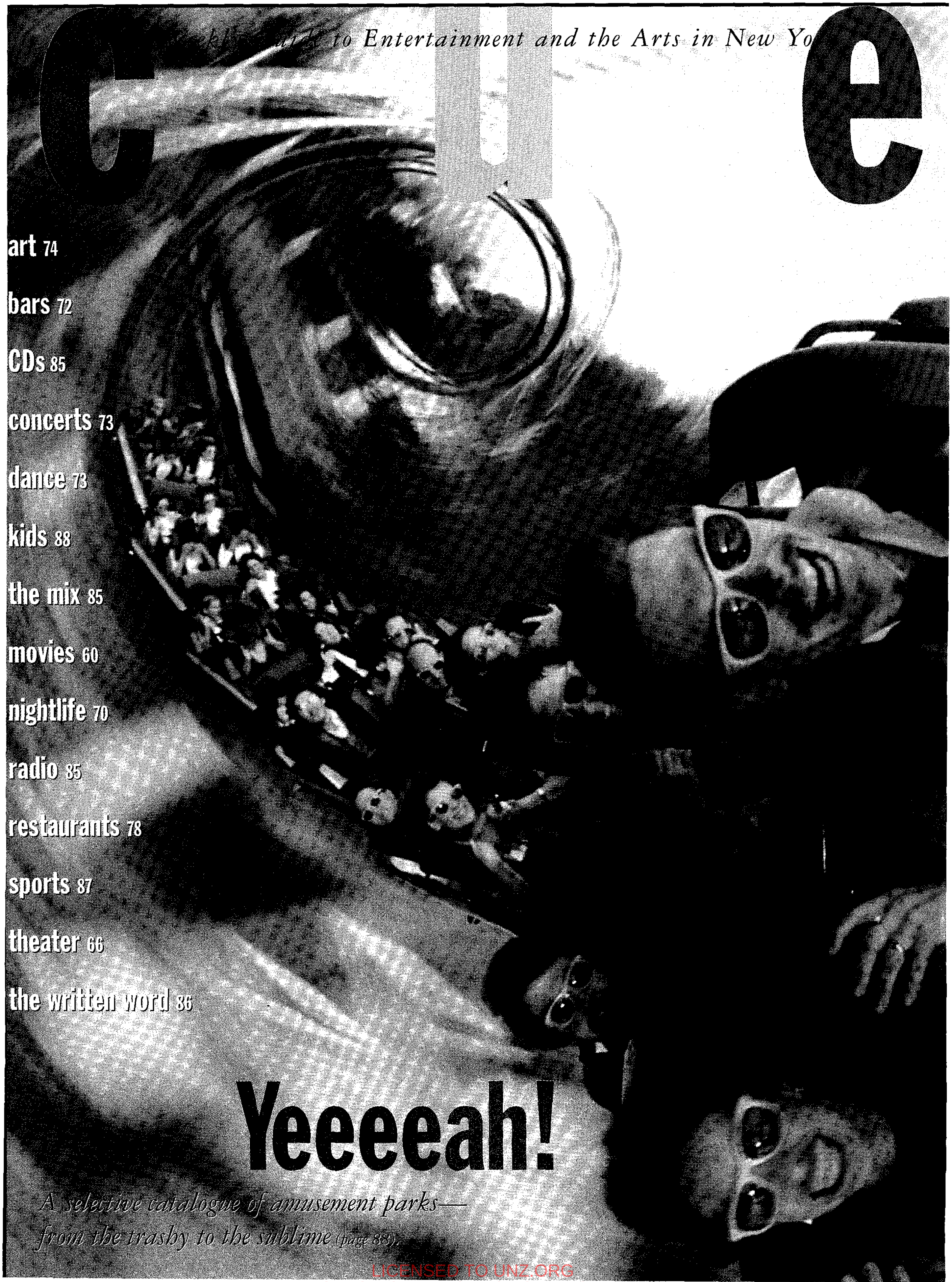
AN ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT BUFFET BRUNCH (SUNdays 11:30 A.M.–3:30 P.M.) is $9.95 per person at this restaurant. It includes homemade soups; mixed-green salad; muffins, bagels, and breads; eggs, including eggs Benedict; bacon and sausage; French toast; fresh fruits; pasta specials such as fusilli with sun-dried tomatoes, chicken, and broccoli; chicken specials such as chicken scarparelli; homemade desserts such as apple or cherry pie and cheesecake; plus orange juice, coffee, tea, and champagne. Reservations accepted for parties of five or more. *Sorelle, 994 First Ave., near 54th St. (753-0520); A.E., D.C., Disc., M.C., V. accepted.*

Pipe Dreams

THROUGH THE END OF THE MONTH, CONnoisseur Pipe Shop is having a sale on pipes and pipe accessories. Large Oom Paul shapes, lightweight-carved and smooth finishes, were $75, now $45; one-of-a-kind and custom-made shapes, now 30 percent off, were $225–$3,500, now $157.50–$2,450; classic Connoisseur shapes such as the Bent Apple, Bent Dublin, Sherlock Holmes, Bell, and Papa, in lightweight-carved and smooth finishes, and featherweight pipes in eight different shapes, were $60, now $45; vintage straight- and specimen-grain pieces, were $60–$225, now $45–$168.75; standard Connoisseur shapes such as the Billiard and the Prince of Wales, were $30 and $35, respectively, now $24 and $28; prima-quality genuine block meerschaum, assorted shapes and sizes, were $50–$250, now $40–$200. Mail and phone orders are available. *Connoisseur Pipe Shop, Ltd., 1285 Sixth Ave., at 52nd St., Paine Webber Bldg., Concourse Level, New York, N.Y. 10019 (247-6054); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; exchanges possible; Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 7/31.*

Two of a Kind

THIS EAST SIDE MEN'S SHOE STORE HAS leather shoes from Italy, sizes 6–13M, some wide, and is offering two pairs for the original price of one pair: leather-lined leather sandals, originally $138, now two pairs for $138; soft suede espadrilles, now two pairs for $78; soft nubuck driving shoes, now $118 for two pairs; a variety of woven leather styles, some hand-woven, now two pairs for $158–$229; hand-sewn lambskin loafers, now two pairs for $158. You may mix and match, and if two pairs vary in price, the store will charge the average price. *Jandreani, 220 E. 60th St. (753-4666); A.E., C.B., D.C., Disc., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–8 p.m., Sat. till 7:30 p.m., Sun. noon–6 p.m.; while stock lasts.*



Cue

Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New Yo

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Yeeeeah!

A selective catalogue of amusement parks—from the trashy to the sublime (page 88).

movies

Yo, Camelot!…Multimedia Welles

Opening

Fresh Fruit

Today, Carmen Miranda has been reduced to a camp icon—which is somewhat akin to the status she held in her lifetime. A new documentary, 'Carmen Miranda: Bananas Is My Business,' examines her curious, hasty rise; her complex and troubled relationship with a Brazil that both loved and was ashamed of her; and Miranda's sad private life, which was dominated by depression and pills. At Film Forum from July 5 to July 18.

Photograph courtesy of the Film Forum.

New Films

Apollo 13—See David Denby's review, p. 51. (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Movieplex 42; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Regency.*

Ballot Measure 9—Through 7/4. A smart, angry documentary about the struggles in Oregon over the anti-human rights initiative Ballot Measure 9, which would have denied equal rights to gays and lesbians. Heather MacDonald's film doesn't pull any fast ones on the Oregon's Citizen's Alliance—the backers of the campaign—she simply lets them speak their piece. They do the rest. The film shows the frightening rise in violence directed against the people who actively fought the measure, as well as the frighteningly clever distortions and lies the Citizen's Alliance employed. Though it's filled with profiles of bright articulate people who risked their lives to speak out, the movie is most fascinating when it lets the confused, often poorly educated folk on the opposite side express their frustration—people like the woman who can't see why she should just let some homosexual get child care leave from work "just like that" to take care of a kid when it took her so long to get that right; and the teenage boy who doesn't think beating up a gay guy is like beating up a real person; or the kid who thinks they should all be shipped off to some other state. (1 hr. 12 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Bandit Queen—The true story of Phoolan Devi, an Indian outlaw who massacred 30 upper-caste men, evaded capture for five years, and then surrendered on her own terms in front of a crowd of thousands who cheered her on. Held in prison for eleven years without a trial, Devi has recently been released and is considered a political force. Though it deals with the roles of women in India and the outdatedness of its caste system, *Bandit Queen* is primarily an action adventure movie. Directed by Shekhar Kapur. In Hindu. (1 hr. 59 mins.; NR) *Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Batman Forever—See David Denby's review, p. 50. (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza.*

Belle de Jour—A rerelease of the Luis Buñuel film about a bored Parisian housewife (Catherine Deneuve) who can't satisfy her handsome young husband but finds satisfaction as a high-priced prostitute. (Deneuve herself is so beautiful that one has to look away.) A landmark work that has been unavailable for years. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R). *Paris Theater.*

Braveheart—Stirring in a workmanlike, square-jawed way. Mel Gibson—who also directed—is William Wallace (Gibson), who returns home to Scotland after long wanderings, intending to live in peace. But he's provoked: Scotland has no king, and the English nobility and their hirelings are sullying Scottish womanhood. William falls in love with a village girl, Murron (Catherine McCormack), who looks come-hitherish in her dun-colored but body-clinging burlap. Standing naked in an icy grove, their breath frosting in the night air, the couple consummate their union, thereby depriving an English lord of his "right" to deflower the bride on her wedding night. Soon Murron gets her throat cut, and all hell breaks loose. In the large-scale battle scenes, Gibson the director does decent work. But there's no point to *Braveheart,* however, unless you're a hacking-and-hewing aficionado. At the end, we have to sit through an interminable scene in which the hero, captured by the English, is choked, racked, and disemboweled. Gibson puts us in the peculiar position of longing for him to die. *Braveheart* overstays its welcome. It's an epic looking not only for a point but an exit line. Written by Randall Wallace. With Patrick McGoohan. (Denby; 6/5/95) (2 hrs. 59 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Movieplex 42; National Twin; New York Twin; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Bridges of Madison County**—Too solemn by half—but it's not bad. Clint Eastwood, who directed the movie and starred in it with Meryl Streep, has displayed considerable literary taste—he's jettisoned most of Robert James Waller's prose—as well as gallantry and sense. Not that he and screenwriter Richard La Gravenese have changed the basic fantasy: A handsome stranger (Eastwood), a photographer for the *National Geographic,* still drifts into Iowa farm country in 1965 to take pictures of covered bridges; he still asks directions from a lovelorn farm wife (Streep) and winds up staying for four days while her family is away; and the two still have a passionate affair that lasts, if only in memory, forever. The part of Robert Kincaid is modestly written, and Eastwood plays him modestly, too, receding into the movie as far as he can while shifting the emotional weight decisively to Francesca, the Italian woman who married an American soldier and found herself stranded among good, dull people in the American Midwest—and then had the extraordinary good luck to get herself played by Meryl Streep. Streep's acting, which at times has seemed overcalculated, is here so liquid that the character and the situations are absolved of the embarrassment of drabness. This is her most sensually appealing role—the years and the extra pounds have given her an irresistible strength. By speaking the lines in slightly halting English, dropping words here and there but then suddenly lunging at a phrase, she creates something musical, a touch of strangeness, and Eastwood keeps the strangeness at the center of the movie, which is framed by Streep

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby…A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element…Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

"Cue" cover photograph by Robert Landau/H. Armstrong Roberts.

reading a journal discovered years after the event by her children. That slight Italian accent has been shaped for longing and regret. Photographed by Jack N. Green. (Denby; 6/12/95) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Orpheum; Tower East; Lincoln Square.*

★**Burnt by the Sun**—This is an extremely powerful work set in 1936 at the beginning of the Great Terror, and by the end of it, Mikhalkov's usual mood of bittersweet sentiment has reached an unnerving pitch of anguish. Somewhere outside Moscow, Colonel Kotov (Mikhalkov), a true believer and bristling revolutionary patriot, lives with his young wife, Maroussia (Ingeborga Dapkounaite) in her dacha, where a Chekhovian house party with elderly relatives, friends, and hangers-on appears to be in full swing. Mitia (Oleg Menchikov), Maroussia's old lover, mysteriously away for ten years, enters with a flourish of laughter and music. He's a member of the secret police, and exactly what he is doing there is the first mystery; the greater mystery is why he is doing it. Mikhalkov's answer is convoluted and fascinating in a way only possible within the tormented history of the Soviet Union. By the end, his theatrical excess makes perfect sense.The careless abundance of life, spilling over the edges, is about to come to an end. Directed by Nikita Mikhalkov. In Russian. (Denby; 5/1/95) (2 hrs. 14 min.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Carmen Miranda: Bananas Is My Business—Today, Carmen Miranda is merely a figure with camp appeal, reduced to a few novelty numbers ("South American Way," "The Lady in the Tutti-Frutti Hat") and the occasional Technicolor film clip. But this documentary by Helena Solberg reveals a far more fascinating figure. Miranda was a legitimate singing star in her adopted homeland of Brazil before leaving for the U.S.There she parlayed a wacky stereotype of the hot-blooded Latino woman into international fame—but it shamed and embarrassed the Brazilian media (which attacked her relentlessly) and trapped Miranda into playing one role over and over again. She ultimately sank into depression, became addicted to prescription drugs, and married an abusive husband before dying of a heart attack at age 46.That said, the documentary is flawed on numerous counts. Wholly unnecessary dramatic re-creations—Carmen collapsing of a heart attack; Carmen as a young woman working in a hat store (!)—detract strongly. Such device have their place (*The Thin Blue Line,* for example), but here just seem an example of laziness or perhaps the fear that people will get bored looking at too many photos. Also, Solberg, who decided to frame the story as a personal quest to uncover the "real" Carmen Miranda, frequently narrates her own—quite unrevealing—observations about Miranda's impact on her own life. She even stages dramatic re-creations of some of her dreams about Miranda.Her comments add nothing and the time would have been better spent on interviews with Rubén Blades, Caetano Veloso, or other artists like Rita Moreno, who provides some pungent, all-too-brief comments. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR). *Film Forum*

Casper—Bill Pullman is a psychic shrink who specializes in helping restless spirits find closure so they can move on to the next world. Christina Ricci is his lonely daughter who thinks he's gone off the deep end...until they move into a haunted mansion and she becomes friends with the eager-to-please Casper. Perhaps the most notable aspect of the movie is how ho-hum we can be about amazing special effects in which live actors are seamlessly blended with ghouls. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; 23rd Street West Triplex; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Olympia Cinemas.*

Congo—Angry gorillas quietly guard a lost city of unsurpassed wealth in the deepest part of Africa. Which is fine, until a multinational corporation decides to send in a team searching for diamonds of unmatched clarity that ends up being treated like so many bananas. That would be fine, too, except they send in *another* team. And so begins the long-delayed adaptation of Michael Crichton's thriller. Withy Dylan Walsh, Laura Linney, and Tim Curry. Directed by Frank Marshall. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Astor Plaza;*

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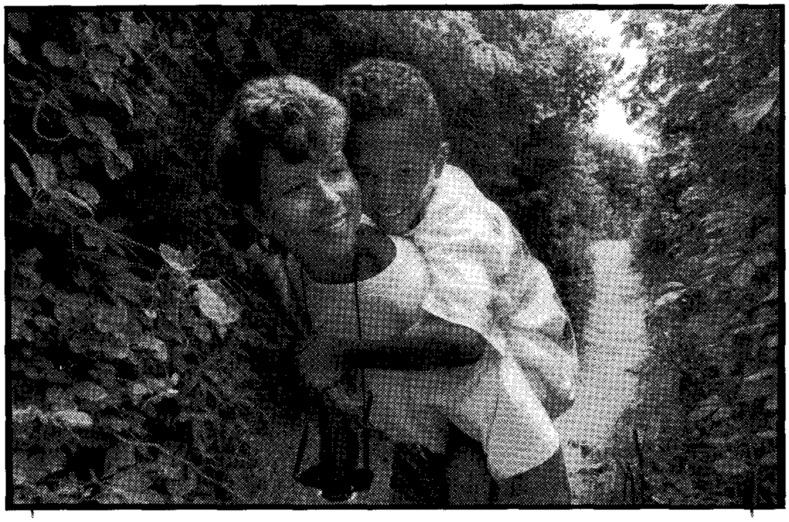

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Movieplex 42; New York Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.

★**Crimson Tide**—An absorbing and at times thrilling entertainment, this is a largely serious action movie with two grown-up actors, Gene Hackman and Denzel Washington, going at full tilt. It's the story of a mutiny set at a time of international crisis. In Russia, a fascist dissident modeled after Vladimir Zhirinovsky has broken with the regime, taking a part of the army and some nuclear missiles with him, and threatens to launch the weapons against America. The U.S.S. Alabama, a nuclear sub with ballistic missiles, is sent out for a possible preemptive strike. The heart of the movie is a series of remarkable struggles between the captain (Hackman), who wants to launch the strike without getting confirmation of his orders, and his executive officer (Washington), who refuses to give his formal assent. (Denby; 5/15/95) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Village East; 23rd Street West Triplex; Crown Gotham; Embassy 2–4; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

The Crude Oasis—A Kansas housewife trapped in a stultifying marriage has a recurring dream about a malevolent stranger. When she sees the man from her dreams at a local gas station, the woman becomes obsessed and follows him at night to a strange bar called the Crude Oasis. Then things get really strange. Written and directed by Alex Graves. (1 hr. 20 mins.; R). *Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

★**Crumb**—In Terry Zwigoff's extraordinary documentary, there is shockingly little separation between life and art. R. Crumb, the underground-cartoon artist who devised such "comix" as *Weird* and *Zap* complains that he was ignored by girls in high school, and he still exudes the resentment and fears of a cranky, put-upon kid. So does his art, and that's its glory, but it's disconcerting to discover that the successful artist, having transcended nothing, is as devoted to surly, other-annihilating rancor as a teen nerd burrowing in a basement. (Denby; 5/1/95) (1 hr. 59 min.; R) *Film Forum.*

Box Office Independent Hits

Where there's *Smoke,* there's box-office fire. Wayne Wang and Paul Auster's movie has capitalized on excellent reviews and its Park Slope setting by drawing bigger crowds than ever during the latest week of what's certain to be a good long New York run. Close behind is *The Postman.* Virtually every review noted the tragedy overshadowing this sweet romance: Its leading man, Massimo Troisi (pictured), died just as filming ended. Debuting on the chart is *Safe,* which got mixed-to-poor reviews. And just out of the top five is *Crumb,* which continues to pull in strong business at Film Forum after nearly three months.

Movie	Box Office*
Smoke	**$63,669**
The Postman	**$49,496**
Two Girls in Love	**$32,269**
Party Girl	**$16,234**
Safe	**$15,830**

Box-office grosses are for movies showing 6/23–6/25 on three screens or fewer in Manhattan. Figures courtesy *Daily Variety.

Die Hard With a Vengeance—A mess, a shapeless, nonsensical exploding thing, with Bruce Willis trying to stop a fiendish bomber from terrorizing New York, and getting mangled and bloodied along the way. Covered with gore, Willis takes punishment in a blown-up subway car, a turned-over automobile, a tunnel filled with rushing water, the hold of a ship, and so on. The hero's function here is merely to endure; he gets mashed so often the movie turns into a weird, sick joke—James Bond as Jason the unkillable. The movie uses New York as an obstacle course, which is not the same thing as using it well. (Denby; 5/29/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; 86th Street; 84th Street Six.*

First Knight—Camelot, again. With Sean Connery as King Arthur (of course), Julia Ormond as Guinevere, Ben Cross (where has *he* been since *Chariots of Fire?*) as the evil Malagant, and Richard Gere as Lancelot. Directed by Jerry Zucker. (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street East; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Beekman; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Forget Paris—In Billy Crystal's pleasant but bland romantic comedy, the narration is perhaps the most intricate and creative element. It's about a contemporary couple, Mickey (Crystal), an NBA referee, and Ellen (Debra Winger), an airline executive, who are both right and wrong for each other and who keep falling apart and then coming back together. (Denby; 5/29/95) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *23rd Street West Triplex; 34th Street East; Criterion Center; Beekman; Orpheum; 62nd and Broadway.*

The Glass Shield—Writer/director Charles Burnett tackles the LAPD with this look at an eager young police officer who becomes disgusted with the corruption and prejudice he sees among LA's finest. With a fine cast, including Michael P. Boatman and Ice Cube, this marks another step up in terms of budget and profile for Burnett, an exceptional independent filmmaker whose *To Sleep With Anger,* starring Danny Glover, failed to deliver him the attention he deserved when it was poorly marketed. (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG-13) *Movieland 8th Street; Embassy 2–4; Manhattan Twin.*

Heaven's a Drag—A London comedy about Simon (Thomas Arklie) and his HIV-positive drag performer boyfriend Mark (Ian Williams). When Mark dies, Simon tries to carry on, even going so far as to remove all traces of Mark form his life and put away the unfinished panel Mark had been working on for the AIDS quilt. But when Simon tries to bring another man home, Mark's ghost pops up filled with Wilde-like witticisms and a refusal to go away until Simon mourns him properly. Directed by Peter Mackenzie Litten. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Incredibly True Adventure of Two Girls in Love—A charming debut from writer-director Maria Maggenti that ventures into the world of teenagers brandishing humor, insight, and a copy of *Rubyfruit Jungle.* Randy (Laurel Hollomon) is fooling around with a married woman when she falls desperately in love (which is the *only* way teens fall in love) with Evie (Nicole Parker), a beautiful, wealthy black girl at her school who seems to have everything. Happily, Evie falls desperately in love with Randy, and the two of them spend the rest of the movie dealing with confused friends, angry parents, and basically having a wonderful time. The neatest trick of *Two Girls in Love* is how it manages to be both realistic (Randy's lesbian aunt and her lover scrape by on very little money; Randy has insults hurled at her by other schoolmates) and as blithe and carefree as its title suggests. Though matters begin slowly, Maggenti builds to a wonderfully hilarious climax when Randy and Evie spend a blissful night together…until Evie's mom comes home unexpectedly. With fine performances and a rock-solid script, this isn't even remotely cheeky or edgy—which makes it all the more deliciously subversive. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R). *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinemas*

Judge Dredd—Stallone keeps action adventure on the front burner with this adaptation of the comic-book series about a world in decay where the Judges serve as policemen, jury, and executioner all rolled into one. Stallone battles corruption among the Judges in Mega-City One, armed with a ton of explosives and Schwarzenegger-like one-liners. With Armand Assante, Diane Lane, and Max Von Sydow. Directed by Danny Cannon. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Embassy 1; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

Little Odessa—Writer/director James Gray makes his debut with this thoughtful, low-key look at Joshua, a hit man (Tim Roth) who reluctantly returns to the Russian émigré milieu of his childhood, Brighton Beach. His little brother, played by Edward Furlong, worships Joshua—despite his career choice—but his aging father (Maximilian Schell) won't speak to him. Vanessa Redgrave, as the ailing mother, delivers another oddly affecting performance that's quite different from her turn in *Howards End* but just as memorable. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Eastside Playhouse.*

A Little Princess—This is a charming new version of the Shirley Temple chestnut about Sara (Liesel Matthews), a little girl sent from magical India to the drab Miss Minchin's School for Girls when her father goes off to fight in World War I. Even better than last year's *The Secret Garden,* this movie—like all good family films—offers hard truths and painful moments, not treacly banality, as Sara finds herself relegated to the attic and a job as cleaning girl. Directed marvelously by Alfonso Cuaron, it's especially good in the scary fantastical sequences illustrating a fairy tale Sara tells her friends throughout the movie. One of the best-reviewed films of the year so far; the only drawback is a score by Patrick Doyle that *is* treacly. Based on the novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett. (1 hr. 36 mins.; G) *Manhattan Twin.*

Love and Human Remains—The long-delayed release of Denys Arcand's adaptation of the Off Broadway play about David (Thomas Gibson of *Barcelona*), a former child actor who insists he doesn't even *believe* in love, much less want some, and yet finds himself drawn to a ridiculously young busboy at the restaurant where he works. He lives with his former lover Candy (Ruth Marshall)—who wants to believe in love but can't decide if she wants it with a man or woman—and is best friends with the very good-looking but very unhappy Bernie (Cameron Bancroft), who spends every waking moment picking up and dumping women. All three are stalked in one form or another by a serial killer. And despite all of this, it's utterly without interest. With Mia Kirshner, who can't seem to find a role where she keeps her clothes on, as a dominatrix. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Mighty Morphin Power Rangers: The Movie—If you have a kid under twelve years old, you *will* be seeing this big-screen version of the smash children's TV show. Here they battle an all-new villain: Ivan Ooze. Not to worry, though, the Power Rangers benefit from having their fighting ability beefed up by bigger-budget special effects. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG). *Movieland 8th St.; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Movieplex 42; National Twin; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova.*

The Mystery of Rampo—A Japanese film that blends fact and fiction to describe celebrated author Edogawa Rampo's excursion into reality when he reads about someone being murdered just like a character in one of his books and decides to investigate…only to find himself drawn in by the victim's mysterious widow. Directed by Kazuyoshi Okuyama. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Village East.*

Party Girl—A Holly Golightly for the nineties is how they're presenting Parker Posey's character in this comedy from co-writer and director Daisy von Scherler Mayer. Posey plays a downtown club girl torn between life on the party circuit and the al-

Opening

Camelot, Yet Again

The *very* American and *very* contemporary Richard Gere as Lancelot in *First Knight*? That's just *the latest strange twist for the Arthurian legend, which in the past has been animated, set to* music, given a feminine twist, and put through practically every other possible permutation. This somber, adult retelling (in other words, no Merlin) opens July 7.

lure of a career as a librarian.(1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 84th Street Six.*

The Postman—A mildly diverting tale about an uneducated postman (Massimo Troisi) who befriends an internationally renowned Chilean poet sent into exile to his tiny island off the southern coast of Italy. When the postman falls in love with the most beautiful woman in town, the poet takes part—reluctantly at first—in the battle of words to win her heart. Rather charming for a while, the movie somehow manages to avoid mawkishness, even as the postman asks the poet, "What is a metaphor?" and other such questions. This is due to the awkward and angular presence of Troisi, who died on the last day of filming. His performance is poignant even without such knowledge; it's all fluttering hands and mumbled words without ever seeming mannered. Unfortunately, Troisi's work is marred by a sentimental, almost pathetic denouement that bludgeons the viewer with the emotions it was quietly building to all along. In Italian. (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Pushing Hands—The first film by Ang Lee—the writer/director of such subsequent art-house hits as *The Wedding Banquet* and the critically acclaimed *Eat Drink Man Woman*. Tentative and awkwardly acted, it tackles many of the same themes of those later films—old age, intergenerational and interfamily conflicts—in the story of Tai Chi master Mr. Chu, who decides to leave Beijing when he retires and moves in with his son Alex, who lives in New York with his American wife. Interesting insofar as it shows how constant Lee's concerns have remained and how dynamic his talent has become. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Rob Roy—This Highlands swashbuckler is long and repetitive, and at times obscurely plotted—but if you long for glens and mist, and have never witnessed Liam Neeson's epic knees, you should probably go see it. (Denby; 4/24/95) (2 hrs. 14 min.; R) *59th Street East.*

Safe—Writer/director Todd Haynes's follow-up to his ambitious but uneven *Poison* is a solid, low-key drama about a woman (Julianne Moore) suffering from an unexplained illness that her doctor attributes to "nerves." But her attacks grow worse and worse, leading her to seek out help anywhere she can—specifically a fringe group that tells her she suffers from "environmental illness." She travels to an isolated camp for treatment, a place where people walk around with oxygen tanks and sometimes sleep in specially ventilated, porcelain-lined "safe" rooms. Though not strictly a satire (and there certainly aren't any villains, here), Haynes quietly shows his skepticism for the group's methods without belittling the needs of the people who seek it out—clearly a parallel to the AIDS crisis and the many snake oil approaches to fighting it that have sprung up. And Moore, who recently scored in *Vanya on 42nd St.* and, before that, *Short Cuts*—can do no wrong. It tackles similar terrain as Michael Tolkin's *The New Age,* but without the heavy-handedness that marred that effort. (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Sister My Sister—Based on a true story, this drama tells of two sisters (Joely Richardson and Jodhi May) who serve as maids to a tyrannical woman (Julie Walters) obsessed with decorum. They're given only a few brief moments of rest a day and grow closer and closer together in the most intimate of ways. Madame Danzard realizes she is losing control over them but her every effort to make them behave only pushes the girls towards each other. The event also inspired Jean Genet's *The Maids.* Directed by Nancy Meckler. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St..*

★**Smoke**—Starts slowly and becomes immensely pleasing, a deceptively quiet winner among the hollow big bangs of the summer season. The gentleness of this movie—gentleness without softness—is nearly revolutionary in American film at the moment. Directed by Wayne Wang and largely set in the Park Slope section of Brooklyn (writer Paul Auster's home turf), it's a celebration of gratuitous acts of kindness. Auggie (Harvey Keitel), who runs a cigar store, has a peculiar hobby: He takes pictures from the same street corner at precisely 8 a.m. every day. He shows the thousands of pictures to his friend Paul (William Hurt), a sad-sack novelist who hasn't written much since his wife died. Lost in thought, Paul wanders into the street and almost gets run over, but he's saved by a black teenager who calls himself Rashid. Paul takes the boy in, and the two begin an unstable friendship. There's a sweet-natured allure to all this tentativeness—the initial lack of obvious dramatic point, in its very oddity, captures our interest (the melodies are familiar but combined in new ways). Auster provides a nominal plot: Rashid has a bag of cash that he leaves at Paul's apartment, and this cash, like the earrings in Max Ophuls's *The Earrings of Madame de . . . ,* will pass from one character to another, picking up more meaning with each exchange. But mainly the movie proceeds through long, beautifully written and played two-character scenes. (Denby; 6/19/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 68th Street Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Species—If aliens invite you to dinner, you better make certain that you're not on the menu. Such *Twilight Zone* truisms are foreign to the government scientists in this thriller. After they follow instructions beamed in from outer space about some minor changes in the genetic code, a woman turns into a space hellion intent on reproducing and taking over the world. With Michael Madsen, Alfred Molina, Forest Whitaker, and Ben Kingsley (who will appear on TNT next year as Moses, which may or may not be progress). Directed by Roger Donaldson. (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

Tales From the Hood—An anthology of four loosely connected stories, à la *Tales From the Crypt, The Twilight Zone,* and countless other flicks and late-night TV compilations. Directed by Rusty Cundieff. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Criterion Center.*

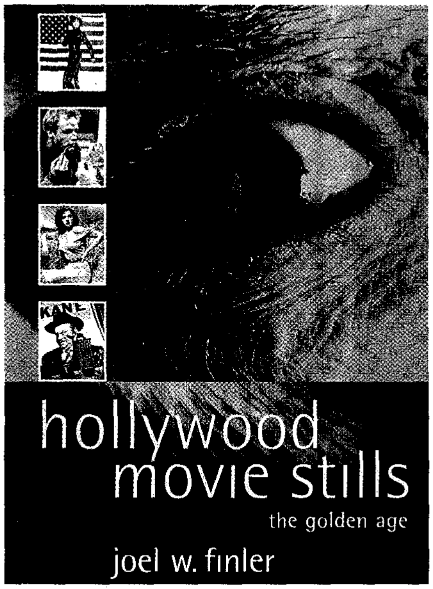
★***While You Were Sleeping***—Charming romantic comedy. Lucy (Sandra Bullock), living alone in Chicago, works in an El station as a token clerk. A handsome passenger (Peter Gallagher) whom she's been dreaming about falls onto the tracks; she saves his life, but when he slips into a coma, she can't bring herself to disappoint his family, all of whom think she has become his fiancée. Lucy revels in the attention, perhaps missing family love even more than romance. Peter's brother Jack (Bill Pullman) shows up, and suddenly Lucy ignores her comatose imaginary lover and has a wide-awake man to flirt with. (Denby; 5/8/95) (1 hr. 40 min.; PG) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2–4; Olympia Cinemas.*

Wigstock: The Movie—God help the filmmaker if a documentary about the downtown happening that features some of the most flamboyant people and costumes imaginable wasn't at least *amusing.* But there aren't enough in-depth interviews to provide the personal background that made *Paris is Burning* memorable or enough concert scenes (only bits and pieces from different years are

Photograph by Frank Connor/Columbia Tri-Star.

shown) to give the performances their due. Still, imagine if it won the Oscar for Best Costumes and all of these divas were able to storm the stage for an acceptance speech. Thirty seconds? Ha! Try thirty minutes and god help the orchestra conductor who tries to cut them short. (1 hr. 26 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

Wild Reeds—A well-done French drama about a teenager in boarding school who finds himself drawn both to a charming peasant boy and a militant right-winger Henri, who is worked up about the Algerian War. Unfortunately, both of them are attracted to the boy's beautiful best friend. Co-written and directed by André Téchiné, the film played at last year's New York Film Festival. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*



Book **Unlike most photo books, *Hollywood Movie Stills* by Joel W. Finler actually has a text worth reading, filled as it is with acute observations about lighting and props, as well as about how images reflect the particular needs of the studio, the star's career arc, and the spirit of the times. Batsford; $24.95.**

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *The Incredibly True Adventure of Two Girls in Love; Party Girl; The Postman; Safe; Smoke; Wigstock: The Movie.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *Casper; Congo; Die Hard With a Vengeance.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Pushing Hands; Sister My Sister.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Crumb.* Opening 7/5: *Carmen Miranda: Bananas is My ; Ballot Measure 9.*(See also"Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Joseph Papp Public Theater—425 Lafayette St. (598-7171) .(See also"Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Movieland 8th Street—42 E.8th St. (477-6600) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers;The Glass Shield; Pulp Fiction.*

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *Heaven's a Drag; Little Odessa; Love and Human Remains; Wild Reeds.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *The Englishman Who Went Up a H; Pocahontas; Bandit Queen; Crimson Tide; Exotica;The Mystery of Rampo.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Batman Forever; Braveheart; The Bridges of Madison County; Judge Dredd.* Opening 7/7: *First Knight; Species.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Apollo 13.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Pocahontas; Batman Forever; Congo.* Opening 7/7: *First Knight.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *Casper; Crimson Tide; Forget Paris.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *Forget Paris.* Opening 7/7: *First Knight.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Congo.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Braveheart; The Bridges of Madison County; Die Hard With a Vengeance; Judge Dredd.* Opening 7/7: *Species.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Pocahontas; Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; The Bridges of Madison County; Die Hard With a Vengeance.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *Rob Roy.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Two Daughters.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Congo.* Opening 7/7: *Species.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *Die Hard With a Vengeance.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *The Incredibly True Adventure of Two Girls in Love.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *The Englishman Who Went Up a H.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Pocahontas; The Postman; While You Were Sleeping.* Opening 7/7: *The Crude Oasis.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Batman Forever; Die Hard With a Vengeance; Forget Paris; Friday; Tales From the Hood.* Opening 7/7: *First Knight.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Crimson Tide.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Little Odessa.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Judge Dredd.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Crimson Tide; The Glass Shield; While You Were Sleeping.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Pocahontas.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *A Little Princess; The Glass Shield.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Braveheart; Congo; Die Hard With a Vengeance.* Opening 7/7: *First Knight.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Braveheart.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Belle du Jour.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *The Perez Family.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Judge Dredd.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *Bullets Over Broadway; Circle of Friends; Clerks; Dolores Claiborne; Don Juan DeMarco; The Madness of King George.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Apollo 13.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Smoke.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Apollo 13; Die Hard With a Vengeance.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Pocahontas; Judge Dredd.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *Forget Paris.* Opening 7/7: *First Knight.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Casper.* Opening 7/7: *Species.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Batman Forever.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Congo; Braveheart.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Batman Forever; The Bridges of Madison County; Congo; Crimson Tide; Forget Paris.* Opening 7/7: *First Knight; Species.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *The Bridges of Madison County.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Braveheart.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *Forget Paris.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Congo; Crimson Tide; Die Hard With a Vengeance; Judge Dredd; Party Girl.* Opening 7/7: *Species.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Bandit Queen; Burnt by the Sun; Devi; Love and Human Remains; The Postman; Smoke.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Pocahontas; Batman Forever; Braveheart; The Bridges of Madison County.* Opening 7/7: *First Knight.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Batman Forever.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Pocahontas; Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Batman Forever; Judge Dredd.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Batman Forever.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *Pocahontas; Casper; While You Were Sleeping.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *Apollo 13.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Pocahontas; Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Braveheart; Casper; Congo; Crimson Tide; Die Hard With a Vengeance.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Pocahontas; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Casper; Congo; Die Hard With a Vengeance; Judge Dredd.*

Interboro—3462 E.Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Pocahontas; Apollo 13; Batman Forever.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Batman Forever.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Pocahontas; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Casper; Congo; Crimson Tide; Die Hard With a Vengeance; Judge Dredd.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Pocahontas; Apollo 13; The Bridges of Madison County; Forget Paris.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Congo; Apollo 13.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Pocahontas; Batman Forever.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Pocahontas; Batman Forever; The Bridges of Madison County; Judge Dredd.*

Commodore—329 Broadway, at Rodney St. (384-7259) *Bad Boys; Friday; New Jersey Drive; Top Dog.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Batman Forever; Casper; Congo; Die Hard With a Vengeance; Judge Dredd.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Batman Forever; Casper; Judge Dredd.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Pocahontas; Batman Forever.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Pocahontas; Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Congo; Crimson Tide; Die Hard With a*

Vengeance; Tales From the Hood.

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Judge Dredd.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Batman Forever; Crimson Tide; Die Hard With a Vengeance.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Batman Forever; Casper; Judge Dredd.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Batman Forever; Casper; Die Hard With a Vengeance.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Pocahontas; Batman Forever; Congo; Judge Dredd.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Pocahontas; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Braveheart; The Bridges of Madison County; Congo; Die Hard With a Vengeance; Judge Dredd.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Braveheart; Casper; Congo; Die Hard With a Vengeance.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Pocahontas; Batman Forever; The Bridges of Madison County; Judge Dredd.*

Center—42–17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *Crimson Tide; Die Hard With a Vengeance; French Kiss.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Batman Forever; The Bridges of Madison County; Die Hard With a Vengeance; Judge Dredd.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Pocahontas; Congo.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Apollo 13; Die Hard With a Vengeance; Smoke.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Casper; Congo; Die Hard With a Vengeance; Judge Dredd.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Pocahontas; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Braveheart.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Pocahontas; Congo; Judge Dredd.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Bridges of Madison County; Casper; Forget Paris.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Pocahontas; Apollo 13; Braveheart; Congo; Crimson Tide.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Pocahontas; Batman Forever; Judge Dredd.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Batman Forever; The Bridges of Madison County; Casper; Die Hard With a Vengeance.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Batman Forever; Little Odessa.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Pocahontas; Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Braveheart; Casper; Congo; Die Hard With a Vengeance.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The Bridges of Madison County.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Batman Forever; Pocahontas.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Batman Forever; Die Hard With a Vengeance; Judge Dredd.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Batman Forever.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Apollo 13; Braveheart; Casper; Congo; Forget Paris.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Braveheart.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Pocahontas; Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Braveheart; The Bridges of Madison County; Casper.* Opening 7/7: *Species.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Pocahontas; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Congo.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Pocahontas; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; The Bridges of Madison County; Casper; Congo; Die Hard With a Vengeance; Judge Dredd.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—7/8–7/30: "Orson Welles." 7/8. "Radio by Welles: A CD-ROM Premiere," *Citizen Kane* (1941), and *It's all True* (1993). 7/9: *The Magnificent Ambersons* (1942), *The Fountain of Youth* (1958/TV), and *Journey Into Fear* (1942). 7/5–9/1: "Laurel & Hardy and the Three Stooges." 7/5–7/7: *The Music Box* (1932) and *The Hoose Gow* (1929), both with Laurel and Hardy. 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

American Museum of Natural History—Opening 7/1: Two new IMAX films: *Destiny in Space,* narrated by Leonard Nimoy and *Titanica,* about the exploration and excavation of the shipwreck. The films are shown daily, with both offered as a double feature on Fri. and Sat. night. Central Park W. at 79th St. (769-5650); $10 singly; $13 double feature.

Film Forum—Through 8/10: "Blaxploitation, Baby!" Through 7/4: *Foxy Brown* (1974). 7/5–7/9: *Super Fly* (1972). 7/10–7/11: *The Klansman* (1974) and *The Thing With Two Heads* (1972). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 8/10: "Contemporary French Comedies," 7/3 and 7/4: *Fanfan la Tulipe* (1951) and *King of Hearts* (1967). 7/5 and 7/6: *Les Tontons Flingeurs* (1963) and *La Chèvre* (1981). 7/7 and 7/8: *La Nuit Fantastique* (1942) and *Carnival in Flanders* (1935). 7/9: *Zero for Conduct* (1993), *L'affaire est Dans le Sac* (1932), and *Le Million* (1931). "Movies for Kids," 7/8 and 7/9: *The Little Princess* (1939). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.50.

French Institute—7/11: *Tous le Matins du Monde* (1992). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $6.

Joseph Papp Public Theater—Through 7/13: "Italia 1900–1939: The Fourth Italian Summer Festival." Films made or set during the early part of the twentieth century. 7/4 and 7/5: *Casta Diva* (1935) and *Dora Nelson* (1939). 7/6 and 7/7: *Il Signor Max* (1937) and *Americano Rosso* (1990). 7/8 and 7/9: *1860* (1934), *The Innocent* (1976), and a documentary on Mussolini. 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171); $7.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 10/3: "Screen Plays: From Broadway to Hollywood, 1920–1966." An exceptionally wide-ranging look (including more than one hundred films, plus screen tests and other marginalia) at works that jumped from stage to screen. 7/3: *Peg o' My Heart* (1922) and *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* (1940). 7/4: *Ah, Wilderness* (1935) and *Our Town* (1940). 7/6: *The Happy Time* (1952) and *Stage Door* (1937). 7/6 and 7/9: *Roxie Hart*(1942). 7/7: *I Remember Mama* (1948), *Lady Windermere's Fan* (1925), and *Christopher Bean* (1933). 7/8: *Blessed Event* (1932), *Five Star Final* (1931), and *The Front Page* (1931). 7/9: *His Girl Friday* (1940) and *My Sister Eileen* (1942). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Museum of Television & Radio—Through 11/17: "The World of Hanna-Barbera." Through 7/9: Daily screenings of episodes from *The Flintstones.* 7/11–7/23: Daily screenings of episodes from *Scooby Doo, Where Are You?* and *Hong Kong Phooey.* 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $6.

Whitney Museum of American Art—Through 8/13: "Edward Hopper and the American Cinema." Part of a museum-wide look at Hopper's profound influence on movies, painting, photography, and other disciplines. 7/7–7/9 and 7/12: *Rear Window* (1954) and *Blow-Up* (1966). 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); $7.

Retrospective Multimedia Welles

The Voyager Company's *innovations with laserdiscs almost singlehandedly revitalized that moribund* format. So Orson Welles—who revolutionized every medium he tackled—would have enjoyed the fact that this multimedia company's entire history can be traced through his work. In 1984, Voyager kicked off the Criterion Collection of laserdiscs with a special edition of *Citizen Kane.* "Just being *able to use the still-frame capacity of a laserdisc* to reproduce budgets and scripts and photographs was pretty mind-blowing," points out Peter Becker, the executive producer of Criterion. *Kane* was followed by an inspired reconstruction of *The Magnificent Ambersons* and other works by Welles, *and another* title—the *rarely seen* 1973 mock documentary *F for Fake*—is due out at the end of July. Welles is the subject of a retrospective at the American Museum of the Moving Image July 8–July 30 (see "Museums, Societies, Etc."), where the company will premiere *Theater of the Imagination,* a $29.95 CD-ROM showcasing his radio work along with a wealth of archival material.

MICHAEL GILTZ

Photographs courtesy of the American Museum of the Moving Image.

Talk of the Clown...Sister, Sister

Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Play's the Thing—$50. The regular schedule is Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun.at 2. This week only: 7/6 at 7. Opens 7/9. *Roundabout Theatre, 1530 Broadway (869-8400). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

Now Playing

Arcadia—Tom Stoppard's Olivier Award–winning comedy of ideas, in which two contemporary scholars muse on the nature of time and truth while investigating a centuries-old scandal in an aristocratic household. With Blair Brown, Victor Garber, and Robert Sean Leonard; directed by Trevor Nunn. $37.50–$42.50. Tues–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Sarah Uriarte plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$67.50. The regular schedule is Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. This week only: no show 7/4, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Buttons on Broadway—The comedian who Never! Got! A Dinner! gets his own one-man show on Broadway. Go figure. Still, it *has* been a long time since we heard "Sam, You Made the Pants Too Long." $25–$50. Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador Theatre, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chronicle of a Death Foretold—A musical adaptation, conceived, directed, and choreographed by Graciela Daniele, of the novella by Gabriel García Márquez, wherein—throughout several days of passion, guilt, and dance—a murder is anticipated. $40–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 30 mins.*

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical, is currently in its fourth year on Broadway. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy,* about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed, by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Damn Yankees—A fading boy of summer sells his soul to the Devil for a second chance at playing professional baseball in this revival of the 1955 musical based on Douglass Wallop's best-seller, starring Jerry Lewis as the Prince of Darkness, midlife-crisis division. $15–$67.50. Opened: 3/3/94. *Marquis Theater, 1555 Broadway (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $44.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3. From 6/20: Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial* CAVEMAN*). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

Onstage
Odd Couple

One's a singer; the other's a ballerina. One's petite; one's, ahh, zaftig. One's black; one's white. Otherwise, they're 'Identical Twins From Baltimore,' a new musical by Marc Mantell and Dan Alvy at Playhouse 91.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy, rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Joely Fisher as the gum-snapping tough Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Through 7/2: Mon–Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6, dark Wed. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Hamlet—O what a rogue and peasant slave is he—Ralph Fiennes (*Schindler's List, Quiz Show*), that is, currently demonstrating his considered approach to the Mount Everest of acting assignments. This production originated at London's Almeida Theater; the limited run of 110 performances ends July 22. $20–$65. The regular schedule is Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. This week only: Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, no show Sun. *Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

Having Our Say—A two-character play about changes in the lives of black Americans over the past century. Emily Mann has adapted her text from the best-selling memoirs of the Delaney sisters, who, at 100 years of age and counting, have Seen It All. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theater, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

The Heiress—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 stage adaptation of the Henry James novella *Washington Square,* in which a domineering and oppressive father squelches his shy daughter's attempt at romance. Suitably Hollywoodized, William Wyler's film version starring Olivia de Havilland swept the 1949 Academy Awards; James, the master of moral irony who experienced the single most devastating failure of his career with a disastrous foray into dramatic writing—the play *Guy Domville*—would doubtless have appreciated the joke. With Cherry Jones (winner of both the Drama League's Distinguished Performance Award and the 1995 Tony for Best Actress in a Play for her work in the title role), Donald Moffat, Frances Sternhagen, and Michael Cumpsty; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $20–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2,; Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, Matthew Broderick, in the role created by Robert Morse, rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. $25–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Indiscretions—Cocteau's *Les Parents Terribles,* a bittersweet farce about the tangle of complicated relationships within an eccentric, self-obsessed family, in a new English translation by Jeremy Sams. This production comes to Broadway from London's Royal National Theatre; among those getting unhealthily involved with each other are Kathleen Turner, Eileen Atkins, Roger Rees, Jude Law, and Cynthia Nixon. $45–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, supplants the original (1972) production of *Grease* this week to become the fifth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$65.00. From 6/12: Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love! Valour! Compassion!—Terrence McNally's bittersweet drama (winner of the 1995 Tony Award for Best Play) about eight gay men who come together at a country home over the course of several holiday weekends. With Mario Cantone, John Glover, Stephen Bogardus, Anthony Heald, Randy Becker, John Benjamin Hickey, and Justin Kirk. Directed by Joe Mantello. $15–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$67.50. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

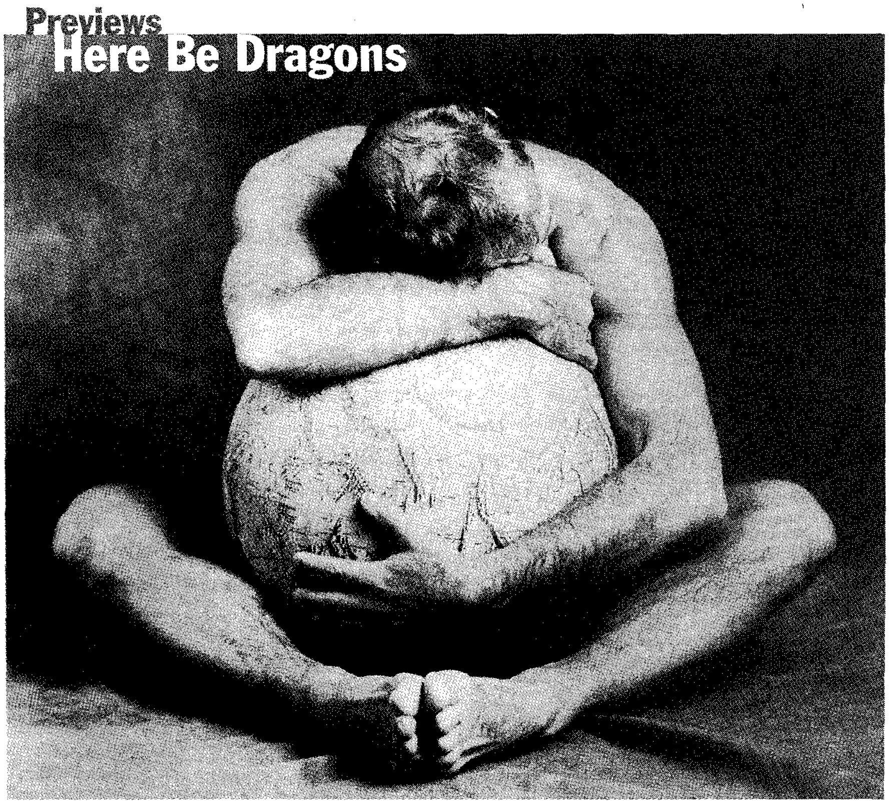
The Phantom of the Opera—In its eighth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,000-performance mark recently and edging into seventh place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here *is* a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; the starchy, beady-eyed Parthy of Elaine Stritch; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Lonette McKee's penetratingly sung Julie, which is also shatteringly acted. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. The regular schedule is Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. This week only: Mon. at 8, no show 7/4. $29.50–$67.50; top price for all shows other than Sun. matinee, Fri., and Sat. is $57.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)*? Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Neither as bad as the gossips may have wished nor as good as the gullible must have hoped. It has two or three nice songs amid the soupy orchestrations; a great deal of sameness—songs that echo one another or previous Andrew Lloyd Webber songs too closely; book and lyrics by Don Black and Christopher Hampton, to be remembered for the most ear-grating rhyme ever, "kosher-brochure"; remnants of an interesting plot from the Billy Wilder movie; John Napier's scenery, its inventiveness truly matching its lavishness; arresting costumes by Anthony Powell; Hollywood-worthy lighting by Andrew Bridge; and unsatisfactory performances almost across the board. (Simon; 11/28/94.) This week, Betty Buckley takes over the role of Norma Desmond from Glenn Close. $25–$70. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Previews
Here Be Dragons



Map lines—shifting, uncertain things in much of the world these days—become a metaphor for another kind of chaos in *Lonely Planet,* Steven Dietz's drama about living in a world ravaged by AIDS. Previously seen here in a 1994 showcase at the Perry Street Theater, it opens in a new production next week at Circle Rep, 159 Bleecker Street (239-6200).

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Lonely Planet—Steven Dietz's drama about living with AIDS. $27.50 in previews; $37.50 thereafter. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opens 7/12. *Circle Repertory Company, 159 Bleecker St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan (254-6330).*

Lust—You think New York City is sexually licentious? Maybe so, but it doesn't even come close to Restoration London. An English four-brother team known collectively as the Heathers (Neil, Lea, John, and Charles) has had the bright idea—not a bad one, at that—of adopting William Wycherly's 1673 play *The Country Wife,* the classic farce about rakes and miladys at erotic play, into a musical comedy. Denis Lawson stars as the Byronic (and appropriately named) Horner, who's mad, bad, and dangerous to know. $35 through 7/12; $45 thereafter. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opens 7/13. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

After-Play—After a successful limited run at the Manhattan Theatre Club earlier this year, the actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories has reopened a few blocks west, with Meara stepping into the role previously performed by Rue McClanahan. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 5., Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $30-$40. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Wed. at 5, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Crumbs From the Table of Joy—The first of Second Stage's new series of plays for teenage audiences on multi-generational themes follows an African-American family moving from rural South to urban North in the 1950s. $32.50–$35; students 18 and under, $7.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Linda Lavin, Debra Monk, and Paul Guilfoyle; directed by Michael Blakemore. $35–$45. The regular schedule is Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. This week only: Mon. at 8, no show 7/4. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

The Donahue Sisters—It's a combination of

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Chekhov and Strindberg in the west of Ireland as three sisters—genteel Rosie, cynical Dunya, and domestic-minded Annie—reunite at the family homestead and long-burning resentments begin to emerge. Geraldine Aron's play features Alma Cuervo, Terry Donnelly, and Carolyn McCormick; directed by Nye Heron. $25–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (757-3318).*

Ecstasy—The director Mike Leigh, whose international reputation is based on films (*Naked, Life Is Sweet*) about English working-class families and lost souls looking for a little cheerfulness in tough times, is equally well known at home as the writer of stage plays mining a similar sociopolitical vein. In the New Group's production of this 1979 script, a young woman fends off loneliness and an abusive boyfriend, less depressingly than you might expect. $25. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 4 and 8:30. Reopens 7/7. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838)*

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow Is Enuf—In 1975, Ntozake Shange jolted African-American drama out of a tendency toward ponderousness with this jazz-flavored medley of poetry and prose about growing up black and female in mid-century America. Now the show is having its twentieth-anniversary production at the New Federal Theatre, its first home. Directed by the playwright. $15. Thurs.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. (279-4237).*

Fortune's Fools—The title of Frederick Stroppel's new play comes—you knew this—from *Romeo and Juliet;* everything else is relentlessly contemporary in this romantic comedy about four Generation-Xers looking for love. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (989-2020).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thurs. at 7:30; Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Identical Twins From Baltimore—$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opens 6/25. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Incommunicado—A civilized and sophisticated play about Ezra Pound, written by Tom Dulack with economy, elegance, and no small eloquence. (Simon; 4/4/95.) With Tom Aldredge as Pound; directed by Richard Corley. $23; students/seniors $18. Tues.–Sat at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 3. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Jelly Roll!—Vernel Bagneris stars in this musical look at the life of Jelly Roll Morton. He adapted the book from the Library of Congress interviews Morton gave detailing his career. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 8/18/94. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

john & jen—A musical family story by Tom Greenwald and Andrew Lippa. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Little Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780).*

J. P. Morgan Saves the Nation—An outdoor site-specific drama by Jeffrey M. Jones about the titular character's private 1907 bailout of the New York Stock Exchange. $20. Tues.–Sun. at 8:45. Through 7/16. *Corner of Wall and Broad Sts. (279-4200).*

The Lobster Reed—Eda LeShan, the *Newsday* columnist, makes her playwriting debut at the age of 73 with a one-woman play about a senior citizen's victory over cancer after being abandoned by the medical community. Marilyn Chris stars; directed by Max Daniels. $30. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

London Suite—If It Isn't Broken Don't Fix It Dept.: Neil Simon, author of *Plaza Suite* and *California Suite,* has crossed the Atlantic for the locus of this latest four-vignette *comédie sentimentale,* on view at the Off Broadway Union Square Theatre. (Meanwhile, up on West 52nd Street, the big Neil Simon Theater is dark.) Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Loose Lips—An irreverent documentary revue by Lisa Birnbach, Jamie Malanowski, and the editor of the publication you're holding. The script is a kind of giddy theatrical Frankenstein stitched together from transcripts of the utterances of such high-profile personalities as Marion Barry, Prince Charles, Mickey Rourke, colleagues of Heidi Fleiss, Tommy Lasorda, and Clarence Thomas, among many others. Directed by Martin Charnin. A rotation of guest narrators sits in with the permanent company of six from week to week; at this writing, possibilities for the time you'll be reading this include Gordon Eliot, Stephen Collins, and Ron Silver. $30, Tues.–Thurs.; $35, Fri.–Sun. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7:30 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *The Triad (formerly Steve McGraw's), 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

One Woman Shoe—After playing five sold-out weeks in January and February, this comedy by the brother-and-sister team of David and Amy Sedaris in which six women from various points on the social scale express their personal *tsuris* through song, dance, and monologue has returned for an open-ended run. $15/TDF. Mon. at 8, Thurs.–Sat. at 10, with a few exceptions; the 7/10 show is at 10, and there's no performance 7/7 or 7/14. *The Club at La MaMa, 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

The Only Thing Worse You Could Have Told Me—Fourteen vignettes from contemporary gay culture, written and performed by Dan Butler, best known these days as the aggressively hetero Bulldog on NBC's *Frasier.* $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So., at Christopher St. (307-4100).*

Party—Truth-or-dare high jinks are at the center of Chicago playwright David Dillon's comedy about seven gay men. Scene to watch for: a nude group tribute to Karen Carpenter. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $30. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Prisoner of Love—A theater piece adapted from Jean Genet's last novel by JoAnne Akalaitis (who also directs the production), Ruth Malaczech (who performs it), and Chiori Miyagawa, with an original score by Philip Glass. $22–$25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St., bet. Second and Third Aves. (302-6989).*

The School for Wives—In the National Asian-American Theatre Company's production of Molière's farce about a French aristocrat plotting to keep his wife-to-be faithful and education-free, actors from Asian cultures with a history of female oppression give the theme a special resonance. $10. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Vineyard 26th Street Theater, 309 E. 26th St. (683-9772).*

The Springhill Singing Disaster—Karen Trott's hilarious one-woman show about growing up female and guitar-infatuated. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. No show 7/4. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $22.50–$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Swingtime Canteen—A forties wartime revue in which an all-girl band and cast send the boys off to battle with songs by Frank Loesser, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy van Heusen, Harry Warren, et al. in their hearts. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Blue Angel, 323 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Sylvia—A. R. Gurney's latest foray into the emotion-

Talent

Enter, Laughing

So you're asking Bill Irwin, the only former MacArthur Foundation Fellow, so far as we know, who regularly puts on clown white, baggy pants, and those big shoes, whether his extensive research into the history of clowning and vaudeville performance has enabled him to construct his current role—Trinculo in *The Tempest,* a part traceable to Shakespeare's own low clown Will Kempe—around elements of what might be called "classic shtick." And he's saying: "What shtick *isn't* classic shtick?"

Irwin can pratfall and "take the knap" (circus slang for exchanging, Three Stooges–style, an extended series of slaps with a partner) with the best of them, but the really refreshing thing about his performance in the New York Shakespeare Festival production at Central Park's Delacorte Theater through July 19 is what he and director George C. Wolfe *avoid* doing: saddling it, as is done to far too much contemporary Shakespeare, with a lot of extraneous baggage relating to the metaphysical significance of "comedy." It's just funny. Graduate students, of course, may argue that the real importance of the clowns' drunken plot to rule the island is that it adds up to a philosophical parody of the more serious-spoken courtiers' similar scheme. That, however, interests Irwin far less than the particular mechanics of how it works in performance. "At a certain point," he says, "you're absorbed in the world of the play, you're hearing all this grandiose, noble poetry, and you realize, *hey*—it's time for somebody to fall down." RANDALL SHORT

Photograph by Yancey Hughes.

Opening

Riviera Romance

Lincoln Center's hit revival two seasons ago of *Carousel,* based on Ferenc Molnar's *Liliom,* seems to have sparked new interest in the Hungarian playwright's bittersweet *Mitteleuropa* comedies. *The Play's the Thing,* his 1926 fable about an eccentric dramatist who contrives a theatrical performance to reconcile two estranged lovers (Peter Frechette and J. Smith-Cameron, above), opens Sunday at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway, at 45th Street (869-8400).

al terrain of northeastern Waspism focuses on a New York City couple whose plans for their kid-free golden years are altered by the unanticipated factor of a small dog. With Blythe Danner, Charles Kimbrough (*Murphy Brown*), Derek Smith, and Sarah Jessica Parker as, uh, the dog. (Mariette Hartley and John Cunningham replace Ms. Danner and Mr. Kimbrough on 7/11.) Directed by John Tillinger. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7, through 7/17. Thereafter, summer prices and scheduling are $45 on Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. at 5. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

The Tempest—Patrick Stewart (*Star*, as if you need to be told, *Trek*) stars as Prospero, the banished Duke of Milan who bends wind, wave, and benighted humanity to his will in the first of the New York Shakespeare Festival's annual free outdoor productions. Also featuring the rubber-limbed, and apparently jointless, Bill Irwin as that buffoon Trinculo. Tues.–Sun. at 8 at the *Delacorte Theater, Central Park;* closest park entrances are at 81st St. and Central Park West and 79th St. and Fifth Ave. Tickets are distributed at the theater from 1 on, and at the *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St.*, from 1 to 3, on the day of performance only. Through 7/19. For further information, call *598-7100*.

Three Tall Women—Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a wealthy 92-year-old widow who reexamines the events of her life; directed by Lawrence Sacharow. $42.50–$45. Beginning 6/20, Tues. at 7:30, Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. For the week following 7/4, changes as follows: added performance 7/9 at 7 ; no performance 7/4. Opened: 4/12/94. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.;* then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Travels With My Aunt—Brian Murray and Jim Dale (among others) play assorted men, women, children, and small domestic animals in a knockabout stage adaptation of Graham Greene's comic novel. $27.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30 through 7/17. Thereafter: Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (307-4100).*

Twelve Dreams—A Jungian fantasy about a widowed psychiatrist and his young daughter, from the playwright and librettist James Lapine. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 8/6. *Mitzi Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Off–Off Broadway

Back to Methuselah—Part One ("In the Beginning") of Shaw's take on the Adam-and-Eve story, in a production by the Oasis Theatre Company. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 5. Through 7/7. *Play Ground Theatre, 230 E. 9th St. (673-3706).*

Beyond Therapy—A revival of Christopher Durang's 1981 farce about a man and woman whose romance begins with a personals ad and (nearly) ends in the respective offices of their insane psychotherapists. $12 plus two-drink minimum. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 10. Through 7/29. *Trocadero Cabaret, 368 Bleecker St., at Charles St. (330-7607).*

Ladies Who Lunch—$10. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 7/15. *American Theatre of Actors, 314 W. 54th St. (581-3044).*

Lady-Like—$20. Thurs.–Mon. at 8, Sat. at 5. *Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (741-6436).*

Marathon '95—The third segment of Ensemble Studio Theatre's yearly festival of new one-act plays. $15. Wed.–Mon. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. *E.S.T., 549 W. 52nd St. bet. Tenth and Eleventh Aves. (247-3405).*

My Own Private Eyeshadow—$4. Mondays through 7/17 at 9. *Crowbar, 339 E. 10th St. bet. Aves. A and B (718-965-4718).*

The School for Wives—$10. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Vineyard 26th St. Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. (683-9772).*

Too Much Light Makes the Baby Go Blind—Thirty (really brief) plays in 60 minutes, randomly selected and arranged from a repertory of more than 2,000. Admission is also (somewhat) random: $6 plus the roll of a single six-sided die. Thurs.–Sat. at 11. *HERE, 145 Ave. of the Americas (330-8087).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 880-0740.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

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nightlife

Africa Fête…Albita…Motörhead

Talent

Most-Valuable Players

Kicking off a month of undersung sax heroes (with Stanley Turrentine, Lou Donaldson, and George Coleman still to come), bebop true believer Jimmy Heath brings his quartet to the Village Vanguard from July 4 to July 9. He's also bringing his own MVP, brother Tootie Heath, on drums.

Concerts

Africa Fête—Although this is only its third tour of the U.S., Africa Fête actually had its genesis almost seventeen years ago, when a Tambacounda expatriate presented some of his hometown faves to Paris. Now both the diversity and star power of the festival is overwhelming. On 7/8: Baaba Maal, Osibisa, and Nigeria's Femi Kuti, the jazz-schooled son of the Afrobeat kingpin/political gadfly Fela. 7/9: Boukman Eksperyans, Tabu Ley Rochereau, and Mali's diva Oumou Sangare. With arts, clothing, and food from the Continent, the festival's sure to fill Central Park's midsection with wonderful smells and sounds. But come early: Last year's installment drew a record crowd for SummerStage. 7/9 at 3 P.M. *SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, 72nd St. in the middle of Central Park (360-2777).*

Black Sabbath—Come early, as well, for Motörhead, the band that put the umlaut into röck and, after twenty years, continues to be a standard-bearer of unsanitary rock and roll. 7/10 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland (307-7171). $20.*

Bobby "Blue" Bland—This Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Famer's career has spanned more than 40 years, and like most bluesman, he gets better—rawer, more mortal—with age. 7/6 at noon and 1 P.M. *MetroTech Commons, MetroTech Center, downtown Brooklyn (718-636-4100). Free.*

Buckwheat Zydeco—With Kips Bay Ceili Band. 7/8 at 3 P.M. *Celebrate Brooklyn Festival, Prospect Park Bandshell, Prospect Park West and 9th St., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-965-8999).*

Continental Drifters—Peter Holsapple—former leader of college-radio treasures the dBs and now unofficial fifth member of R.E.M.—leads this wholesomely twangy outfit, evoking a backyard Independence Day barbecue in some hip quadrant of Georgia. They play with Kentucky Headhunters and Johnnie Johnson. 7/4 at 3 P.M. *SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, 72nd St. in the middle of Central Park (360-2777).*

Larry Coryell Quartet—The jazz guitarist. 7/11 at 12:30 P.M. *Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (983-4142). Free.*

Klezmer Extravaganza—A roundup of the some of the greatest—if decidedly more traditional—keepers of the klezmer flame: Brave Old World, Kapelye, the Klezmatics, Klezmer Conservatory Band, the Lipovsky/Mlotek/Warschauer Trio. 7/12 at 7 P.M. *Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park, behind the New York State Theater, Amsterdam Ave. and 63rd St. (889-6800). Free.*

Lollapalooza—Yes, it's still a few weeks off, but the first day of this alt-rock who's who is already sold out. Call now to see Sonic Youth, Hole, Cypress Hill, Pavement, Sinead O'Connor, Beck, the Jesus Lizard, and the Mighty Mighty Bosstones—probably the best lineup this festival has ever had—on one stage. 7/28 (sold out) and 7/29 at noon. *Randall's Island, Downing Stadium (249-8870). $33.*

Midsummer Night Swing—Tango by the fountain, with music from the New York–Buenos Aires Connection. 7/5 at 8:15 P.M. *Lincoln Center Fountain Plaza, Lincoln Center (875-5102). $8.*

Miss Coco Peru—With Lucy Grealy and Anna Quindlen. 7/6 at 8:30 P.M. *SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, 72nd St. in the middle of Central Park (360-2777).*

They Might Be Giants—Johns Linnell and Flansberg—those longtime avatars of witty and frenetic quirk-pop—are playing with a full band of late. Their most recent album, *John Henry,* was longer on grunge and shorter on melody than usual, but was otherwise a reassuring sign that amusing musicality did not die with the eighties. It's also got one of the better lines of last year: "I've seen the worst bands of my generation applied with magic marker to drywall." With Pound, from Williamsburg. 7/9 at 3 P.M. *Celebrate Brooklyn.*

Barry White—The bearded, chocolate-skinned king of candelight romance and funky seduction holds forth with a full band and no doubt some serious threads. Bring a date. With Cante Moore. 7/12 and (sold out) 7/14 and 7/15 at 8 P.M. *The Paramount (307-7171). $40.*

Yanni—The swarthily fetching New Age composer conducts his latest opus, long dark tresses a-flying. 7/6–7/8 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, 50th St. and Sixth Ave. (247-4777). $40–$60.*

Clubland

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. 7/7: Tommy McCarthy Sr., Tommy McCarthy Jr., Louise Costello, and Padraic MacMathuna. *43 Murray St., two blocks below Chambers. (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight-lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 7/7: Buster Poindexter and His Banshees of Blue. 7/8: Al Stewart. 7/11: The Neilds; 5 Chinese Brothers. 7/11–7/12: Tanita Tikram. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, low-rent bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. 7/4: Los Primos; the Madd Daddies; The Botswanas; The Insomniacs. 7/6: Jak Tweed. 7/8: Chavez; Thee Speaking Canaries. 7/9: Mary Adam 12. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. Sundays and Mondays are audition nights and are usually better spent elsewhere. *15 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A newish big-budged blueserie with comfortably down-home ambience and even more comfortable couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 7/7–7/8: Guitar Shorty. Shows nightly. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.s. 7/5: Groove Collective. 7/6: The Vanpelt; Chisel. 7/7: Maggie Estep and I Love Everybody; Drunken Boat. 7/12: "Poetry Blast-Off," featuring John S. Hall, Maggie Estep, Bobby Miller, and others. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-Boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. 7/5: Petting Zoo; Junk. 7/7: Beat Positive; Dave's True Story. 7/10–7/11: Alex Chilton. 7/12: Richard Barone. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello ambience. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. On Tuesday nights, it's the steamy seventies-funk dance night, "Soul Kitchen." "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 7/12: Local buzz-band the Rake's Progress. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two micro-brew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

now in music. 7/4: Foetus; Ultrabidet; Halcion. 7/5: John Zorn's Xu Feng. 7/6: Adam West; Crotch; Whizzy; Life in a Blender. 7/7: Congo Norvell; Bakamono. 7/8: John S. Hall. 7/9: *Hell's Hinges* with music by Tong; Ivo Perelman. 7/11: Big Van; Charles Gayle Trio. 7/12: Shirk Circus; Jennifer Convertible; Philco Bendyx. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Limelight—A decidedly eighties nightclub housed in a former church. On dance nights, such as Wednesday's "Disco 2000," its halls ring with the pitter-patter of platform shoes. Other nights it's host to high-powered, retro-ish rock bands. 7/4: Lycia. 7/11: Nitzer Ebb. *47 W. 20th St. (807-7850).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little more Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware of salivating yuppie swells here for Ladies Night. 7/5: Johnny Allen. 7/6: Mitch Woods and his Rocket 88's. 7/7: George Worthmore and the Divebombers. 7/8: Bo Diddley Jr. and the Funky Black Widows. 7/9: "Manny's World Famous Blues Jam," hosted by Bobby Nathan. 7/10: Mo Holmes and the Pioneers. 7/11: 32-20. 7/12: Keir Leigh and the Blue Devils. *1558 Third Ave. (369-blues).*

Maxwell's—John McCrea's wittily oddball lyrics, delivered in a deadpan that recalls David Byrne ("If you want to have cities you have to build roads."), hook you first. But what's most intriguing about the Sacramento quintet Cake is how it leavens the lyrical irony with sweetly naive, genre-defying R&B–country rock melodies and a swingin' Herb Alpert-ish trumpet. They play here 7/12. 7/6: Garden Variety; Chune; Capsize 7. 7/8: The Trashwomen; The Upper Crust; Ex-Vegas. 7/12: Cake; 22 Brides. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, frequently hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant timeslots of MTV. 7/4: Peter Holsapple and the Continental Drifters; Will Rigby. 7/5: G.W. McLennan; The Mad Scene. 7/6: Cakelike; First Ave. Click. 7/7: Band de Soleil; Mary Me Jane; Amy Coreia. 7/8: The Rolls; Mommy. 7/9: Karen de Berg; Holy Cow; James Yarski. 7/10: Susan McKeown and the Chanting House; Mila Drunmke; Kieran Kennedy. 7/11: Cake warm up for their Maxwell's appearance; 22 Brides. 7/12: First Born. *217 E. Houston (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Fridays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Sidewalk Cafe—7/4: "Independence Day," starring John S. Hall, Paleface, and friends. 7/5: Adam Vane; Eamon O'Tuama; Brook Bartlett. 7/8: Godon Benson; James Graham; Dave Keener; Bubble. 7/9: Smooth Henry; David Matos; Bianca Bob Flystrip; Brian Charrette Jazz. 7/10: The Antihootenany, with Lach. *94 Ave. A (473-7373).*

Sounds of Brazil—With her slicked-back hair and dashing men's suits, new-diva-in-town Albita looks something like a Cuban Annie Lenox—a fact not entirely missed by the superchic lesbians who flock to her shows. But despite the Versace designs and captivating androgyny, this 33-year-old is hardly all flash. The rocking treatments of *punto guajia* songs on her new *No Se Parece a Nada* ("Unlike Anything Else") smoothly blend rock, jazz, and more traditional folk elements into a steamy conga-driven salsa that explodes on impact. And, since she spent the better part of a decade honing her craft in her native Cuba before defecting, it's a mix that's as self-assured as her fierce stage attitude. Having recently left her regular gig in Miami's Little Havana for such high-profile appearances as Madonna's birthday party, Albita is poised for stardom. Catch her here on 7/10 with Marc Anthony. 7/4: The Nigerian reggae star Ras Kimono. 7/5: Near-legendary Thomas Mapfumo, the "Lion of Zimbabwe," celebrates his fiftieth anniversary. 7/8: Tabu Ley Rochereau. Most live shows start at 9. Thursday nights, it's Giant Step, the long-running throw-down of saxophone-, guitar-, and turntable-playing musicians. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—Despite the neck-craning mid-stage column, this is one of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock. 7/6: Clutch; Tad; Shift. 7/7: Johnny Rivers; Steve Ferguson, the original guitarist of NRBQ, leads the Midwest Creole Ensemble. 7/8: Toots and the Maytals; Pablo Moses and the Revolutionary Dream Band. 7/12: Tracy Byrd; David Lee Murphy. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 7/5: God Street Wine; Ominous Seapods. 7/6; God Street Wine; Ekoostik Hookah. 7/7: The Niagaras; Too Skinnee J's; Tor and the Four. 7/9: Turbo A.C.'s. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A two-tiered, Art Deco–ish club whose fine jazz musicians rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the long trek uptown required to see them. 7/10: Singer Elli Fordyce leads a quartet. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and, as its empire expands (most recently taking Indonesia with the Blue Note Jakarta), charges accordingly. 7/4–7/9: Argentine saxman Gato Barbieri. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—A smallish, dark-paneled room into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. 6/19–6/24: The stately pianist John Hicks leads a duo. 6/26–7/1: James Williams trio, featuring Boston tenor dynamo Billy Pierce. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440).*

Cajun—A little bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Cornelia Street Cafe—Tuesdays in July, the Neal Kirkwood Octet takes over, featuring pianist Kirkwood and trombonist Ed Neumeister, performing originals and Monk and Ellington classics. *29 Cornelia St. (989-9317).*

Fat Tuesday's—A snug subterranean nightclub out of the downtown jazz circuit, Fat Tuesday's regularly presents excellent jazz vocalists, plus the guitarist-inventor Les Paul, who holds forth every Monday night. 7/4–7/9: Jerry Weldon and Hard Bop Quintet. 7/11–7/16: Laverne Butler sings. *190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902).*

The Five Spot—Highly-rated food and the airy, drop-dead splendor of the old Hotel Wolcott's ballroom. 7/7–7/8: violinist Regina Carter. *4 West 31st St. (631-0100).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dalí with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement. Every Monday is Tess Marsalis and the Swing Daddy Big Band. 7/4–7/8: Teodross Avery and Loston Harris Quartet. 7/11–7/15: The Geoff Keezer Trio. Sets Tues.–Sat. at 9:30 and 11 P.M. and 12:30 A.M.; Sun. at 8:30 and 10 P.M. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent pianists. 7/5–7/8: Pianist Roy Meriwether and bassist Lynn Seaton. 7/9–7/10: Pianist Michael Moriarity and bassist Jay Leonhart. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Metropolis Cafe (Downstairs)—The elegant restaurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts. Every Tuesday, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. 6/23–6/25: Elvin Jones Jazz Machine. *31 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Monday, Miles Evans directs the Monday Night Orchestra, playing the music of Gil Evans. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 P.M. to 6 P.M. 6/20–6/25: Javon Jackson Quartet. 7/4–7/9: Terumasa Hino Quintet, with Abraham Burton, Carlton Holmes, Yosuke Inoue, Michael Carvin. 7/11–7/16: Billy Hart Sextext, with Jon Stubblefield, Dave Fiucyznski, Dave Kikoski, Santi DeBriano, Mark Feldman. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full

Performance

Roots Music

Watch for record crowds at Central Park this weekend as Africa Fête—a two-day festival of incense, couscous, and singing, swaying agape—brings us the continent's biggest stars: Mali diva Oumou Sangare (pictured), angel-voiced Senegalese Baaba Maal, Nigeria's Afrobeat saxman Femi Kuti, and many others. With the possible exception of Haiti's Boukman Eksperyans, it's a veritable Afropalooza. July 8 and 9 at SummerStage.

Photograph by Christian Jaspers.

roster of stars. 7/1–7/16: Canadian pianist Oliver Jones. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Monday, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 7/4–7/9: Jimmy Heath begins the saxophone. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambiance and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the Letterman show, this posh 300-seat arena features mostly "headliners"—i.e., comedians you've seen on television. Wednesday nights, it's "El Barrio U.S.A.," a look at the lighter side of Latino–Puerto Rican living, starring Angel Salazar and Elizabeth Testa. 7/4–7/5: "All-Star Comedy Showcase." 7/6–7/9: Stephanie Hodge; J.R. Havalan; Billy Jaye. 7/11: "New York Comedy Nights," hosted by Royale Watkins. Shows at 8, with extra shows at 10:30 on Fri. and Sat. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Through 7/9: Dave Attell; Gregg Rogell; Jeff Ross; Darryll Hammond; Larry Amoros. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 7/9: Marvin Bell; Mike King; Rick Scottie; John Rizzo; Mike Robles; Danny Curtis. 7/10–7/16: Andres Fernandez; Glenn "Mr. Bullhorn" Super; Gabe Abelson. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." 7/8: Todd Barry; Ben Creed; Eddie Brill. Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Rebar—The audience sits on well-worn couches, and the comedians try things they've never done before. It's hit and miss in terms of comedy, but always entertaining. Mondays at 8. *Eighth Ave. at 16th St. (627-1680).*

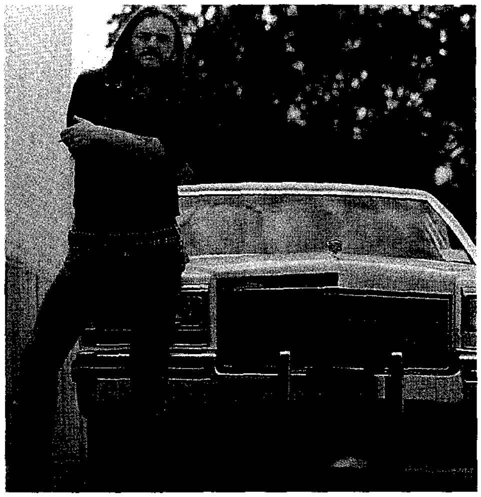
Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. 7/7: Todd Barry; Linda Smith; Tom Hertz; Billy Jaye. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Talent

Twenty Years of Motöring

Fifty years ago, on a Christmas Eve in the dreary English midlands, a cherubic bundle of joy arrived in the Kilmister household. In retrospect, the date hardly seems a coincidence. Although the child was christened Ian, he would soon come to be known as Lemmy. And, eventually, as . . . well, God.

That those thousands of young fans proclaiming "Lemmy Is God" would do so on lurid black T-shirts hardly alters the moment's significance. Because, as founder of England's *Ur*-headbanger band, Motörhead (at Roseland July 10), Lemmy just may have saved rock and roll—or at least made it a lot less wholesome.



Like the Sex Pistols, but with less media savvy, Motörhead firehosed scores of noodly progressive rock groups aside when it emerged in 1975. Twenty years later, its dynamically moronic assault is no less historic artifact than the Ramones': blasting, monochromatic guitars; spazcore drumming; and the strangled vocals of the bearded, bass-playing hellion (above), singing priceless lyrics like, "If you squeeze my lizard I'll put my snake on you." And today, when fellow metal survivors sing of the ozone layer and prepare to rock with a bottle of Evian, Lemmy's unreconstructed ethos is as precious as ever. "A lot of people take us for granted because we've been around so long," he sighs from his West Hollywood home. But he still shrinks from the diehards' deification. "When people say that to me, I say 'Well, I saw God when I was on acid. He's taller.' "

CHRIS NORRIS

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Songwriter and pianist Jimmy Webb ("MacArthur Park," "By the Time I Get to Phoenix") sings tunes written by himself and others in (the appropriately named) "A Summer Evening With Jimmy Webb." Through 7/8. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings through August, this East Side trattoria is offering a combination package of Italian food and opera standards performed by artists from Lincoln Center. Dinner at 7; show at 8. $35. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing has recently been reinstated at this cozy, intimate room on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer/pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10 music charge in the bar; no music charge for dinner and dancing. Jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

Danny's Skylight Room—Various performers nightly. $6–$15, plus $10 minimum. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

Don't Tell Mama—Various performers nightly. $6–$12; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

Le Figaro—Various performers nightly. No cover, no minimum. *184 Bleecker St. (677-1100).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Through 7/8, the jazz singer Anita O'Day celebrates her seventy-fifth birthday, her sixtieth year in show business, and the JVC Jazz Festival—all at once. $40 cover, no minimum. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet (they used to be a quartet, but, hey, things change) has extended its successful Friday-evening engagement here indefinitely, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, Dan Tramon sings a tribute to Cy Coleman. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th St., Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*

Bars

Alligator Alley—Jägermeister on tap and Billy Joel's "Only the Good Die Young" blasting on the jukebox while a gaggle of twentysomething women dressed for bed by themselves in leggings and oversize sweatshirts sing along. *485 Amsterdam Ave., at 84th St. (873-5810).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties and strings of pearls; expect O.J. jokes and college fight songs. *889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).*

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on don't detract from the good-time feeling powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. *520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).*

Mooney's Pub—Yes, an Irish bar worth a damn on upper Flatbush. Alas, the only one. The regular crowd is a pleasing mix of old-timers, midlifers, and punk kids. The Guinness is always good. *353 Flatbush Ave., nr. Carlton Ave., Brooklyn (718-783-9085).*

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall–subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-sized pissoirs. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. Yes, that was Ray Kelly sipping on a Manhattan. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

Photograph by Stephen Stickler/Outline.

in concert

Midsummer Night Swing…Pilar Returns

Classical Music

Monday, July 3

Bialystok Philharmonic—Jonathan Griffith conducts the U.S. premiere of Taneyev's *Upon Reading a Psalm, Opus 36,* along with other works. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $24–$44.*

Tuesday, July 4

Information not available at press time.

Wednesday, July 5

Midsummer Night Swing—The New York–Buenos Aires Connection performs on tango night of Lincoln Center's dancing-under-the-stars series. *Lincoln Center Plaza (875-5102), lessons at 6:30 and dancing at 8; $8.*

Thursday, July 6

BargeMusic—A quartet performs Schumann and Mozart. *Fulton Ferry Landing, next to the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061) at 7:30; $23.*

Contemporary and Traditional Japanese Music—A rare evening combining contemporary music by Sadaao Bekku with traditional music written for koto and shakuhachi. Features more than 200 artists, including soprano Fumiko Yamada and the Nipon New Symphony Orchestra. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $12–$45.*

Yoshie Kubota—The pianist performs Mozart, Chopin, and others. *Green Auditorium, 40 W. 68th St. (866-2086), at 1; free.*

Midsummer Night Swing—Savannah Sky performs on country-and-Western night. See 7/5.

Friday, July 7

Midsummer Night Swing—Orquestra Broadway and Pete "El Conde" Rodriguez perform on Latin night. See 7/5.

Summergarden—The Museum of Modern Art's series of free concerts performed on Fri. and Sat. by young artists and recent graduates of Juilliard. This year's theme is "Coming of Age: The Flowering of American Music, 1945–1970." The garden is open for free admission at 6; concerts are at 8:30. Composers performed this weekend include Carter, Cage, Reich, and others. Through 8/26. *Museum of Modern Art, use entrance at 14 W. 54th St. (708-9491) at 8:30; free.*

Saori Yuki and Sachiko Yasuda—The Japanese sisters perform a concert of doyo (children's songs). Benefits the Boston Higashi School for autistic children. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$35.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Performance
Pyramid of Pilobolus

The Pilobolus Dance Theatre company—named after a fungus and famous for witty, athletic, Twister-like pieces in which intertwined members move as one—comes to the Joyce (175 Eighth Avenue, at 19th Street) July 7–August 4; $30. Call 242-0800.

Photograph by Michael O'Neill.

Saturday, July 8

The Goldman Band—Gene Young conducts Ives, Sousa, John Cacavas's "Burnished Gold and Army Blue" march (written especially for the group), and others. *Asher Levy Park, Seaside Park Bandshell, Brooklyn (886-9887) at 8; free.*

Midsummer Night Swing—Roy Gerson and His Orchestra perform classic swing music. See 7/5.

Summergarden—See 7/7.

Sunday, July 9

BargeMusic—See 7/6. This performance at 4.

Ilan Rechtman—The harpsichordist, who is also the artistic director of the series performs pieces by Scarlatti and Bach. *Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., Bronx (222-5762), at noon; $12.*

Monday, July 10

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducts "An American Salute—From Berlin to Bernstein," which concludes with (and why not?) the 1812 Overture by the decidedly Russian composer Tchaikovsky. Another free concert will be held on 7/17. *Lincoln Center's Damrosch Shell (765-7677) at 8; free.*

Opera

John Adams/June Jordan/Peter Sellars—7/11–7/15 at 8, 7/15 and 7/16 at 3: *I Was Looking at the Ceiling and Then I Saw the Sky,* a first-time collaboration between composer Adams, poet Jordan, and director Sellars. The show is a look at urban woes through the eyes of people in their twenties. *John Jay Theatre, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500); $35.*

New York Grand Opera—7/12 at 7:30: Performs Verdi's four-act opera *Ernani* in a free, fully staged presentation. Conducted by artistic director Vincent La Selva, it is the latest entry in the New York Grand Opera's ongoing plan to stage every opera by Verdi. *Summerstage in Central Park, 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (245-8837); free.*

New York Vocal Artists—7/7 at 7: A showcase of young operatic talent performing scenes and arias under the musical direction of Brian Douglas. With piano accompaniment. *Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. (989-3301); $10.*

Opera Manhattan—7/10 and 7/13 at 8: A semi-staged concert version of scenes and acts from three late-Romantic French works. Includes Magnard's *Guercoeur,* Chausson's *Le Roi Arthus,* and Reyer's *Sigurd.* Fifty percent of net proceeds will go to AIDS organizations. *St. Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (279-4200); $20–$28.*

Dance

Pilobolus Dance Theatre—7/7–8/4: The witty dance company, which is too busy to bother naming its new pieces, debuts three premieres. All have original scores and all are—as yet—untitled. One, a duet, heralds an appearance by founding members Robby Barnett and Jonathan Wolken. Mon.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

Pilar Rioja—Through 7/7: The flamenco dancer—whose engagement last season was extended again and again due to strong ticket sales—presents the premiere of *Martinete* and other works. Mon. at 8, Tues. at 3, Wed–Sat. at 8, and Sun. at 7. *Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (889-2850); $25.*

Tryzub Ukrainian Dance Ensemble—7/5 at 8: The 40-member Canadian troupe celebrates its twentieth season with a New York debut. Choreography by George Chrunik. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2624); $20–$35.*

Views From Abroad...CD-Sized Art

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Ray Johnson—A memorial exhibition of collages and mail art, including works on loan from Robert Rauschenberg, James Rosenquist, Jasper Johns, and others; through 8/18. Feigen, 49 E. 68th St. (628-0700).

Batiste Madalena—These original movie posters, made to advertise such silent screen classics as *Sally of the Sawdust* and *The Road to Mandalay,* were executed between 1924 and 1928 for the display cases of George Eastman's Eastman Theater in Rochester, New York; through 8/18. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Hans Richter/James Daugherty—Paintings and drawings made between 1914 and 1918 that express the artist's despair and bewilderment as a German soldier in World War I./Paintings by this American modernist who participated in the first exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists in 1917 and was included in many of the exhibitions of the Societé Anonyme, which was founded by Katherine Dreier and Marcel Duchamp in 1920; 7/5–28. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

57th Street Area

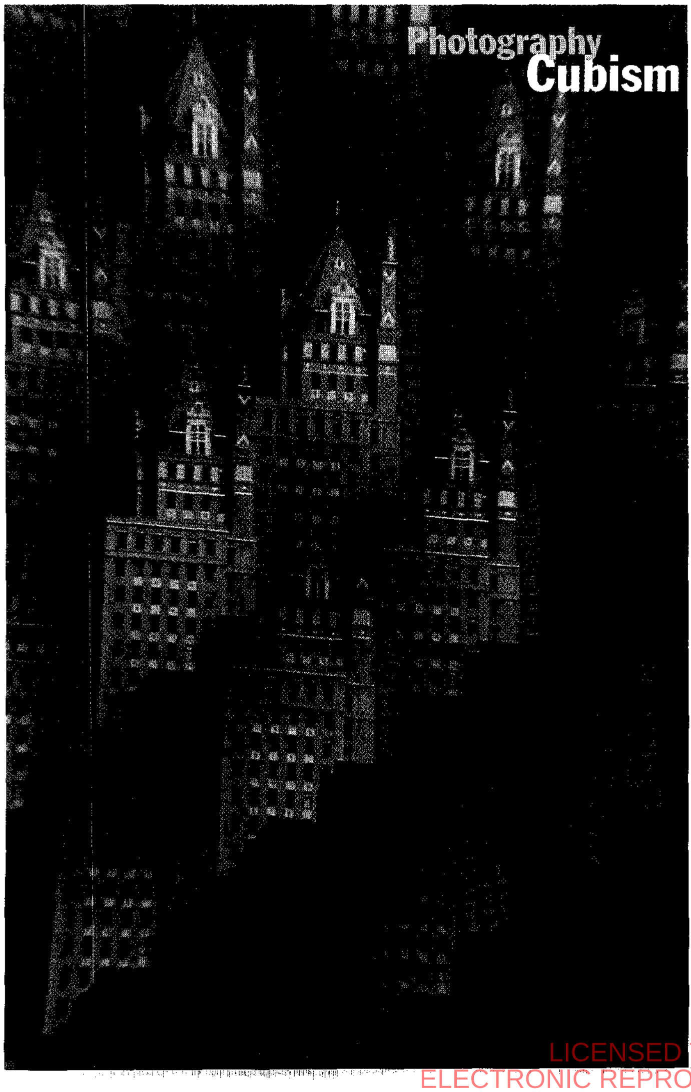
Tina Aufiero/Karen LaMonte—Recent glass works by both. Through 8/19. YWCA, 610 Lexington Ave. (735-9781).

Mark Metcalf—Large-scale diptychs that depict panoramic views of Coney Island; through 7/21. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

Robert Andrew Parker—A 30-year retrospective of watercolors and drawings; through 7/14. Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (581-2268).

David Row—The artist's first exhibition at this gallery consists of new geometric paintings whose surfaces are built up with layers of pigment or scraped down to the bare canvas; through 7/30. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Emiel Verraneman—Art furniture, and paintings and sculpture by the artist's friends, among them Anthony Caro, Christo, Salvador Dali, Al Held, and Pierre Soulages; through 7/7. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).



Photography

Cubism Vérité

Harold Feinstein, who since the forties has chronicled Coney Island's fading glamour, invented his own kaleidoscopic lens to create these geometrically refracted, nearly abstract images of New York City buildings. At the Municipal Art Society, 457 Madison Avenue.

Photograph by Harold Feinstein.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Michel Alexis—These recent large-scale paintings from the series "Stolen Diaries" depict enigmatic narratives based on the text by Gertrude Stein and draw on the Steinian ideas of "continuous present" and universal biography; through 8/12. Dahn, 39 Wooster St. (343-1420).

Leigh Bowery—The performance artist, who was a model for the painter Lucian Freud and died last year, is remembered in this tribute exhibition of photographs (by Fergus Greer, Annie Liebovitz, Bruce Bernard, and others), video clips, and costumes; through 7/28. Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. (925-8035).

R. Crumb—Watercolors, drawings, and prints from the sixties through the eighties, including original art for magazine covers, record-cover designs, and humorous drawings from the artist's sketchbooks; through 7/29. Cutler, 379 W. Broadway (219-1577).

Jiri David—The artist, who is Czechoslovokian and teaches at the Academy of Fine Arts in Prague, takes photographic portraits of people he considers influential, then cuts the images in half and joins two right sides or two left sides together in diptych format; through 7/28. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Philip Guston—The artist's "Poem-Pictures," collaborations with writers and poets in which he integrates fragments of their writings into his own graphic imagery; through 7/28. The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (219-2166).

Peter Halley/Ettore Sottsass—New large-scale paintings./Furniture and ceramics from the late fifties through the eighties. Through 7/28. Gorney, 100 Greene St. (966-4480).

Nadiya Jinnah—Abstract paintings on molded clay that suggest landscapes; through 7/22. B.A.I., 575 Broadway (941-5588).

Barry Le Va—Four recent sculptures and related drawings; through 7/28. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Glenn Ligon/Scott Burton—Created in collaboration with the Fabric Workshop in Philadelphia, this series of eight punching bags is the artist's examination of black-male identity and the stereotyping of aggression./Sculptures that have not been previously exhibited. Through 8/31. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Emil Nolde—The largest private exhibition ever held in the United States of the German Expressionist's works on paper, including watercolors and prints of flowers, figures, seascapes, and landscapes; through 7/23. McEnroe, in cooperation with Galerie Michael Beck Leipzig, 41 Greene St. (219-0395).

Monique Safford—Paintings whose imagery is derived from eighteenth- and nineteenth-century line engravings published for purposes of male titillation; through 7/28. Maynes, 225 Lafayette St. (431-3952).

Xavier Veilhan—An installation on the theme of the medieval knight and his horse that suggests a similarity between the heraldic system of Europe in the Middle Ages and the contemporary use of signs; through 8/12. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Other

Jonathan Borofsky—Two twenty-foot-tall human figures, one painted black and the other white, each of which has a glowing red light in its chest that pulses with the sound of the artist's heartbeat;

through 8/19. Grand Central Terminal Main Waiting Room, 42nd St. between Lexington and Vanderbilt Aves. (878-7262).

Hunt Slonem—Expressionistic paintings of the artist's own exotic birds; through 7/22. Lannon, 530 W. 22nd St. (255-7115).

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Baumgold—128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338). Paintings, drawings, sculpture, and photography of—or on the subject of—still life, by Adams, Condo, Clarke, Kulicke, Larmon, Moore, Steinberg, Stoll, others; through 7/26.

Kouros—23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888). Paintings, photography, and sculpture by 22 artists, plus drawings by Larry Rivers and drawings and sculpture by Andre Masson; through 7/28.

Murakami—17 E. 71st St. (717-6085). Paintings by the Hungarian masters Istvan Csok, Sir Philip Laszlo, Mihaly Munkacsy, and Sugo Scheiber; through 9/9.

57th Street Area

Blum Helman—20 W. 57th St. (245-2888). Works by Andoe, Bowling, Gipe, Glantzman, Sicilia; through 7/29.

Borgenicht—724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111). Works by six contemporary Korean artists; through 7/28.

De Nagy—41 W. 57th St. (421-3780). A summer group show of works by gallery artists, including Berlind, Bowman, Burckhardt, Campbell, Foss, Hannah, Heller, Park, Porter; through 7/28.

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (759-2345). "Making Waves," with paintings and works on paper by Blaine, Brandt, Dodd, Freilicher, Kraft, Rickert, Sullivan, Wexler, Wilson, others; through 8/25.

Joseph—745 Fifth Ave. (751-5500). Art-furniture and decorative objects by Bennett, Castle, Holzapfel, Maruyama, Zucca, others; through 9/1.

Littlejohn Contemporary—41 E. 57th St. (980-2323). An exhibition that was organized by the late Julian Pretto, of works by Allain, Andre, Barry, Haynes, Kretschmer, Lang, LeWitt, Mosset, Obering, Wagner, and Zinsser; through 7/28.

McCoy—41 E. 57th St. (319-1996). Recent works by Phelan, Rockburne, Sugimoto; through 7/21.

Reece—24 W. 57th St. (333-5830). Recent landscape paintings by Breslow, Holt, Homitzky; through 7/21.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). Collages by Bearden, Cornell, Greene, Ossorio, Rauschenberg, Ryan, Tanning, others; works on paper by Fairfield Porter; through 8/25.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Paintings and drawings by Beckmann, Corinth, Grosz, Heckel, Klimt, Pippin, Schiele, others; through 9/8.

Schmidt-Bingham—41 E. 57th St. (888-1122). Figurative paintings and sculpture by Buck, Neel, Minich, Treiman, Vermeersch; through 8/18.

Washburn—20 W. 57th St. (397-6780). Paintings and drawings of, or based on, landscapes and seascapes, by Brooke, Brooks, Jensen, Leslie, Resnick, Stout; through 7/28.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Arstark—568 Broadway (431-7334). "Whateva," with works by Berry, Corn, Giovinco, Horvath, Micros, Penrose, others; through 7/28.

Basilico—26 Wooster St. (966-1831). "Summer Fling," a constantly changing group show in which various artists have been asked to choose a partner-collaborator; through 7/28.

Beitzel—102 Prince St. (219-2863). "Insight," with works by Bailey, Bramson, Greene, Hammond, Heffernan, Hristoff, Lucero, McCarthy, Messer, Moore, Mull, Munson, Saunders; through 7/28.

Bravin Post Lee—80 Mercer St. (966-2676). For this exhibit, titled "Country Cöde," the gallery invited 30 galleries from around the world to each send one work on paper by one of their artists, the only stipulation being that the artist live and work in the gallery's country of origin; through 7/28.

FAITH NO MORE
Easy

Talent

A nostalgia for old-style record-album covers *was the inspiration behind "Smells Like Vinyl," a group* show of CD-sized watercolors by more than 100 artists, writers, and musicians, among them John Baldessari, Alexis Rockman, Amy Gerstler, and Steve Hanson and Antonio Ortiz of the heavy-metal/alternative band Solvang. At Roger Merians Gallery, 76 Greene Street.

Cooper—155 Wooster St. (674-0766). Works that rely physically or conceptually on the architecture of corners, by Andre, Antoni, Beuys, Cadere, Flavin, Gober, Gonzalez-Torres, Horn, Piper, Sander, Shapiro, Weiner; through 7/28.

Cristinrose—395 W. Broadway (431-1862). Works with floral imagery by Bleckner, Campus, Finley, Fuss, Merola, Palmer, Samaras, Stathacos, Wilson, Woodruff, others; through 7/29.

Feldman—31 Mercer St. (226-3232). Works by artists who show with the Brooklyn-based galleries Sauce, Pierogi 2000, Momenta Art, and Four Walls; through 8/4.

Gibson—568 Brodway (925-1192). Works by twelve artists who have lived or worked within the boundaries of the property known as 1107 Manhattan Avenue, among them Michael Corris, Mark Dagley, Steve DiBenedetto, Janine Gordon, Laura Nash, and Steven Parrino; through 7/21.

Harris—524 Broadway (941-9895). Works by Bohary, Chaleff, D'Arrigo, Hatton, Joines, Passlof, Yasuda, others; through 7/28.

Henry Street Settlement—466 Grand St. (598-0400). "(dis)Oriented: Shifting Identities of Asian Women," with works by Abad, Aoki, Arai, Banzon, Darooka, Han, Uchida, Yamamoto, others; through 7/28 (exhibition is also on view at Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St., 431-4224).

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). Images of New York landmarks by Abbott, David, Haas, Lordi, Ross, Warner, others; through 7/28.

In Khan—415 W. Broadway (226-6484). Sculpture and paintings by Othoneil, Ritchey, Werner; through 7/28.

Klein—40 Wooster St. (431-1980). "As Big as Life," with works by Abramovic/Ulay, Casebere, Garfield, Reichek, Ruff, Rideal; through 7/28.

Lombard Freid—470 Broome St. (334-5060). "Serial Histories," with works that incorporate serial imagery by Beblo, Cruz, Daniels; through 7/29.

Merians—76 Greene St. (334-9099). For the show "Smells Like Vinyl," 150 participating artists, writers, and musicians were asked to make compact disc-sized watercolors of their favorite record-album covers; 7/6-8/19.

Nosei—100 Prince St. (431-9253). Invitational group show with works by Amer, Elizondo, Rappenecker, Sillman, others; through 7/28.

Perlow—560 Broadway (941-1220). Works by Bigler, Brindley, Harnett, Lloyd, Shapiro, others; through 7/28.

Shapolsky—99 Spring St. (334-9755). Images of animals in paintings and sculpture by Arnold, Carlson, Dodd, Lieber, Pace, Rupp, Sullivan, Winter, others; through 9/23.

Stark—560 Broadway (925-4484). "Color: Sign, System, Sensibility" features works by Apfelbaum, Kalina, Katz, Hyde, Sims, Stoll, others; through 7/21.

Zarre—48 Greene St. (966-2222). Paintings and works on paper by Delauney, Gordon, Pereira, Lanyon, Strider, Xceron, others; through 7/22.

Other

Sculpture Center at Roosevelt Island—Main St., Roosevelt Island (832-4540). Outdoor sculptures by Geller, Jensen, Lesnewski, Nicol, Sussman, Zemel; through 11/15.

Snug Harbor Cultural Center—1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-448-2500); Wed.-Sun. 12-5; $2 suggested donation. "In Three Dimensions: Women Sculptors of the 90s," features indoor and outdoor works by more than 125 women; through 1/14.

Photography

John Batho—A series of photographs of rock formations on the northern coast of Brittany that were taken in 1992 when the photographer was invited by the Conservatoire du Littoral (a body devoted to the conservation of the French shorelines) to photograph protected sites; through 7/28. Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-7430).

John Brill—Photographs of images that seem to fade or reconstruct themselves before the viewer and are inspired by the concept of engram, a hypothetical memory trace; through 7/28. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-4500).

Douglas Brothers—Platinum prints by Andrew and Stuart Douglas, brothers who have been working together as photographers since 1985 and live in London's South End; through 7/29. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Harold Feinstein—Photographs of New York City buildings taken between 1989 and 1994 whose abstract prisms of shadow and light bring to mind Georgia O'Keeffe's paintings of New York cityscapes; through 9/15. Municipal Art Society, 457 Madison Ave. (935-3960).

Ralph Gibson—Color and black-and-white photographs taken in France over the past twenty years; through 7/13. French Cultural Services, 972 Fifth Ave. (439-1400).

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11-8, Wed.-Sun. 11-6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "PhotoDiary: Lynn Goldsmith." Large-format photographs of musicians; through 7/16. "Ruth Orkin: Retrospective"; through 7/16. "Lucky Strikes: Photographs by Toby Old"; through 7/16.

ICP Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (860-1783), Tue. 11-8, Wed.-Sun. 11-6. "An American Century of Photography: From Dry-Plate to Digital, The Hallmark Photographic Collection"; through 9/10. "Eyes on an Era: Photographs by Irving Haberman"; through 9/10.

Peter Keetman—Photographs of landscapes, gears, nudes, and other subject matter taken in the fifties and sixties by this German photographer who was a founder of the group Fotoform, and works by other Fotoform members; through 7/29. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Karen Kuehn—Enigmatic black-and-white pinhole photographs of the Puerto Rican island of Vieques that evoke a universal place rather than a specific one; through 7/28. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Herbert Matter—Black-and-white photographs from the early thirties that were used for travel posters by the Swiss Tourist Office, and a group of portraits and fashion photographs from the late forties; through 9/2. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

Arno Rafael Minkkinen—A retrospective of self-portraits in which the photographer poses isolated parts of his body against intimate interiors or landscapes; through 7/14. Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave. (628-5300).

Pace/MacGill—32 E. 57th St. (759-7999). Large-scale photographs by Cadieux, Close, Coplans, Cox, Hellebrand, Horsfield, Jacobson, Serrano, Sherman, Stivers; through 9/1.

Randy West—Photographs of figures waist-deep in water, printed on photosensitized linen; through 7/8. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Brett Weston—A survey of works by this photo-

Photograph courtesy of the Roger Merians Gallery.

grapher (1911–1993), of whom the photography-historian Nancy Newhall wrote: "He saw the delicate aerial structure of eerie plants reaching into the skies, the dunes gray with storm or gleaming with snow against dark, distant mountains—endless absorbing variations!"; through 7/29. Burden Gallery at Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Marriage in Form: Kay Sekimachi and Bob Stocksdale." 7/13-10/1. . . . "Junichi Arai: Post-Industrial Craftsman." 7/13–10/1. . . . "Facets of the Same Nature: A Survey of Contemporary Dutch Ceramics." 7/13–10/1. . . . "Diane Itter: A Retrospective." 7/13–10/1. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Art in the Service of Science." An assemblage of works by renowned naturalists and artists (Mon.-Fri. 10-5). Through 12/30. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Asia Society—"Monkey." Works that depict monkeys, ranging from Indian temple sculptures to Japanese netsuke. Through 9/10. 725 Park Ave. (517-ASIA); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat. 11–6, Thurs. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"More Room for a View: Large-Scale Works on Paper." Through 11/5. . . . "Nardo di Cione in Context: Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum. Through 1/30/96. . . . "A Graphic Odyssey: Romare Bearden as Printmaker." Through 7/9. . . . "The Pictographs of Adolph Gottlieb." The first in-depth examination of the artist's pictographs, a series of paintings dating from 1941 to 1951. Through 8/27. . . . "Dale Chihuly: Grand Lobby Installation." Through 9/10. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.-Sun. 10-5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"Field for Dreams: An 18th-Century Bedcover." Through 8/20. . . . "Kitsch to Corbusier: Wallpaper From the 1950s." Through 8/20. . . . "Body Language: Jewelry and Accessories From the National Design Museum." Through 8/20. . . . "The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism and the Applied Arts, 1880–1930." Through 8/20. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students; free Tues. after 5.

Dahesh Museum—"Pleasures of Rural Life: Domestic Scenes and Animals in Academic Art." Paintings by Bouguereau, Hunt, Jacque, others. Through 9/23. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606); Tue.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Frick Collection—"The Golden Age of Danish Art: Drawings From the Royal Museum of Fine Arts, Copenhagen." Through 8/13. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.– Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Georg Baselitz." A survey of the German artist's paintings and sculpture from the past three decades. Through 9/17. . . . "Josef Albers: Glass, Color, and Light." Through 9/17. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $7, $4 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Antipodean Currents: Ten Contemporary Artists from Australia." Through 8/6. . . . "Gary Hill." Video installations by the Seattle-based artist. Through 8/20. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5; $3 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"Women Photographers of the Weimar Republic." Through 7/30. . . . "Tricksters, Tailors, and Fools: Yiddish Tales Through Artists' Eyes; through 7/30. . . . "Camille Pissarro: Impressionist Innovator." Through 7/16. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Nadar." The first comprehensive exhibit of the work of the French photographer Felix Tournachon, known as Nadar. Through 7/9. . . . "The Painted Roundel in the Lowlands: 1480–1560." Through 8/20. . . . "Herter Brothers: Furniture and Interiors for a Gilded Age." Through 7/30. . . . "Decorating the American Home, 1850–1900." Through 7/30. . . . "Assyrian Origins: Discoveries at Ashur on the Tigris; Antiquities from the Vorderasiatisches Museum, Berlin." Through 8/13. . . . "Art and Empire: Treasures from Assyria in the British Museum." Through 8/13. . . . "An Ancient Egyptian Bestiary: Animals in Egyptian Art." Through 10/15. . . . "Masterplan for the Greek and Roman Galleries." Through 8/6. . . . "The Architecture of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1870–1995." Through 9/3. . . . "Bloom: Fashion's Spring Garden." Through 8/20. . . . "The Kilenge of New Britain: Photographs by Philip Dark, 1964–1970." Through 7/28. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Auld Acquaintances: Famous Music from the James Fuld Collection." Through 8/27. . . . "The Fox and the Grapes: Aesop Through the Ages." Important editions of Aesop's tales, ranging in date from the third century to the twentieth. Through 8/27. . . . "Animals as Symbol in Medieval Illuminated Manuscripts." Through 8/27. . . . 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Animals in African Art: From the Familiar to the Marvelous." Through 12/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6. $4, $2 children, students, and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Victorian Vernacular: The American Quilt Show." Through 9/10. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Reaffirming Spirituality." Works by 34 Latino artists paired with works they selected from the museum's permanent collection. Through 8/13. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 seniors and students.

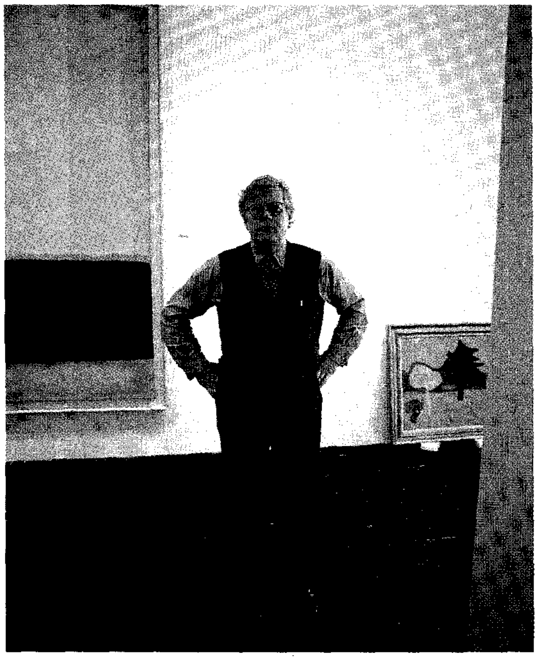
Museum of Modern Art—"Artist's Choice: Elizabeth

Installation

Going Dutch

It's possible to select pieces from a museum's permanent collection and transmogrify them into a must-see show, but a fresh take is essential to the task. Which is why the Whitney Museum asked Amsterdam's Rudi Fuchs, who is nothing if not a maverick thinker, to curate "Views From Abroad: European Perspectives on American Art I," which opened last week and is the first of three exhibitions of the Whitney's permanent collection to be curated by European museum directors. But even Whitney curators were startled by the Stedelijk Museum director's unlikely juxtapositions of works, the most remarkable of which is a wall featuring Frank Stella's mammoth 1959 vertical black enamel stripe painting *Die Fahne Hoch*—one of that series of Stella paintings that shook the art world in 1960—flanked crosslike on either side by small, brooding seascape paintings by George Luks, Rockwell Kent, and Arthur Dove. The effect is shocking, hilarious, and strangely romantic. "I have an understanding of artworks that does not conform to a dominant idea of style," Fuchs says, "and I tend to look around the corner."

Even so, organizing the show was an education for Fuchs. His own exposure to American art was limited, he says, noting that most European museum collections start with Abstract Expressionism. "For me, it was very exciting to see all the works at the Whitney," says Fuchs. "When you look at [Marsden] Hartley, [John] Sloan, and [Charles] Demuth, you find artists of extreme ability, and they have this kind of resolve—they go straight ahead to what they want to do. For Europeans, it's hard to paint a tree. When Cézanne painted a landscape, he always worried what Poussin would think of it." Lacking the didacticism that has been a part of most museum shows of recent years, Fuchs's merrily iconoclastic show invites a viewer to reconsider, or even discard, conventional notions about American art. Fuchs's placement of an early, abstract Brice Marden painting next to an early Edward Hopper seascape is a perfect case in point. "Marden is a wonderful, tender abstractionist," Fuchs explains. "One of the great landscape painters of our time." EDITH NEWHALL



Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Murray." For the fifth exhibit in this series, the artist Elizabeth Murray selected works from the museum's permanent collection by 70 women artists. Through 8/22. . . . "The United Nations in Perspective." Through 9/26. . . . "Video Spaces: Eight Installations." Through 9/12. . . . "Mutant Materials in Contemporary Design." Through 8/22. . . . "Helen Chadwick: *Bad Blooms.*" Through 7/11 . . . . "Masterworks from the Louise Reinhardt Smith Collection." Through 8/22. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri., 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"Union Settlement Association: 100 Years of Leadership in East Harlem." Through 11/5. . . . "New York Saved: Thirty Years of Landmarks Preservation." Through 7/30. . . . "Curating New York: The Legacy of Grace M. Mayer." Through 9/8. . . . "A Century Apart: Images of Struggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers." Through 9/3. . . . "Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments." Through 10/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"Contemporary British Architecture: Recent Projects from the Royal Academy of Arts Summer Exhibition." An overview of current trends in British architecture. Through 9/17. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. 12–8, free 5-8); $3.50; $2 seniors and students.

National Museum of the American Indian—Three exhibitions featuring approximately 500 Native American objects from the museum's collection. 1 Bowling Green (668-6624); daily 10–5; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Treasury of the Past." Paintings, sculptures, and historic objects and documents from the museum's collection. Through 9/17. . . . "On the Avenue, Fifth Avenue." Through 9/17. . . . "Inventory: Christian Boltanski." An installation that is a museum display of actual belongings of a contemporary New Yorker. Through 9/17. 2 W. 77th St (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"What Price Freedom?" A selection of objects from the library's collections that exemplify moments in history when people took great risks to express themselves freely. Through 1/6/96. . . . "The Collecting Adventure, 1895–1995." Through 5/24/96. . . . "Part I: Documenting Pop and Avant-Garde." Through 9/1. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10-6, Tue.-Wed. 11-6, Thur.–Sat. 10-6; free.

Queens Museum of Art—"Yukinori Yanagi: Project Article 9." Through 7/16. . . . "The View from Within: Japanese-American Art from the Internment Camps, 1942–1945." Through 7/16. Flushing Meadows, Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat.–Sun. 12-5; $3; $1.50 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Mothers, Fathers, and Legendary Ancestors: Selections of Classical African Sculpture." Through 10/1. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed., Thur., Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5; $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum—"Views From Abroad." The first of three exhibitions organized by directors of European museums that looks at the artistic relationship between America and Europe during the twentieth century. Through 10/1. . . . "Edward Hopper and the American Imagination." An exhibition that explores the artist's influence on American creativity in the twentieth century. Through 10/15. . . . "Edward Hopper and the American Cinema." Through 8/13. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8, Fri. 11-9; $7, $5 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8 and Fri. 6–9). **Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris**—"Double Take: Views of Modern Life by Stuart Davis and Reginald Marsh." Through 7/7. 120 Park Ave. (570-3676), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thur. 11–7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (606-0400). 7/11 at 10 and 2: "Summer Sale." On view from 7/6.

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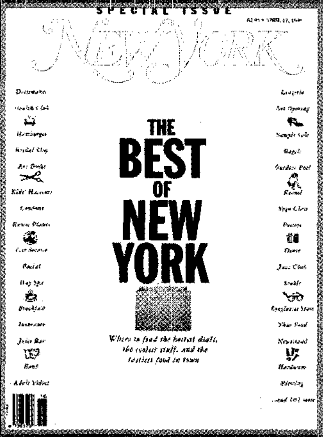
SPECIAL ISSUE
New York
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Where to find the hottest deals, the coolest stuff, and the tastiest food in town

According to spring 1995 MRI, NEW YORK Magazine ranks number one for delivering the most affluent magazine audience, with a median household income of $71,713.

restaurants

armer Jean (Paul)...Chelsea Brew...Rib Expres

Manhattan

Lower New York

Acappella—A cherrywood bar, tapestries, and three fifteen-foot windows lend grand atmospherics to this Northern Italian downtowner, where food is prepared tableside. Try the homemade grappa. *1 Hudson St. (240-0163). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

American Renaissance—The dining room of Eric Blauberg's grand restaurant in the American Thread Building looks like the monastery of the order of Saint Liberace. Chef Blauberg uses very of-the-moment infusions to create some of the freshest and most carefully prepared food in town. *260 W. Broadway, two blocks south of Canal St. (343-0049). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming, narrow booths line the east wall and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

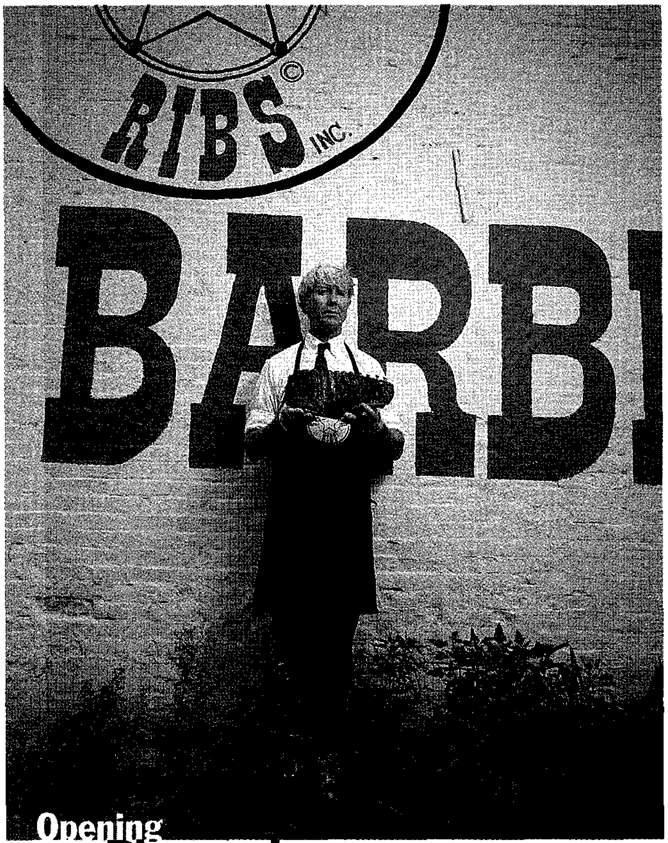
F.illi Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Debrosses Street (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Grand Deli—A prime example of Lower East Side fusion: huge portions of glatt kosher deli/Chinese concoctions, like Sino strip steak, created by Chef Lee, formerly of Bernstein-on-Essex. *399 Grand St. (477-5200). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to re-invent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Le Pactole—Contemporary and classical French cuisine in sophisticated surroundings with a breathtaking view of the Hudson River. Host/owner Romeo DeGobbi makes brunch on Sunday a must. *2 World Financial Ctr., on the balcony of the Winter Garden (945-9444). (M—E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*



Opening
Ribrunning

Barbecue maestro Robert Pearson finally opened the long-awaited new branch of his acclaimed restaurant Stick to Your Ribs in Manhattan two weeks ago, which is good news for us all—there is no better approximation of Texas barbecue to be found in this city. But rents—and available Upper West Side square footage—being what they are, Pearson will smoke most of his succulent Texas beef, hot links, and chopped pork in the massive 1,000-pound hickory-burning pit at the original Long Island City location and twice daily truck the precious cargo, *Wages of Fear*–style, uptown (433 Amsterdam Avenue, near 80th Street).

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. *203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

South Street Seaport

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. *Pier 17, Promenade Level. (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

L'Udo—On a broad and blossoming stretch of Lafayette Street, this cool, countrified French and Italian restaurant has rough-hewn walls and outdoor seating that welcomes warmer weather. *432 Lafayette St. (388-0978). (M) AE, TM.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro

Photograph by Greg Miller.

draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. *190 W. 4th St. (633-BARK). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

C3 Restaurant—Henry James's Village was never like this: crawfish-and-turkey-sausage paella, coconut-curry salmon and lobster-and-shrimp ravioli are some of the dishes on the eclectic menu. Traditionalists can stop in for tea after a stroll through Washington Square Park. *103 Waverly Place (254-1200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caribe—Good jerk washed down by pretty great tropical drinks. The sun shines all the time here. *117 Perry St., at Greenwich St. (255-9191). (I) MC, V.*

Dix et Sept—Parisian bistro in the West Village offering Gallic staples like bouillabaisse and confit de canard. Smokers welcome, *bien sur. 181 West 10th St. (645-8023). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). Also, 58 E. 34th St. (689-1019). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I—M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nine Muses Cafe—Cheerful Greek newcomer transforms this corner of the West Village into Mykonos, especially after a glass or two of ouzo. Try the fresh grilled octopus and fish brochettes. *569 Hudson St., at W. 11th St. (741-0009). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Thomas Scott's on Bedford—Excels in new American cuisine. Try the rack of lamb. *72 Bedford St. (627-4011). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th—42nd Streets, East Side

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like paella with duck as well as a perfectly cooked rack of lamb. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Beulah—Delightful southern specialties prepared by chef-owner and former baritone opera singer Alexander Smalls. Petal-yellow walls and high wainscoting soothe, and wonderfully private banquettes against one wall make dining on sophisticated southern fare a delight. *39 E. 19th*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

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Camille's Trattoria
1135 Amsterdam Avenue
New York, NY 10025
212-749-2428

Il Campanello Ristorante
136 West 31st Street
New York, NY 10001
212-695-6111

La Pentola Pazza
133 West 13th Street
New York, NY 10011
212-741-3663

Puleo's Too
259 West 45th Street
New York, NY 10026
212-768-9232

Constable Street
156 Montague Street
Brooklyn, NY 11201
718-596-0061

Boulevard Cafe
88th Street & Broadway
New York, NY 10021
212-874-7400

The Saloon
64th & Broadway
New York, NY 10023
212-874-1500

Il Duomo Ristorante
200 West End Avenue
New York, NY 10023
212-787-4100

MaryLou's
21 West 9th Street
Greenwich Village
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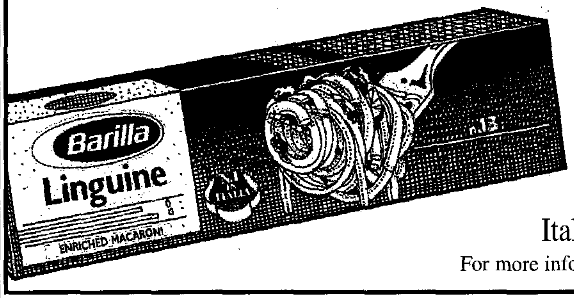

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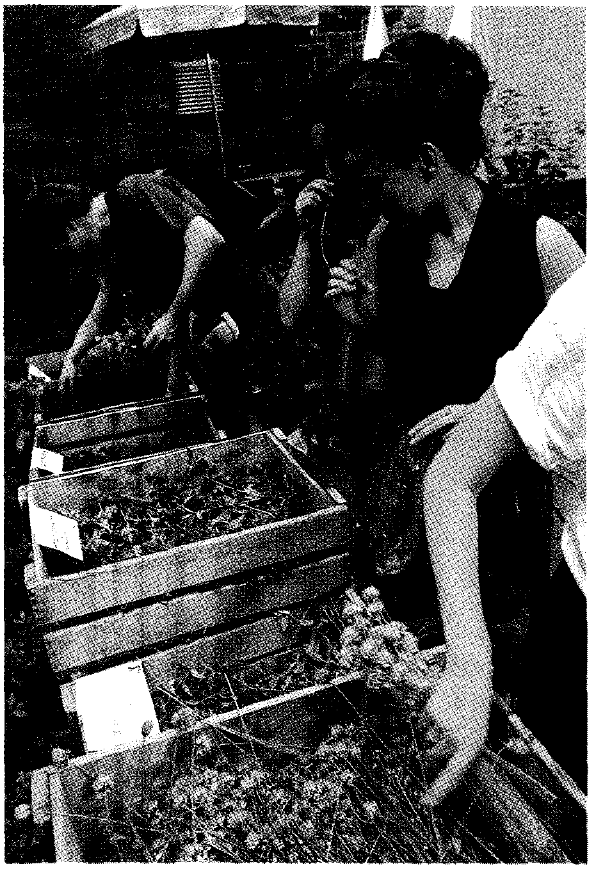
Shopping
Share Croppers

There's something unusual about the men and women picking heads of red-leaf lettuce and sugar snap peas from wooden crates in the courtyard of an Upper West Side church. Unlike the crowds at Zabar's and Fairway a few blocks away, they're not scowling at scandalous price tags or jostling one another to get to that last unblemished tomato. They're *smiling,* almost beatifically, at both one another and the bounty of fresh produce. As members of the Roxbury organic farm, these latter-day back-to-the-earth types are celebrating the first produce delivery of the season.



Roxbury, which is just outside of Hudson in Columbia County, is a CSA (community-supported agriculture) project, the newest trend—some might say cult movement—in American farming. It takes the seventies food-co-op idea one large step more seriously: In a CSA, the grower's expenses are divided equally among the members. A single Roxbury share costs $258 and yields about 250 pounds of produce a year—everything from strawberries and broccoli to mizuma and sorrel. But part of supporting local farms means eating in season; in the winter months, members often find themselves wondering what to do with five pounds of celeriac or rutabagas.

Roxbury's farmer, Dutch-born Jean-Paul Courtens, writes a weekly newsletter with recipe suggestions and homey news from the farm, which helps earn him an unmitigated devotion that borders on hero worship. Many of the original members have studied the teachings of Rudolf Steiner, the visionary Austrian philosopher who founded biodynamics, a form of farming that treats the earth as a living being—an approach that especially appeals to nature-deprived New Yorkers seeking a connection they're not finding at D'Ag's. "It's an attempt to put the human being back into the process," says Jonathan Hilton, a theater professor who first approached Courtens with the idea of a CSA five years ago. (City membership is now full, and there's been a waiting list almost every year. Hawthorne Valley is the only other CSA farm that delivers produce to the city, and it's even smaller than Roxbury.)

Diana Cohn, a children's-book writer, has visited the 100-acre farm. "I've seen the food. I've picked the strawberries. I lay them on the counter and say, 'Oh, my God . . . Jean-Paul grew these.' On really cold mornings, I get up and there's a frost, and I wonder how Jean-Paul is, how the crop is."

Indeed, members view their CSA less as a source of dinner than as a way of life, with Courtens as their spiritual guide. "There's a life force in the vegetables," says Cohn. "He's giving me life energy to do my work in the world."

ROBIN RAISFELD

St. (777-9700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Il Mare—Hearty Italian fare draws primarily business types to this midtown spot with a large bar and tons of seating. Fairly extensive menu with—surprise!—an emphasis on seafood. *10 E. 38th St. (447-1854). (M) AE, DC, TM, V.*

La Colombe d'Or—Provence without a plane ride. Delightful brownstone setting. *134 E. 26th St. (689-0666). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Live Bait—Southern-style home cooking that sticks to your ribs. Used to be that everyone and his mother had the baseball cap from this joint. Well known for a bar that reminds some of those bright college days. *14 E. 23rd St. (353-2400). (M) AE, TM.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—One of the biggest in a neighborhood known for cavernous dining. The Deco theme and American kitchen are pleasing. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Novita—The room is so beautiful in this Flatiron feedery that it won't occur to you that you've been eating belowground until you mount the small staircase with a bellyful of fine Italian fare on the way out. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Silver Swan—An old-world spot in the middle of the Flatiron restaurant boom that feels like it's been serving its German-American fare forever. Offers over 80 beers to accompany wild game specialties like venison and boar. *41 E. 20th St. (254-3611). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Stella del Mare—A surprisingly good hideaway for fresh seafood and intimate settings. *346 Lexington Ave., nr. 39th St. (687-4425). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th—42nd Streets, West Side

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. *424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cal's—A converted warehouse in the Flatiron district serving American fare in a relaxed atmosphere. *55 W. 21st St. (929-0740). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro/New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Frank's—A New York original that used to open for lunch at 9 A.M. for local meat-packers. Things are tamer now—lunch is served at noon—but the steaks are as good as they've always been. *85 Tenth Ave., nr. 15th St. (243-1349). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lola's—A lively front room gives way to a vast and airy back room, made surprisingly private by the centrally located banquettes. Regulars swear by the onion rings. Yes, that was Luther Vandross. *30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Man Ray—Popular with those on their way to the Joyce Theater for its reliable and very current American offerings. *169 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (627-4220). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) V, MC, AE, DC.*

Simply Pasta—A casual, Northern Italian spot that claims to have the best tiramisu in town, as well as a host of pasta specialties. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

43rd—56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. *44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. The dark-wood club ambience draws a well-suited crowd for dinner that stays for drinks at the bar. *301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Denim & Diamonds—Above all else, this countrified dance hall is a destination if you're in midtown and fancy a hoedown. The Texas-style barbeque is there if you work up an appetite. *511 Lexington Ave., nr. 48th St. (371-1600). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: the Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Mangeoire—A Côte d'Azur native son, chef Patrik Bruot delivers the Mediterranean flavors of southern France to a rustic room in midtown. *1008 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (759-7086). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $40 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reigns to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by their own chefs in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. *68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi–An—Midtown Japanese. But this one's elegant and soothing, with dramatic lighting. Don't wear mauve or you'll clash with the walls. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steak house jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. Wednesday through Saturday there's a carnival-inspired cabaret. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by–way–of–Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd—56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (246-6699). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 9th Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th*

Tasting Beer From Here

The brand-new Neptune Brewery, which shares space with a bridal-apparel company on the sixth floor of a Chelsea warehouse, may be the only microbrewery to use real (albeit double-filtered and boiled) New York tap water. Neptune 66, a mildly bitter pale ale, is now on tap at the beer-connoisseur bar d.b.a. and at restaurants, including Virgil's and Home. Coming soon: unfiltered, naturally carbonated U Beer. In the planning stages: a stout with Belgian malts.

Neptune
Premium Ale
12 fl. oz.
Neptune
66
Premium Ale

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

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St. (246-6513). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M—E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steak house, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/726). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Darbar—Indian cuisine fit for a king and an affordable all-you-can-eat buffet lunch seven days a week. *44 W. 56th St. (432-7227). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted ceiling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. *151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel. (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. *15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

JUdson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. Traditional music in the background. A bustling spot in the theatre district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Super-Premium Salads

The City Bakery (22 East 17th Street) has always benefited from proximity to the Greenmarket at Union Square, the source of its tart-topping strawberries and plump sweet-and-sour cherries. It's only logical, then, that the café would install a newfangled, Greenmarket-driven salad bar and stock it with daily specials like new-potato salad with homemade smoked mozzarella and red and yellow peppers, radish sprouts with miso, cucumber-spinach maki rolls, and smoked local trout with blue balsam mint. Sure, at $7.50 per pound it's a splurge, but it's also a far cry from the tired specimens available at standard-issue deli salad bars almost everywhere else.

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming, reliable, and comforting. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like raindrops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (246-9201). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shaan—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. *57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Siam Inn—Traditional Thai food served in a Thai-style dining room that is cozy and candlelit. A perfect neighborhood spot when you can make it only as far as the corner for dinner. *916 Eighth Ave., at 54th St., and 854 Eighth Ave., nr. 51st (489-5237). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the inevitable fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th—60th Streets

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include barbecue and Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kid's menu. Maple-pine accents. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or any of the more unusual regional specials. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The county's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gauguin—White-hot scene. Tahitian theme park: living palm trees, recorded birdsong, and the artist's murals. Tropical Asian cuisine and casks of cleverly named knockout drops. *The Plaza Hotel, 768 Fifth Ave., at Central Park So. (319-0404). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Taxi—Chef Frederic Feufeu has made a bistro au-

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

thentic enough to be mistaken for the real thing. *37 E. 60th St. (832-5500). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Le Train Bleu—A port in the retail storm. A French railroad dining car of old, with a view of the 59th Street Bridge. *Bloomingdale's, sixth floor, 1000 Third Ave., at 59th St. (705-2100). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Veau d'or—A proud tradition in the neighborhood, this bistro-style eatery hasn't changed in years, and almost everyone agrees that that's just fine. *129 E. 60th St. (838-8133). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Pamir on 58th Street—Upscale Afghan food (that's delicate blends of saffron, cardamom, raisins, and pistachios) in—surprise!—a tentlike setting. *1065 First Ave., at 58th St. (644-9258). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Plaza Hotel—As one might expect from the Plaza, the Edwardian Room can best be described as classic, serving Continental fare to tourists and natives alike. Just don't expect to see Eloise horsing around: She checked out long ago. *Fifth Ave. and 59th St. (759-3000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Russian Tea Room—Hollywood's commissary in Manhattan and a Carnegie Hall hangout, too. But does that make staff rudeness obligatory? Stick to the caviar and blinis with icy vodka. And come for tea. Cabaret upstairs. *150 W. 57th St. (265-0947). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern perfectly executed by wunderkind chef David Walzog. Situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

The Boat House Cafe—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an array of seasonal specialties like roast rack of lamb, farfalle with spring vegetables, and crabmeat-and-grapefruit salad. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.*

Cafe Metairie—Country French in a rustic farmhouse setting. Blazing fireplace and all . . . *mon cheri*. And, *sans blague*, they have cooing doves. *1442 Third Ave., at 82nd St. (988-1800). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people-watchers' paradise. *768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. *1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

540 Park—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a soothing atmosphere. Pretty and soft muted colors and décor make this room the ultimate lullaby. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (759-4100). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for forty years. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chick-pea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Le Boeuf a La Mode—Cozy Yorkville bistro. Try authentic Parisian specialties like rack of lamb, duck aux cassis, and moules marinieres. *539 E. 81st St. (249-1473). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccione still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Le Relais—Ask the folks at this French meta-east-sider serving a proud gaggle of fashionable internationals what to expect from their bistro, and they'll tell you they are the "heart and soul of Madison Avenue." They may well be right. *742 Madison Ave., at 63rd St. (751-5108). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles-bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ohio City—Only in New York is Midwestern home cooking marketed as an ethnic specialty. "Classic American" chow like stuffed pork chops, oven-fried chicken, and rhubarb pie. *1501 Second Ave., at 78th St. (717-4045). (I—M) MC, TM, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Polo—Clubby atmospherics, dark wood panel-

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ing, and contemporary American cuisine. Try the seafood special, whatever it is. Local *haute*-boutique owners conducting business and pleasure at lunch. Yes, that was Al Pacino ducking out the side door. *840 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (439-4835). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this elegant, muted space. *853 Lexington Ave., bet. 64th and 65th Sts. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Trois Jean—A cozy French bistro, as every corner needs. *154 E. 79th St. (988-4858). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Popolo—Italian on the Upper West Side, with everything we've come to expect: gourmet pizzas, classic pastas, and homemade tiramisu. *351 Columbus Ave., nr. 76th St. (362-1777). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

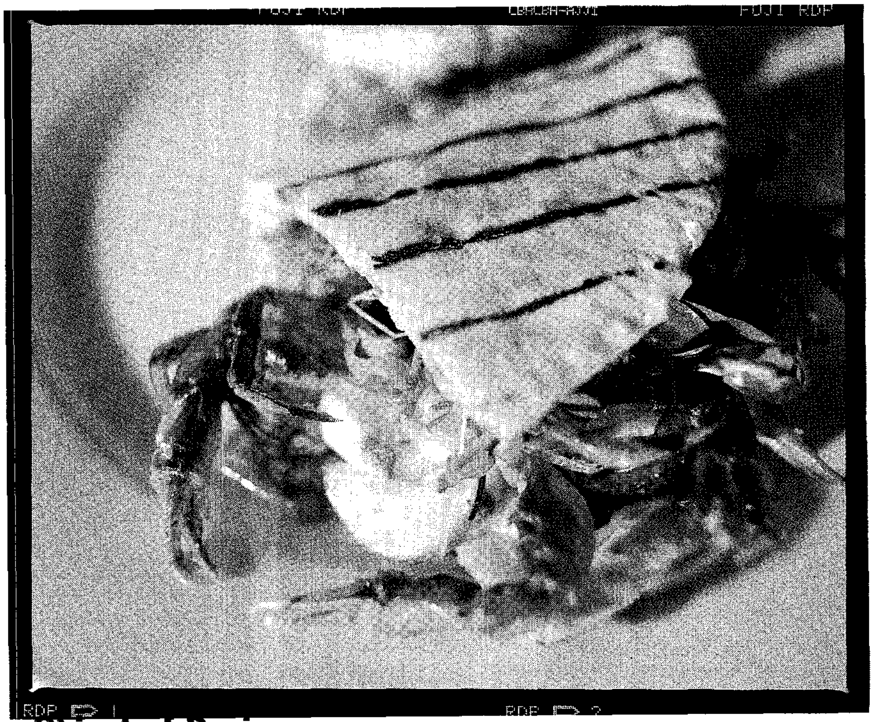
Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provides a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the Upper West Side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also, Hunan Park Two, 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th St. (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dali Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St (234-6114). (I—M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*



Object of Desire
Soft-shell Sandwich

Chef John Villa's crab gyro at Judson Grill (152 West 52nd Street) encases a couple of the coriander-crusted crustaceans, slathered with tomato-cardamom confit and tsatsiki, in chewy homemade flatbread. And no tinfoil.

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse. Frank Valenza runs a tight ship at this neighborhood American dinner spot. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Santa Fe—If it's not the margaritas, then it's the pink *faux*-adobe walls and desert tones that give this southwestern spot such a soothing feel. One of the quietest Tex-Mex places in the city. *72 W. 69th St. (724-0822). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sidewalkers—A smash-and-grab crab feast, but don't come alone. The mood in this place requires a friend or ten to share it with. *12 W. 72nd St. (799-6070). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Triad—The restaurant in this bar/café/theater offers eclectic regional American food like roast barbecued salmon with mashed sweet potatoes and black-bean salsa, crab and couscous cakes with avocado sauce, and grilled calves' liver. *158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steak house less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Queens

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75–61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. *44th Drive at the East River. (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Radio Highlights

Saturday Afternoon at the Opera—7/8 at 1: Weber's *Euryanthe*. With Jessye Norman, Rita Hunter, Nicolai Gedda, Tom Krause, Siegfried Vogel, Renate Krahmer, Harald Neukirch, and Leipziger Rundfunkchor. Marek Janowski conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"American Voices: A Summer Music Celebration"—7/5 at midnight: James Earl Jones narrates Copland's *A Lincoln Portrait*. Soprano Maria Jette performs works by Adophus Hailstork and William Grant Still. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

"Casper Citron"—7/15 at 10 P.M.: Astronaut Alan Shepard tells the story of America's race to the moon; Carl Sagan discusses evolution with his wife, Ann Druya. William D. Hartung talks about America's arms trade; Dr. Bonnie Reichman, associate professor of medical oncology at the Cornell University Medical Center, talks with Dr. Alan Sickles, chief surgeon at the Guttman Institute, about the question of mastectomy. WOR, 710 AM.

"New Sounds"—7/5 at 11 P.M.: John Schaefer features the "John Cage Citycircus, Part IX." The special includes rare historic performances, live recordings from the station's studio, and gems from their archives. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

"Symphony Hall"—7/4: Ives's *Symphony, New England Holidays* and Cowell's *Hymn and Fuguing Tune for String Orchestra*. 7/5: Bax's *Summer Music* and Dvořák's Cello Concerto in b. 7/6: Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 1 in F-sharp and Sibelius's *En Saga*. 7/7: Program not available at press time. 7/10: Haydn's Symphony No. 88 in G and Wieniawski's Violin Concerto No. 1 in f-sharp. 7/11: R. Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks* and Berwald's Symphony No. 1 in g, "Sinfonie sérieuse." 7/12: Vivaldi's Symphony in A and Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3 in d. Every weeknight at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"Something Wonderful: A Celebration of Oscar Hammerstein's 100th Birthday"—7/12 at 8 P.M.: Dozens of friends, relatives, and colleagues join host Susan Stamberg for a remembrance of Broadway's great lyricist. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

"Sunday Night Opera House"—7/9 at 8: Tchaikovsky's *Iolanta*. With Ekaterina Kudriavcenko, Gheorghi Seleznev, Igor Morosov, Vitalij Tarashenko, and Oleg Bektemirov with the Orchestra e Coro di Milano della RAI. Vladimir Delman conducts. WQXR; 96.3 FM.

New York and Company—7/3: Dr. J. William Langston on *The Case of the Frozen Addicts;* saxophonist Jimmy and drummer Albert "Tootie" Heath; Timothy Knob on a journey into the underworld of the contemporary Aztecs; Alexandra Isles on her documentary about the Danish Resistance and the rescue of the Jews. 7/4: Calvin Trillin on his new collection of essays, *Too Soon to Tell;* Robert Wilson on his one-man *Hamlet* for "Serious Fun"; Bill Irwin on his role in the New York Shakespeare Festival production of *The Tempest*. 7/5: Journalist John Hockenberry on *Moving Violations,* his memoir of war zones, wheelchairs, and declarations of independence; Edward Rothstein on *Emblems of Mind,* the inner life of music and musicians; Sidney Offit on *Memoir of the Bookie's Son;* Joseph T. Bonanno Jr. on *The Healthy Firehouse Cookbook*. 7/6: Journalist John Hess on current events; Julie Gilbert on the lives of Erich Maria Remarque and Paulette Goddard; Paul Raeburn on genetic gambling and American agriculture; Judith Blahnik and Phillip Schulz on *Mud Hens and Mavericks,* an illustrated travel guide to minor-league baseball. 7/10: *84 Charing Cross Road* author Helene Hanff; Robert and Gerald Jay Goldberg on their new biography of Ted Turner. 7/11: Frederick Karl on George Eliot; Eduardo Galleano on his stories of ghouls and fools; Lowell Handler, narrator of *Twitch and Shout,* a documentary about Tourette's syndrome. 7/12: Sarah Jessica Parker and A. R. Gurney on the new play *Sylvia;* grammarian Dr. Alan Cooper. 7/13: *National Review* senior editor Richard Brookhiser on current events; poet and essayist June Jordan; Pilobolus founders and artistic directors Robby Barnett and Jonathon Wolken on their return to the stage. Every weekday at noon on WNYC-AM 820.

For nineteenth-century laborers, it was "Hell's Hundred Acres." Robert Moses thought it a superb place for an expressway. The sweatshops relocated, the expressway was successfully defeated, and SoHo was left with a collection of cast-iron buildings more civilizing and remarkable than most of the art they now house. On July 15, the Guggenheim Museum SoHo offers an architectural tour of the district, an introduction to the current Gary Hill exhibition, and breakfast at T, its downstairs café. Call 423-3699 to reserve.

Preview

Ironclad

Photograph by Lee Ewing.

Recorded Music

Shane MacGowan and the Popes *The Snake* (Warner Bros.)—"Daddy was a sinner," rasps Shane MacGowan, in this nearly miraculous return. "Mother was a saintly person. But I ruined my life by drinking, bad wives, taking pills, and cursing." I say miraculous because that last line—as witnesses of MacGowan's former band, the Pogues, will attest—is basically true. As front man for the punk/trad-Irish juggernaut, MacGowan held forth like a raw-throated demon on the verge of self-immolation—with an alcohol content that made that eminently possible. Now, two years after being booted out for chronic unconsciousness, MacGowan has risen, phoenixlike, from the puddle to front a band that rocks every bit as hard as the Pogues. When he's not extolling the "Church of the Holy Spook" over the aforequoted rocker, MacGowan is pining for a lost love over swaying uilleann pipes, summoning the spirit of Irish rebel Roddy McCorley over a thrashy reel, or dueting with Sinead O'Connor on a creepily affecting love song. *The Snake* shows MacGowan's sharp narrative eye in full working order and a crowd of rowdy friends—including "Special Teen Idol Johnny Depp," recent compadre to the gutter poet—along to help him boot out the jams. Not since Johnny Thunders has anyone made dissipation kick so much butt. Chris Norris

George Jones and Tammy Wynette *One* (MCA)—Just the idea of a new album from the former first couple of country conjures all sorts of lurid, heartbreaking memories (or "mem'rees," as George would sing it): six years of marriage loaded with drinkin', druggin', fightin', kissin', and incomparable music. The songs on *One* seem to have been selected for their ability to allude to those good old/bad old days ("Whatever Happened to Us," "Just Look What We've Started Again") instead of any inherent strength as songs. Nothing here is even in the same Zip Code as "Two Story House." Still, the singing is spectacular throughout. The way Jones's woody baritone folds into Wynette's crystalline harmony on "An Old Love Turned Memory" raises goose bumps. And the last track, which doesn't lean overtly on the Jones-Wynette soap opera, is worthy of its singers: A bracingly simple 1969 Charley Pride song about lowered expectations called "All I Have to Offer You Is Me," it aches, especially with Jones's understated reading of the line "The only gold I have for you/ Is in the wedding band." When Wynette soars with him in the chorus, you finally hear two people who've lived hard, loved harder, and learned what endures. CHRIS SMITH

Jimmy Smith *Damn!* (Verve)—If anyone can make an organ actually *swagger*, it's Jimmy Smith, the undisputed mack daddy of the Hammond B-3. Here the 66-year-old hard-bop master brings Young Turks like trumpeter Roy Hargrove, guitarist Mark Whitfield, and bassist Christian McBride along for classic funk workouts (James Brown's "Papa's Got a Brand New Bag"), swinging affairs (Gene Ammons's "The One Before This"), and bebop flexing ("Scrapple From the Apple"). As the utterly safe tune selection suggests, this is well-traveled ground (although the superfunky and oblique reading of "Watermelon Man" is full of sly innovation). But being cutting edge hardly seems the concern here. As the hilarious, down-and-out hitchhiking photo telegraphs on the cover, *Damn!* is about revisiting the classic, grits'n'hamhocks soul-jazz of the sixties Blue Note era. And few do it with more authority than Mr. B-3 himself. C.N.

Happening

Dancing in the Dark

On New York's torpid summer nights, you can always sit home and socialize—if you care to call it that—on the Internet. But as the philosopher Edmund Leites has remarked about life in cyberspace, "It's not really interactive, like two people dancing." The real thing, for real people—pros admitted only if they don't make a spectacle of themselves—is available Wednesdays through Saturdays till July 22, on Lincoln Center Plaza, in the form of Midsummer Night Swing. For eight bucks, you get admittance to the circular dance floor, a lesson in the genre of the evening (except for Saturdays, when you're supposed to know the basics), and nearly three hours of moving to a swell band. The moon and the stars (or the clouds) are thrown in for free. Folks who are financially challenged can be found on the shadowed periphery of the fenced-off enchanted ring, watching and wishing.

Each night is devoted to a specialty: the eponymous swing and its West Coast variant (smoother and more bluesy); the venerable, romantic waltz and its spirited cousin the polka; country-and-western (wear your boots and fringes); seduction in its myriad Latin and Caribbean guises; and punchy disco. Naturally, each form has its special devotees, but initiates also abound at every session: curious, a little awkward, but optimistically anticipating pleasure, like children certain they like chocolate ice cream tasting cherry-vanilla for the first time.

You can bring a partner or come unattached and enlarge your acquaintance. Last summer, two sweet young things were fêted by the mistress of ceremonies; having met at a previous Midsummer Night Swing, they were celebrating their first anniversary at the propitious site. People of the third age, as the French suavely call their seniors, are also much in evidence, proving that agility and a lust for life need not be diminished by accumulated years. These serene duos, with their invariably benign expressions, serve to remind the rising and middle-aged generations that an enduring relationship has much to do with the basics of dancing in couples: the constant give-and-take that allows two to function as one, and an intuitive sense of a partner's rhythm. TOBI TOBIAS

The Written Word

Rupaul—7/12 at 7:30, Shakespeare & Co., 2259 Broadway, at 81st St. (580-7800); free.

Eduardo Galeano—7/6 at 7:30, reading from Walking Words at Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave. (787-6300); free.

Miss Coco Peru, Lucy Grealy, and Anna Quindlen—7/6 at 8:30, SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield; enter the park at 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (360-CPSS); free.

Lectures and Panels

"Ethnic Imagery in the Fifties"—7/6 at 6:30: Assimilation, individualism, and ethnicity are discussed in this lecture by Faith Davis Ruffins about images of black Americans in advertisements, album covers, concert posters, and alternative magazines. Images from the Smithsonian's Collection of Advertising History will be featured in the program. Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum, 2 E. 91st. St. (860-6321); $15.

Newt Gingrich—7/6 at 7: He speaks at the 92nd St. Y (996-1100) and, presumably, gets acquainted with an audience of New Yorkers who think he should have stopped off at the lecture listed above; $17.

Tours

The All-Night Walking Tour . . . in honor of Independence Day—7/4, 2-6 A.M.: Stroll the park and streets around City Hall in this candlelight celebration. Visit the site of George Washington's inauguration, the first United States Capitol Building, and Golden Hill (scene of New York's first Revolutionary War battle). Sunrise on the Staten Island Ferry is optional. Call 996-1100 for information and registration; $15.

"From Dinosaurs to Gershwin"—A new Sidewalks of New York tour of the Upper West Side. Learn about, among other things, Central Park West, madams, and murdered chorus girls on this guided stroll through the neighborhood. Meet in front of the south entrance to the Museum of Natural History, 77th St. bet. Columbus Ave. and Central Park West; call 517-0201 for information. $10.

"Happy Birthday, U.S.A."—7/4 at noon and 2:30: Walking tours of the historic Wall Street area, each passing sites associated with the country's early years. You'll see where the 1735 trial of John Peter Zenger (the one that established the principle of freedom of the press) took place, where George Washington was inaugurated, and the site of the Battle of Golden Hill. You'll also see Trinity Church and Fraunces Tavern (where Washington bade farewell to his officers at the end of the Revolution). And you'll be invited to sing "Happy Birthday" and blow out the candles on a cake. For meeting places and reservations, call 265-2663.

A Holiday Big Onion Tour—7/4: Governors Island. Call 439-1090 for meeting place, time, and more information.

"The Heart of the Park: *More* Secrets of Central Park"—A sequel to Sidewalks of New York's park tour. In Olmstead's backyard, explore the Rambles, climb through the Shakespeare Garden to get to Belvedere Castle, learn the curse of the Obelisk, and see the site where its deadly power seems to have led to murder. Meet at the northwest corner of Central Park West and 72nd St., near the subway entrance. Call 517-0201 for scheduling information. $10.

"Brooklyn Bridge to Brooklyn Heights, at Twilight"—7/8 at 4: Cross the bridge to see the city's first suburb and learn about its architecture, history, and residents. Stops include Plymouth Church, Walt Whitman's childhood home, the A. A. Low Mansion, and the Brooklyn Historical Society. Call 439-1090 for meeting place. $9.

"A Tribute to Jackie"—A two-hour stroll through Mrs. Onassis's neighborhood one year after her death, with stops at many of her favorite places. Call 662-5300 for schedule information (the tour happens just about every day) and meeting place; $10.

Grand Central Terminal—This tour is organized by the Municipal Art Society, which played a crucial role some sixteen years ago in the preservation of Grand Central. Learn about the design and hidden features of one of the nation's most important urban landmarks. The tour meets most Wednesdays at the Chemical Bank Commuter Express on the main concourse at 12:30. Call 935-3960 for information.

"All in the Family"—See Little

Cue

Kim France
Editor

John Dioso
Sports

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Michael Giltz
Movies
In Concert

Linda Hall
Books
Events
Radio

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Chris Norris
Nightlife
Popular Music

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants & Bars

Randall Short
Theater
Cabaret

Photograph by Jack Vartoogian.

Italy on Sidewalks of New York's guided tour of *Godfather*land. Call 517-0201 for schedule information and meeting place; $10.

Fairs and Festivals

Nineteenth-Annual American Crafts Festival—7/8–9, noon to 9: 350 juried craft displays selected from every region of the United States, as well as continuous entertainment, demonstrations, and exotic and natural foods make up this festival at Lincoln Center Plaza and Damrosch Park, 64th St. at Columbus Ave. Admission is free, and the rain dates are 7/15–16.

Exhibitions

"Myths of American History: Beyond the Cherry Tree"—7/4 from noon to 4: Celebrate Independence Day where American patriots met in Revolutionary days. The Fraunces Tavern, 54 Pearl Street, marks the day with an open house featuring the aforementioned exhibition, its two period rooms (the Long Room and the Clinton Room), a one o'clock walking tour ("Revolutionary New York"), and a 3 P.M. concert by the Veteran Corps of Artillery. Call 425-1778 for more information. The open house and concert are free; the tour costs $10 for non-members.

Sports

Doc, Heal Thyself; Then Give Us a Call—By the time you read this, Darryl Strawberry may already have played his first game as a Yankee. Now, following Strawberry's handlers' lead, representatives for Doc Gooden—via a front-page story in last Monday's *Daily News*—have planted the idea of reuniting the former cornerstones of the Mets franchise. Are the Yankees becoming a big-league version of the San Jose Bees, which in the eighties gained infamy as an A-league halfway house for recovering-addict ballplayers looking for a last chance? Moreover, why are New York's tabloids flacking for disgraced ex–sports icons? What next—Pete Rose for Yankee manager? In spite of all the turmoil, or perhaps because of it, the Bombers have been exactly that, at press time winners of six straight, a half-game out of second, and trailing the very vulnerable Red Sox by six and a half. 7/3–5 at Chicago. 7/6–9 at Texas.

Like Mets on a Sinking Ship—Meanwhile, a team that could actually use the distraction continues to sink and sink. Right now, the Mets have all the appeal of a muggy, overcast day, and the team's "Big Three"—Bobby Bonilla, Bret Saberhagen, and John Franco—have all expressed their frustration over playing for a team that sucks this bad. Will G.M. Joe McIlvaine break up that old gang of Green's? If he does, look for the Amazin's to be as amazingly dreadful (and ho-hum) as they were in the late seventies, when their roster was riddled with such where-are-they-nows as Lenny Randle, Steve Henderson, and Doug Flynn—an era that ended with the arrival of, who else, *DAR-RYL*. 7/3–6 at Shea vs. Chicago. 7/7–9 at Pittsburgh.

Online

New York Magazine Online—Our own online service debuts. CompuServe go NYMAG: 7/5.

Janet Batchler—Screenwriter of the summer's runaway-hit movie *Batman Forever,* on America Online: 7/5 at 9 P.M.

John Hockenberry—Two-time Peabody Award winner and former reporter for National Public Radio for more than a decade, Hockenberry is currently a correspondent for the ABC News program *Day One,* for which he received an Emmy. Hockenberry talks about his career and obstacles he's overcome—which he chronicled in his recently released memoir, *Moving Violations*—on Prodigy: 7/5 at 10 P.M.

Kim Fields—*Facts of Life's* Tootie, who recently revived her flailing acting career on Fox's *Living Single,* will be on America Online: 7/5 at 10 P.M.

Jordan Goodman—*Time* magazine's "Moneywatch" columnist will answer your personal-finance questions on the first Wednesday of each month. America Online: 7/5 at 10 P.M.

Martin Yate—The author of the best-selling *Knock 'Em Dead* series will answer questions and offer advice on finding jobs, setting attainable career goals, and achieving success in today's marketplace. CompuServe: 7/6 from 8 to 10 P.M.

Bob Goan—The co-host of *Entertainment Tonight* will be live on America Online: 7/6 at 10 P.M.

Steve "Psycho" Lyons—Baseball player for the Boston Red Sox and the Chicago White Sox, Lyons will be discussing his new book, *PSYCHOanalysis,* about his life in major-league baseball, on Prodigy: 7/9 at 9 P.M.

Robert Seidman—Author of the newsletter *In, Around and Online,* will talk about his work and give advice on how to best navigate the worldwide web. America Online: 7/9 at 10 P.M.

Michelangelo Signorile—The vituperative *Out* magazine columnist discusses his new book, *Outing Yourself: How to Come Out as Lesbian or Gay to Your Family, Friends and Co-Workers,* on America Online: 7/10 at 9 P.M.

Victor Slezak—The actor who plays the son in the movie *The Bridges of Madison County* will be on America Online: 7/10 at 10 P.M.

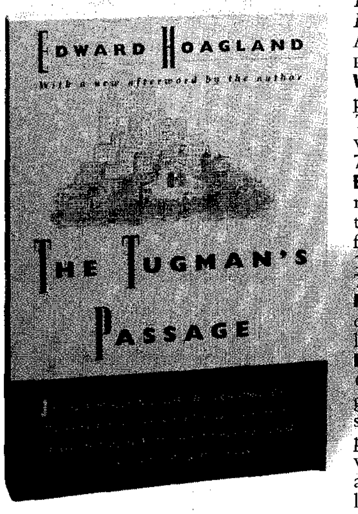
Benjamin Netanyahu—The current leader of Israel's opposition Likud Party and candidate for prime minister of Israel in 1996 will be on CompuServe: 7/10 at 10:30 P.M.

Howie Mandel—The eighties comic chats on America Online: 7/11 at 10 P.M.

Daniel Janal—Author of *The Online Marketing Handbook,* a guidebook that shows how to sell, advertise, publicize, and promote products and services on the Internet as well as on the Commercial Online Services, will be on CompuServe: 7/11 at 10 P.M.

Todd Haynes—Known for his debut film, *Superstar: The Karen Carpenter Story,* Haynes went on to win the 1991 Cannes Grand Jury Prize for his second feature, *Poison.* His latest, *Safe,* stars Julianne Moore as a California housewife who falls victim to environmental poisoning. He'll be live in the Movie Zone on CompuServe: 7/11 at 9 P.M.

Unless otherwise noted, conferences last about one hour. E-mail comments to runnette@emedia.net



In Print **"A writer's thirties are often his best decade (*Moby Dick*)," Edward Hoagland once mused. "But one has also heard good things about the forties (*Huckleberry Finn*)." It has been suggested that Hoagland's sixties are not his finest, what with his complaints about the difficulty of contemporary manhood and an indelicate memoir of his late ex-wife, critic Marion Magid. But *The Tugman's Passage,* a collection of his earlier work just reissued in paperback, gives us Hoagland in full command of his craft; it's keynoted by an exceptional piece on the tugboatmen of New York Harbor. (Lyons & Burford, $14.95.)**

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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Kids

Float and Splash...

Children's Events

Sail Away—Make a sailboat out of Japanese knotweed, then launch it in the Harlem Meer. For ages 6 and up. 7/8, from 1 to 3. Or make one from recycled foam and bamboo with Steve Tibout of the Central Park Model Yacht Club. For all ages. 7/9 at 1 and 2. Both workshops are at **The Charles A. Dana Discovery Center,** 110th St. nr. Fifth Ave. (860-1370). Or make a fancy yacht from cardboard at the Staten Island Children's Museum's Beach Box Regatta. Open to all ages. 7/8 from 1 to 4:30. 1000 Richmond Terr., Staten Island (718-273-2060). Free with $3.25 admission.●

Fanfair—Play stickball, hear a Klezmer concert, and sample refreshments from an earlier era alongside the Hudson River. The daylong family festival kicks off an exhibit of photographs and miniatures called "Pickles & Egg Cream: Sharing Memories of the New York Experience" at **The Hebrew Home for the Aged at Riverdale.** 7/9, rain or shine, from 1 to 4. 5901 Palisade Ave., Riverdale (718-549-8700 ext. 596). Free. An enormous fair featuring a lumberjack show, a racing-pig derby, dairy exhibits, marionettes, rides, and circus acts. Mondays through Thursdays from 6 to 1 A.M., Fridays from 6 to 2 A.M., Saturdays from noon to 2 A.M., Sundays from 1 to midnight. Special hours: 7/9 from noon to midnight. Through 7/9. **Giants Stadium,** New Jersey Sports Complex, Route 3, East Rutherford, N.J. (201-842-5577). Admission $3 for children, $6 for adults.●

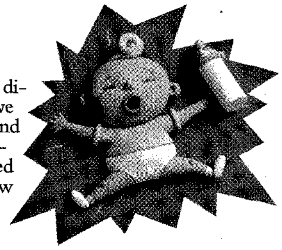
Around the World in Eighty Days—Travel around the world by hot-air balloon, train, ship, and camel in **Theatreworks/USA's** musical production of Jules Verne's classic. Continuing a seven-year tradition, plays are free. Through 8/5. Performances begin 7/6. Show times are Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 11 and 1; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 11. No performances Sunday. (7/6 and 7/10 public performances are at 1 only.) Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway at 76th St. (677-5959). Tickets are available at the box office beginning at 10 the morning of the performance; first come, first seated. ●

Artistic Ventures—Treasure hunts designed for children ages 5 to 10 accompany MOMA's current show of "Mutant Materials in Contemporary Design." Treasure-hunt kits—with odd squishy and rubbery substances—are loaned out on a first-come, first-served basis for use in the museum (from 2 to 4 only); through 7/27. The Edward John Noble Education Center, **The Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9795). Free with museum admission: $5 for students and seniors, $8 others.

"Schoolhouse Rock Live"—Theatre BAM of Chicago presents a musical, adapted from the long-running Emmy Award–winning cartoon series, that combines math, grammar, history, and science, with a raucous sing-along score. For elementary-school-age children on up to adults. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, Fridays and Saturdays at 10, Sundays at 2; through 8/5. **Atlantic Theater,** 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200). Tickets: $20 to $30.●

Bookish—Delve into books made by artists, as well as sketches and mock-ups that show the bookmaking process. Then make one of your own with materials provided. The exhibit, "Children's Books by Artists," is at **Printed Matter** 7/8 through 8/26. Hours are Tues. to Fri. 10 to 6, Sat. from 11 to 5. 77 Wooster St. (925-0325).●

Big Bugs Invade Bronx—Children can run underneath herds of 25-foot ants. Bugs and beetles—all fashioned from trees saplings, vines, and bark by sculptor Dave Rogers—prowl the **New York Botanical Garden** from 7/8 to 10/2. Tues. through Sun. and Mon. holidays from 10 to 6. 200th St. and Southern Blvd., Bronx (718-817-8700). Admission is free for children under six, students and seniors $1, others $3.



Post-prehistoric—The dinosaur skeletons have been cleaned, relit, and in some cases completely reconfigured since we last saw them in 1992. **American Museum of Natural History,** Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100). Hours are Sun. to Thurs. 10 to 5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10 to 8:45. Suggested donation: $3 for children, $4 for students and seniors, $6 for other adults.

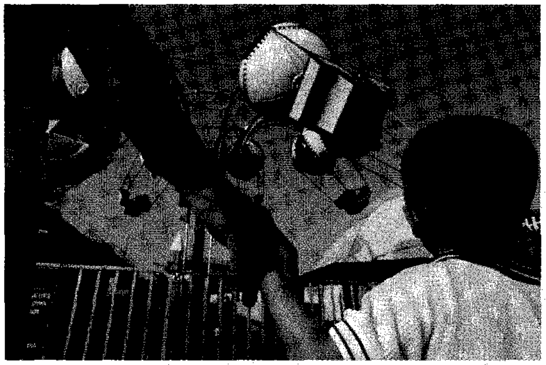
Onscreen Idiocy—Laurel and Hardy and *The Three Stooges* can be seen Tuesdays through Fridays in a program called "Dumb and Dumbest" at the **American Museum of the Moving Image.** Through 9/29 at 10:30 and 1. 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria, Queens (718-784-4520).

Weightless—Try on a pair of "moon boots" and take a look at the intricate structure of space suits on the Environment Floor at the **Liberty Science Center.** 7/9 from 11 to 3. "Sport," a 7,000-square-foot hands- and legs-on exhibit, lets you ride a simulated bobsled, test the speed and accuracy of your pitch, compare modern ice-hockey equipment with medieval jousting armor, and land like a sky diver. Learn how your nose affects walking on a balance beam. *The Living Sea,* with music by Sting and narration by Meryl Streep, is showing in the Kodak OMNI theater. (Next week, learn what makes rockets fly and how you can improve your own model rocket's performance. 7/13 from noon to 4.) Liberty State Park, 251 Phillip St., Jersey City. The museum is accessible by bus, PATH train, or ferry from lower Manhattan. Call 201-200-1000 for more information. Admission: $6 children ages 2-12; $8 teenagers, seniors; $9 general.

Ground Rules:

● = free

◐ = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)



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Cool Rides:	**Sky Splash—new water ride this year—and Big Bird's Rambling River**	**The Dragon Coaster, a wooden roller coaster**	**Hercules Roller Coaster, White Water Landing**	**The Cyclone, a wooden roller coaster opened in 1927**	**Two wild roller coasters: Batman: The Ride, and Viper—new this year**
For Little Kids:	**Teeny Tiny Tidal Wave; Twiddlebug Land; Rubber Duckie Rapids inner-tube run**	**21 Kiddyland rides include a wooden coaster, and the new Up, Up, and Away, a *faux* hot-air balloon.**	**Berenstain Bear Country—new this year—and Tot Spot, Chester Cheetah's Playland, Lollipop Lagoon, Kid's Cove**	**A vintage carousel; fifteen "kiddie" rides, including little fire engines; and boat rides**	**Koala Canyon, a pint-size water park, and Bugs Bunny Land with lots of mini-rides**
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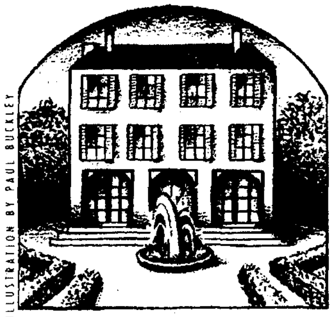
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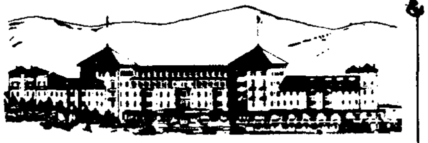

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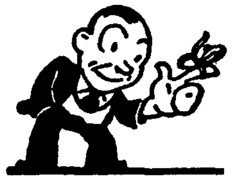

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Top Priority Sought!—By a caring, romantic, established surgeon/inventor, considered good-looking, adventurous, 30s, funny, tall, unusually successful, with appreciation for fitness, the arts. Seeks passionate soul mate - a sweet, fun, lovely lady under 35, sincere, 5'7" plus, for mutual spoiling, family, laughter, kids. Note, Kodak moment a must. 8408 ✉

Could You Love—A beautiful, slender, grey-eyed blond Wasp in early 40s (no kids), who is intelligent, independent, passionate, affectionate, happy, honest and confident; loves her job as a commodities broker, her brownstone in Brooklyn, cooking, gardening, books, music, nature, travel, exercise and laughter? If you are a nonsmoker, giving and confident, to whom I can give all I've got and share all my tomorrows, please send note and photo ASAP. 8357 ✉

Warm, Pretty—Successful woman, 40, wants to share her enthusiasm for life and richness of heart with a caring, in-shape, reasonably well-adjusted man, 35-49, nonsmoker. Recent photo please. 8380 ✉

Gorgeous, Statuesque—European-Israeli ex-model, businesswoman, in her 30s - seeks handsome, sensual and fit, successful man, tall (5'11" and up), 30s-40s. Photo a must. 8018 ✉

LI, Youthful 40s—In mind, body and spirit. Trim, handsome, witty, traditional values, dark hair, self-made president of small company, unpretentious, regular guy, comfortable in Brooks Brothers or jeans - prefer jeans. Enjoy family time, fine dining, boating, tropical places and just sharing with someone special. Looking for one lifetime best friend, 30s, fit, youthful, naturally attractive, great legs and personality, with direction and stability. Note, phone and photo necessary. Thanks. 8271 ✉

Man With Bike—Theater tickets, running shoes, goldfish and passport (42, black professional), seeks intelligent, attractive woman of culture to share relationship where race is unimportant but long-term commitment is. 8284 ✉

Rolls With The Punches—Successful, handsome, athletic, fit, affectionate, 6'1" Jewish attorney. Raising two children (16 and 18) without loss of humor, hair or long-term friends. Enjoys active sports, reading, bridge, attending Olympics, almost anything outdoors (except gardening). Seeks loving, witty, intelligent, very pretty woman to be my partner and share it all. Photo helpful. 8384 ✉

Willowy, Winsome And Willing—To share heart, warm relationship with man. 5'7", feline-eyed beauty, Christian, creative, MBA, both sophisticated and silly, seeks 40-50, attractive nonsmoker who values mind, body and soul. Enjoys the arts, exercise, antiquing and the serenity of unity! Photo/phone/note. 7605 ✉

The Most Happy Fella—I'll be...if you desire a sincere, romantic, serious relationship as a prelude to marriage and family. I'm a Jewish physician, established, financially secure, with a good health plan and dental benefits, in my 40s, 6'1", 180 lbs, handsome, nonsmoker, athletic, multifaceted, with a wide range of interests including boating, tennis, travel, fine dining, art and all types of music. Currently I am seeking a soul mate in her 30s, who is both attractive and creative, with a sense of humor, and is ready for a committed relationship. Please respond with note/photo/phone. 8330 ✉

Struggling Writer—Attractive, fit, bright man, 35, previously financial exec, seeks older woman. Note/photo/phone. 8314 ✉

Pretty Blond Attorney And Writer—30s, Catholic, (212), 5'5", 115 (weight, not IQ), honest, amusing - seeks sincere, handsome, intelligent, classy, good-natured, marriageable (some day - don't panic!) guy. Photo. 8237 ✉

I Want A Man—To laugh, ski, bike, dive, hike and enjoy the wonders of life with. I want you to be 30-40, tall, handsome, smart, secure and a nonsmoker. How 'bout it? You won't be disappointed by my sparkling blue eyes and beauty. Photo/note/phone. 8249 ✉

Caribbean Island Adventure—Jewish female, 42, wishes to relocate to a special island with a special person. I need an extremely warm, kind, gentle, compassionate, loving man. Wouldn't it be nice if I'm just who you need? Let's find out. 8363 ✉ ☎

Hot Summer In NY—Is no place to be without a tall, dark, handsome, funny, affectionate, down-to-earth, successful, 40s Jewish businessman. If you are 28-38 and marriage-minded, please respond. Photo a must (returned upon request)/note/phone. 8307 ✉

Jewish—Mid 30s, wants to meet woman who appreciates fashion, style, Paris, creativity, hard work, fun, friendship, sensitivity and love. Note/photo/phone please. 8253 ✉

Who Is Out There...—Waiting for my joy, tenderness, energy and wisdom to enhance your already abundant life? Very attractive widow, successful writer, adventurous world traveler. I believe that love is the greatest journey. I'm a gorgeous grandma, part-time grownup, full-time radiant romantic who enjoys independent life to the fullest. If you're an emotionally healthy, intelligent, kind, open-hearted and young-spirited man, 60 plus, with a great sense of humor, wonder and integrity, please send photo and note. I don't want marriage, only miracles. 8259 ✉

Long Island/Hamptons/Connecticut—1.) You're a talented, beautiful female college graduate; 2.) You're looking for a dynamic Latin surgeon, 40s, with social, sports and artistic pursuits. 8356 ✉ ☎

Beautiful 5'9" Blond—Jewish female MD, 40, slender, mom of one, loves dancing and exercising. Seeks caring, nonsmoking, in-shape Jewish professional male, 40s. Photo helpful. 8332 ✉ ☎

Life Is A Stage—We are but players. "Tony award-winning", college-educated professional, commitment-minded, single dad, 45-55, for slim, professional LI mom, 47. Photo/note/phone. 8260 ✉

Lover of Life—Pretty, blue eyed, slim, honey-blond PhD, Catholic, outgoing professional, seeks secure, intelligent, romantic, fun-loving man, 55-70, to be the light of my life. Note/phone. 8302 ✉

Sailing...Mate—(Experienced or eager to learn). Sail on 39' yacht with potential relationship ashore. Captain: 59, 6'. Attractive mate: 40-50, tall, good-looking. Photo a must. 8311 ✉

It's All In The Timing—I'm 37, Asian, trim, pretty, enthusiastic, sexy and smart, with a cheerful disposition and only a touch of New York cynicism. If you are 35-45, love NY, have a good vocabulary, are quick-witted, caring and curious to see if we are in sync, then why not give it a go? This could be it. 8335 ✉

If I Were A Car—I'd be an Alfa Romeo Spider! Driven (ambitious) NYC guy - 34, tall, white, well-educated, successful, cute and fun, seeks turbo-charged, tall, sharp, young, slim beauty for heart-racing romantic adventure. Photo/note. 8310 ✉

Physician, 48, 5'11"—Sincere, good sense of humor, interested in petite Oriental lady, 30-45. 8269 ✉ ☎

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Celebrate Life—With lovely, bubbly, well-educated woman, 62. Enjoys personality development, laughing, theater, travel... communicating with You: distinguished, cultured 60-plus gentleman. 8349 ✉

You Could Have Trouble Finding—A Jewish girl like me. 37, 5'4", 120, green eyes, long blondish hair, sexy, passionate and, yes...very pretty. Unselfishly blending brokerage profession with two youngsters on North Shore LI. Seeking to share adventures, friendship and intimacy to prompt spontaneous hugs of appreciation for whatever makes us happy. Please be Jewish, 37-47, 5'8" plus, of strong character and family values, financially stable, loyal and ready for magic. 8385 ✉ ☎

Relaxed—Sensitive, funny and handsome, 30-year-old professional, into culture, tennis, blading, sailing and foreign travel - seeks petite, casually elegant and intelligent female, 23-33, with similar interests. Note/photo/phone. 8278 ✉

If At First...—Active, affectionate, attractive woman seeks man, 49-56, nonsmoker, to try, try again. 8328 ✉

Pretty Brunette—Intelligent, sensual, slim, 41, seeks smart, very handsome man, 40s. Photo a must. 8334 ✉

A Different Kinda Woman—Kind of smart, kind of big, kind of kind, kind of shy, kind of good-looking, kind of a smoker, kind of nonreligious, kind of 59, kind of a widow, kind of a Westchesterite, kind of looking for a man who definitely appreciates this kinda woman. 8255 ✉

Brazilian Procurado—Por green-eyed Americana from Greenwich, CT - tall, beautiful blond... Desires handsome Brazilian man, 35-45, for friendship, etc. Please reply in Portuguese. Mil beijocas. Photo. 8341 ✉ ☎

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Athletic, Successful Chiropractor—33, 6', handsome and adventurous, with a great sense of humor and a heart of gold - seeking an attractive, vibrant and selective woman (24-34). Photo/note please. 8377✉

Summer In The City Can Be Fun—Let's get together. I'm an attractive, fit NYC woman, 49, Ivy-educated, with a career in the arts and university. Looking for a smart, savvy, healthy mate to share cool drinks, frosty art films and a warm relationship. 8386 ✉

Artist—27, male, attractive, thin, 5'10", Jewish, seeks creative, weird, funny woman, 23-29, nonsmoker, for general fun. (212). 8325 ✉

Great Excuses To Travel—Nature, fly fishing, hiking! Handsome, easygoing exec, 45, 5'11" - loves Ireland, Montana, Alaska, Maine. Seeks slim, pretty soul mate for fun, adventure, family. (914)/(212)/(203). Photo. 8333 ✉

Relationship-Ready—Attractive, responsible male, 6', 160 lbs (including hair), 59. Desires good-looking, intelligent, tall, long-legged woman, 45-50, to share and to love and to enjoy Escape III...my 39' sloop. Photo requested. 8243 ✉

Truly Gorgeous—Sexy entrepreneur, 41, mother of a precious 6-year-old child, desires a kind, attentive, empathetic, successful gentleman, 45-59, who adores children, traveling, sharing his Dom Perignon. 8153 ✉ ☎

Single Black Male—Art director - 40, 6'0", handsome, fit. Seeks pretty female who's brilliant, funny, sensitive, fit, loves a man who can cook and promises to love you the best that I can. Photo/note. 8286 ✉

Lost On LI—Raven-haired earth princess - beautiful, 5'5", Jewish, 42 - looks 32...acts ? Artistic, caring, thoughtful and generous, divorced, five day/week mom. Loves gardening, boats, Hamptons, cooking, Anglophile. Finally ready to spoil and be spoiled. "Willing" to dine romantically, stroll on or off beaches, bike, tennis, ski, etc. You are also Jewish, funny, a bit crazy and kids a plus. Phone, note and photo appreciated. 8306 ✉

Auburn-Haired MBA—Attractive, creative polyglot...seeks international businessman, 30s, for world travel/local fun. 8283 ✉

Pretty Jewish Criminal Lawyer—34, slim, seeks mensch, 35-50ish, for Mostly Mozart, double-headers and midsummer nights' dreams. 8301 ✉

Frequent Visitor To NY—Very good-looking Jewish male, 46 (looks younger), from England. Successful businessman, honest, intelligent, articulate, kind and considerate, romantic, sensuous, with a terrific sense of humor. If you're a Jewish, 25-plus, nonsmoking, professional/business female, intelligent, genuine, beautiful, tall, in great shape, and ready to share your life, please drop me a line with photo to ensure reply and meeting in NY. You won't be disappointed! 8276 ✉

Sweet, Slim, Beautiful Blond—Seeks equal in a handsome, fit, refined gentleman, 48ish, degrees, clubs, traveled, enjoys the finer things in life. 8338 ✉ ☎

Birthday Boy Wants To Share Cake—Professional Jewish man, 34, 6'3", divorced, seeks mate, then kid. I'm warm, sincere, loyal and fun. You: cute, family-minded Jewish lady, 28-35, who likes NYC, beach and candlelight. Note/photo. 8355 ✉

Attractive Eurasian—Seeks honest, caring, affectionate soul mate, 55-65, into gardening, zest for life, nonsmoking. Note/photo. 8323 ✉

45-Year-Old Tender Veal—Looking for no bull. I'm attractive, witty, professional. You: financially secure, exciting, romantic, and same as veal, 48-55. 8273 ✉

Mother Of Two Cocker Spaniels—33, Jewish, very attractive (not skinny), Ivy grad, successful business owner with strong spirit, generous heart, artistic sensibilities and high standards - seeks smart, professional Jewish man, mid 30s to early 40s, kind and with passion for life, to enjoy NYC culture and country escapes together. Extra credit for a great sense of humor. 8421 ✉ ☎

Ive Been Told I Walk Like An Angel—5'5", 30s, reddish-blond hair, beautiful smile. I ski, scuba-dive, play golf and wine-taste. I like Soho and the Frick museum. Will you take my hand and walk beside me? I'm a soft-spoken lady, witty, adventurous and very feminine. I am looking for a sincere gentleman who will be my friend and make me laugh. Let's take our time and smell the roses together, and who knows where the path will take us? Note/phone and recent photo, please. 8365 ✉

Look No Further—Bright, pretty, blond, slim, single Jewish female, 31, attorney, seeks handsome, intelligent, warm, nonsmoking, professional, single Jewish male, 31-38. Note/phone/photo. 8251 ✉

Down-To-Earth, Intelligent—Divorced, white Jewish male, dentist, 5'6", 140 lbs, 37 - looks 32, handsome, fun, fit, good sense of humor, who is emotionally and financially secure and giving. Enjoy all sports, especially tennis and golf, films, dining out, dancing and weekend escapes. I seek an intelligent, professional Jewish female with values, who can laugh and enjoy life, is sensitive, caring and loving. Should enjoy going out in style or staying home in jeans and t-shirt. Please be petite and pretty, 25-35, and seek friendship, fun and love. Send note/photo/phone number. 8395 ✉

I've Searched The Galaxy—And still haven't found you. 48-year-old man, lover of stars and mountains, seeks an adventurous woman who reads and laughs and walks a road less traveled. Send up a flare. Would like to find you before blasting off again. 8351 ✉

NJ/NYC Commuter—Young 51 female, 5'5", medium build, down-to-earth, sense of humor. Enjoys beach, walks, dining out/quiet evenings in too! Letter/photo. 8367 ✉

Now's The Time—38, 6', single Jewish male professional who likes sports, travel, comedy and karaoke, seeks single female, 27-38, to share life, love and happiness. 8256 ✉ ☎

Perky, Spirited Female—38, seeks successful, nonsmoking Jewish professional, 38-44, with sense of humor, lust for life and advanced commitment skills. Photo/note/phone. 8254 ✉

Very Pretty Professional—Down-to-earth, artistic lady, lover of music and the great outdoors, 37, Jewish, 5'6", physically fit, seeks Jewish male counterpart for friend/lover and companion - a positive thinker with good sense of self. Photo/note/phone. 8372✉

Beautiful, LI Jewish Widow—60s, seeks caring man. Golf a plus. 8371 ✉

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Slim, Gay White Male—50s, attractive, financially secure, seeks companion to share life's pleasures and commitment. 8268 ✉

Great Guy—Good-looking, successful businessman, 33, sincere, thoughtful, affectionate, seeks classy, attractive, sensible, slim, 5'1"-5'6", under-30 white female, for lasting relationship. Photo. 8312 ✉ ☎

5'2", Eyes Of Blue—Sexy, slim, pretty blond, 28, seeks professional guy to share life's adventures. 8382 ✉ ☎

Relationship—Literate, affectionate, successful, attractive, open-minded male. 40s, 5'7", 142, seeks American, Asian or Latin lady, 30s, who is pretty, petite, slim, spiritual, nonsmoking, intelligent, sensual and stylish - who enjoys the arts, travel, quiet times, and is eager for a tender, intimate and loving relationship. Note/photo/phone. 8326 ✉

Gay, Romantic, Sensual Male—Young 47, creative, good-looking, 5'11", 160 lbs, seeks Mr. Right, over 40, for the long run. Photo. POB 36, FDR Station, NYC 10150

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Intelligent Businesswoman—57, seeks gentleman for walks, brunches, cultural events. 8290 ✉

Gute Nashoma Seeks 50-Plus Male—For commitment. Pretty, loving, empathic, athletic, musical, sensual, professional, sane, spiritual. Photo. 8245 ✉ ☎

Sparks May Fly—Strong-willed but not controlling, voluptuous Jewish woman, 43 - looks 35 (really!), funny, caring, sweet, great dimpled smile - seeks guy for long-lasting love and commitment. 8313 ✉ ☎

Your Heart Will Race!—If you're that rare woman whose passion is auto racing...you've met your match! I'm a good-looking, well-built Connecticut writer/producer, 46, who enjoys running, lifting weights and driving race cars. You're 25-40, athletic, beautiful, funny and eager for the fast company of a regular guy with a premium outlook. Photo/note, please. 8277 ✉

Great Catch—MD, Catholic, 40, handsome, fun, adventurous, affectionate, big-time cuddler/kisser. Photo. 8321 ✉

Attractive LI Male—Widower, 58, Jewish (nonreligious), stockbroker... secure financially, fit physically and emotionally, wide range of interests, well-built, 5'8", athletic - seeks attractive woman for a long-term, caring relationship. Photo appreciated. 8272 ✉

Famous Celebrity—Smiles, wears black belt, seeks one friend/lover/wife - tall, to 28. 8374 ✉ ☎

I Like Big Guys—Who love to laugh, have big hearts and are successful at their work. I'm a sexy, vivacious, artsy Italian-American woman, 33, who enjoys biking, travel, the Knicks and fun. 8344 ✉ ☎

Manhattan Man, College Grad—Blue/gray, 5'10", fair complexion, 62; enjoys NYC, theater, restaurants, fairs, etc. Seeks trim, chic, pretty professional woman, to 55. Note/photo/phone. 8327 ✉

Bridges Of Madison County—Inspired me. I'm a romantic. Pretty, positive, unencumbered Jewish professional, into fitness, 5'2" brunette. If you're a wonderful father, 49-58, call (or write)!! 8285 ✉ ☎

Be My Best Friend—Partner and the love of my life. I'm divorced, professional, very pretty, great figure. I enjoy tennis, exercise, dining out and travel. I'm seeking that handsome, successful man, 50-60, who would be my counterpart. Note/photo/phone a must. 8394 ✉ ☎

Searching For A "Special" Friend—To begin summer. Sincere, creative, compassionate, easygoing, handsome, divorced Jewish male, 5'8", 138, very youthful and fit, 49, GQ-style professional seeks caring, outgoing, petite, slim Jewish gal, 35-45, who is beautiful inside and out. I enjoy dancing, travel, museums, tennis, movies, theater, 101.9, dining. Best relationships begin as friends! Nonsmoker/note/photo/phone. 8378 ✉

Gay Male—31, handsome, masculine, refined, educated, financially secure, caring, great sense of humor, enjoys the finer things. Seeks discerning, intelligent, masculine, successful, financially secure professional. Photo/note. 8360 ✉

I Know What Is Important—A man who is kind, evolved, balanced, loyal, accomplished and able to love and nurture. He is sought by his 42-year-old, divorced Jewish counterpart. 8257 ✉ ☎

Oriental, Sophisticated—Pretty lady, attractive, petite, sensitive, cultured, ski, playing flute, travel, sailing, etc... Looking for white male who's educated, financially secure, good personality, 35-45, soul mate - marriage-minded. Note/photo. 8369 ✉

Single Jewish Female—38, pretty, slim, intelligent, Jewish values, seeks Jewish man, 35 plus, who's kind, honest and analytical. 8370 ✉ ☎

Herpes—Gay white male professional, 58, trim, athletic, seeking relationship, 45-55. Murray Hill Sta., POB 681, NYC 10156

Adventurous MBA—Wants to steal your heart. Single man, young 48, 6', sincere, likes jazz, travel. Seeks romantic, trim Christian lady, nonsmoker, for mate and family. Note/photo. 8390 ✉

Auburn Beauty—40s, slim, loves city life, slow dancing, laughter and falling in love, looking for male counterpart. 8383 ✉ ☎

Peace Of Work—Good-looking, 29, unconventional guy, MBA, not-for-profit consultant, former restaurateur. Into blues and club concerts, sunglasses and warm-weather travel, bold ties, button-fly pants, sneakers and bare feet. Seeking fun female for relationship and sharing good times. Note/photo. 8376 ✉

Handsome, Comfortable Attorney—5'10", in 60s - looks younger, slim, athletic, with sense of humor. Seeks pretty, rare, slim female, about 50, nonsmoker, medium height, well-educated, comfortable, accomplished, to share a good life. Clear, current photo a must, with your note and phone number. 8379 ✉

49-Year-Old—Single white LI male, refreshingly irreverent and idealistic, cigarette-smoking, retired entrepreneur, MD. Enjoys fresh mountain lakes and rivers, golf, boating, bridge, motorcycling, music, ideas, books, traveling, videos, cooking and sultry soft kisses. Looking for similar woman to share this with. Letter and photo please. 8238 ✉

Very Pretty, Dynamic—Financially secure artist, Christian (nonreligious), seeks fit, informed, successful professional male (49 plus) who loves life and values a warm, loving, committed relationship. Note/photo/phone. 8345 ✉

Honest, Caring—Black professional female, seeking successful professional male, 38-46, with sense of humor and time for a quality relationship. 8292 ✉

Native-Born New Yorker—Craves the feminine charm south of the Mason Dixon or across the Pas de Calais. Please, no ladies of reduced circumstances or rich ones with empty dog collars. (35-45.) Photo necessary. 8359 ✉

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Check out
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It's where the action is!!

Attractive, Slim Blond—43-year-old, white, widowed female sailor seeks first mate for day-sailing and cruising - my boat or yours. I love water, horses, dining out, barbecues, quiet dinners, sunsets and music. Educated, sensual, confident, financially independent, unpretentious, nonsmoker, (516). 8304 ✉

Sweet, Soulful, Sumptuous—39, 5'7", thick dark curly hair, peaches and cream complexion, womanly and warm. Looking for an artistic teddy bear, business mensch, 35-50, for fun and family. Photo/note. 8350 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Outgoing—White female teacher, 30, seeks bright, attractive male, 27-33. Note/photo. 8353 ✉

Ready To Retire—But don't want to be lonely. 48-year-old executive in large southwestern city, ready for a permanent relationship. Attractive, athletic, 5'9", 175, stable, solid values, financially secure and recognized for his many civic contributions. He enjoy sports, jogging, golf, the beach, fires in the fireplace, entertaining friends and quiet evenings at home. He is looking for a best friend to enjoy life with. You are very attractive, Christian, 35-42, successful professionally, stable, loyal and interested in commitment. You do not smoke or presently have children. Photo essential and will be returned. 8288 ✉

Introspective Harley Rider—30, Italian, stocky, handsome, emotionally available, gentle, professional, cultured, monogamous. Seeks righteous, soulful, nurturing woman, 23-30, petite, who is offbeat however stable, to become my best friend and more. Comfortable with traditional values and life style. Note/photo requested. 8361 ✉

Very Bright, Successful—Fit Jewish exec, 30s, seeks very smart, spirited, highly educated NYC lady. 8281 ✉ ☎

Gay White Male—32, seeking fun, fit, professional, down-to-earth man, 30-40, interested in sharing good times and building a relationship with that special someone. Note/photo. 8247 ✉

Cute, Smart And Successful—36, Jewish businessman seeks centered, loving woman who is professional by day and passionate by night. I'm generous by nature, athletic and have a kind heart. Love good food and wine. Seek dark-haired, fit, buxom beauty for best friend, 20s-30s. Nonsmoker. Note/photo. 8295 ✉

Let's Play—Very handsome and successful, Jewish professional man, 32, recently settled in NYC, blue eyes, very athletic. Likes music, beach, reading, cooking, dining, jogging. I'm interested in meeting an attractive, single white professional female (22-35), who has similar interests and a good sense of humor. Photo please. 8279 ✉

32—White male, living between Santa Fe, NM and NYC - love travel, skiing, hiking, theater and music - successful exec. Seek lovely woman, 24-36, who has similar interests and sense of humor. 8282 ✉

Seeking Black Male—Meet me on the Vineyard. Long, lean, leggy Boston Irish beauty, 40s - looks 30s (really), smart, successful, sensual, conscientious... desires soul mate. Anything's possible, darling. Note/photo. 8389 ✉

HIV+, Healthy, Heterosexual—Jewish male, 36, tall, brown hair, blue eyes, financially independent, well-educated, kindhearted, into Eastern spirituality and meditation, soul music, good food... seeks female ready to live life now. Friendship first okay. 8296 ✉

38-Year-Old, Fit, Handsome—White male, full-time child therapist, part-time blues guitarist, and world's greatest uncle. Seeks fit, 25-plus-year-old woman who'd look great in my leather jacket. Photo/note. 8258 ✉

Strikingly Attractive—Female (40s), 5'6", dark eyes, long hair, fit, health conscious, bright, successful, honest, witty, secure, etc. Seeks 6'-plus (non-balding), very attractive male, 45-54, who is very successful, intelligent, generous, spontaneous, physically and emotionally fit, who would never read these ads. Photo/phone, please. 8398 ✉

GQ Looks Hi-Q Mind—30, 6', fit, worldly, witty, passionate. Photo. 8300 ✉

Delicious Green-Eyed Brunette—Swimmer, reader, theatregoer - seeks sweet, funny mensch, 50s. Photo. 8368 ✉

I Went Hunting Wild—For the wildest beauty...in romance as well as in life. I'm 32, very handsome. I love ideas not things, travel and books. You're a woman worthy of a man's dreams, 25-35. Photo/phone. 8373 ✉

Serendipitously Poised—Woman, 52, who loves London, seeks romance in NY with tall, serious, sensual, ambitious, humorous man, 50-60. 8393 ✉

"Definitely Determined"—Successful and handsome, athletic and intelligent, 35-year-old professional, single Jewish male. Are you my female counterpart? We are financially secure, humorous, romantic and enjoy sports. We like spending time with family/friends/pets. Please send note/photo. 8252 ✉

Successful, Gay, Handsome Male—Living in Berlin - looking for a young and nice teddy bear to cuddle and explore possibilities. I like travel and exchange visits. Please write back with photo. Me: 35, slim, sportive body. You: take a chance. 8337 ✉

Hugs Teddy Bear!—Pretty, slim Jewish gal, 52, seeks teddy substitute. 8347 ✉ ☎

Gay Or Bi Woman Sought—By healthy, handsome professional, bi male. Please be attractive, fit and fun. I'm interested in a lasting relationship and possible parenting. 8235 ✉

Bacall Look-Alike Seeks Her Bogart—Smart, pretty, slim, 40-something, Italian law-enforcement professional seeks her counterpart who has savoir-faire, is unique, funny, kind and will come to Queens. 8322 ✉ ☎

LI, Petite, Ivy/NYC Fan—Matchless mind, looks, assets, values. Seeks fit man, 52-62, with elan. 8291 ✉

Head-Turner Who Believes In—Prosperous days/passionate nights. I have a sharp mind, fit body and playful spirit. Respond if you are male, 35-45, and truly handsome, athletic, financially/emotionally secure, intellectually curious, communicate easily/often and have a terrific sense of humor. I possess all traits requested. Photo a must. 8265 ✉

Attractive MBA, Entrepreneur—Jewish male, 32, 6'1", 170 lbs. Seeks a 22-32, slim and pretty, white Jewish female sweetheart for long-term relationship. North NJ/NYC area preferred. 8293 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Well-Educated—Professional woman. I am a very young-looking 40, thin, 5'6" and white. I enjoy the outdoors, *hiking, biking and skiing*. Looking to meet an educated, attractive, affectionate and fit white man, 35-late 40s, for a committed relationship leading to marriage and family. Note/photo. 8343 ✉

Outdoorsy Man—49, writer and wilderness guide, tall and thin, grey-bearded, nice-looking, warm, eco-concerned, seeks attractive, self-aware, loving, spiritual woman who's passionate about nature, for lasting relationship. Photo, please. 8316 ✉

Spend Labor Day In The Poconos—Barbecuing, antiquing, rafting, romancing and more - with an attractive, stable, successful and funny Jewish guy (38). You're fun, shapely, sexy, confident and equally successful. Photo please. 8366 ✉ ☎

Herpes - Charming Young Lady—Ivy League-educated, seeks optimistic, well-mannered gentleman of substance to cherish and learn to cook for. Detailed note/phone, please. 8317 ✉

Who says meeting Mr/Ms Right is easy? I do!!!

Somewhere out there is that *special* someone waiting to meet you. This individual is not someone you will meet in a bar, at a singles party or through the personal ads. The clients I represent are very prestigious, attractive, successful, healthy in mind, body and spirit. If the people you have been meeting are not of the caliber you desire...then call me for an appointment. Afford me the opportunity to make the ***right*** introduction for you.

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Professional Matchmaking Service

By Appointment Only (212) 753-3003 (516) 599-1234

City Slicker—Warm, funny and fun-loving - seeks same in country gent, 50ish. Note/photo. 8275 ✉ ✉

Loves Karate—Pianist, 30s, fit, seeks female into books, the beach and laughing. Note/photo/phone. 8261 ✉ ☎

Delightfully Pretty—Fashionable, 58, widow, 5'5 1/2", size 6, curly blond hair, wide range of interests and enjoyments, nonreligious Christian... would welcome responses. 8320 ✉

Warm, Good-Looking—Divorced Jewish man - 46, 5'7", 150 lbs, fit, thoughtful, into healthy habits, emotionally together, trustworthy, communicative, accomplished personally and professionally. Interests are: the arts, music, the outdoors, staying in shape and sharing with a partner. Seeking an age-compatible, attractive Jewish woman, emotionally and physically well - knowledge of her soul, traditional Jewish values, the Holocaust. Demonstrate confidence by please providing specific details and a photo. 8250 ✉

Missing Parts—She: very attractive, slim, bright, upbeat, missing him. He should be: 48 plus, possessing style, wit, substance... and needing her to complete an otherwise happy life. 8266 ✉ ☎

Attractive (212) Female—European background - loves opera, dancing, tennis, working out. Seeks slim counterpart (48-60). Great sense of humor a must! Photo/note. 8240 ✉

Mission Impossible?—Herpes and divorced white male, nonsmoker, dad. Tall, dark, handsome, fit, nice guy - seeks female counterpart. 8289 ✉ ☎

Seeking A Bull, Not A Bear—Willowy blond, winsome, warm West Side professional, seeks male best friend, 5'10" plus, 42-55, successful, upbeat, caring and communicative, for fun and romance. 8358 ✉ ☎

Filipina—Attractive professional, 35, Catholic, enjoys music, movies and dining. Seeks marriage-minded, educated, white Christian male, 35-40, nonsmoking, drug/alcohol-free, secure, with solid family values, for friendship, marriage and children. Note/photo. 8339 ✉

Bursting To Share My Life—This 38, warm, honest, sincere, attractive Chinese-American female is seeking a soul mate in a 5'10" and above, 35-45, Chinese-American or Caucasian professional male who loves life, has a great attitude and is ready to start a family. 8234 ✉ ☎

I Can Make You Happy—Do you believe in gazing into each other's eyes at first sight? Probably not, but it can happen if we both meet. This handsome, single Jewish professional, 31, with a heart of gold, is looking for someone where the gazing lasts forever. Note/photo. 8392 ✉

NEW YORK Magazine's "Strictly Personals"
invites you to
WORLDBEAT JAZZ at the *GUGGENHEIM*

Enjoy a spectacular evening of Brazilian jazz, performed by the Tiberio Nascimento Quintet in one of the most elegant settings in Manhattan.

Wednesday, July 26
GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
1071 Fifth Avenue at 88th Street
6:30 - 9:30 P.M.

The evening includes admission to the museum's Frank Lloyd Wright rotunda, WorldBeat Jazz, complimentary drinks, and gourmet hors d'oeuvres.

Please mail a $35 check or money order by July 20 made payable to:
New York Magazine Party
2 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10016

Tickets will be mailed to you and a list will be at the door. Tickets may be purchased at the door for $40.

For more information, please call "Strictly Personals" information line only at 212-545-3668.

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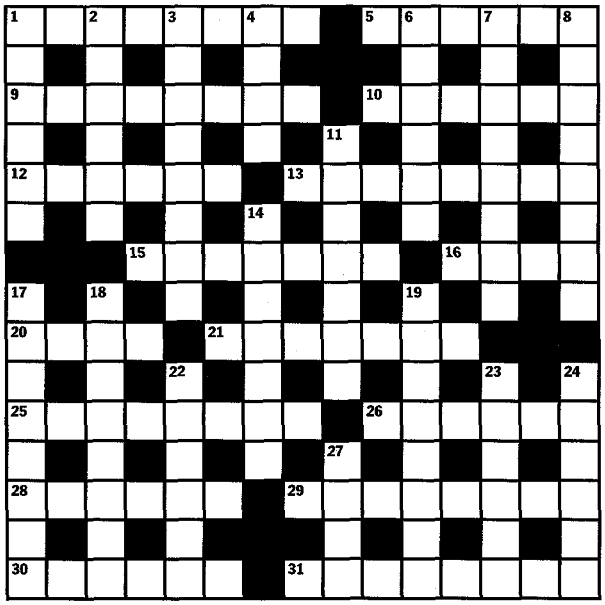
'Sunday Times' of London Crossword

ACROSS

1 Request to provide entertainment that's acceptable. (8)
5 Something putrefying close by must surely do so. (6)
9 Given the opportunities, ring, write and sing out. (8)
10 It makes the injury worse. (6)
12 A nuisance, receiving religious instruction from him? (6)
13 Some witches attempt to reach this place. (8)
15 Disembark successfully. (4, 3)
16 Game traveller. (4)
20 Love to sport a cap on the beach. (4)
21 Makes early start, getting the old cars out. (7)
25 Learned banker is returning carrying foreign money. (8)
26 Manx pirate chief seizing gold coin. (6)
28 Pieces of eight. (6)
29 Poet sun-bathing? (8)
30 A ruby ring with new setting, for the West African. (6)
31 One should give him his due. (8)



DOWN

1 Supply lines. (6)
2 Batted, perhaps—but not bowled. (6)
3 Slatternly to appear in underwear and wearing stilettos. (8)
4 Horse carrying a man, in India. (4)
6 Criminals barred? (6)
7 Break out—into pure chaos. (8)
8 Where a sailor keeps his sea-shanties? (5-3)
11 Wild dog taking sheep in the compound. (7)
14 Listen to half the score and cheer. (7)
17 Everyone English covered in blood, so the story goes. (8)
18 Determining on the settlement at this time, fair, but with reluctance expressed. (8)
19 Mature old elm we chopped up. (8)
22 This member of the university is unable to get a degree in America. (6)
23 Occupying the drawing-room? (6)
24 Beast chomping orange. (6)
27 Little brother penning lines to Her Majesty. (4)

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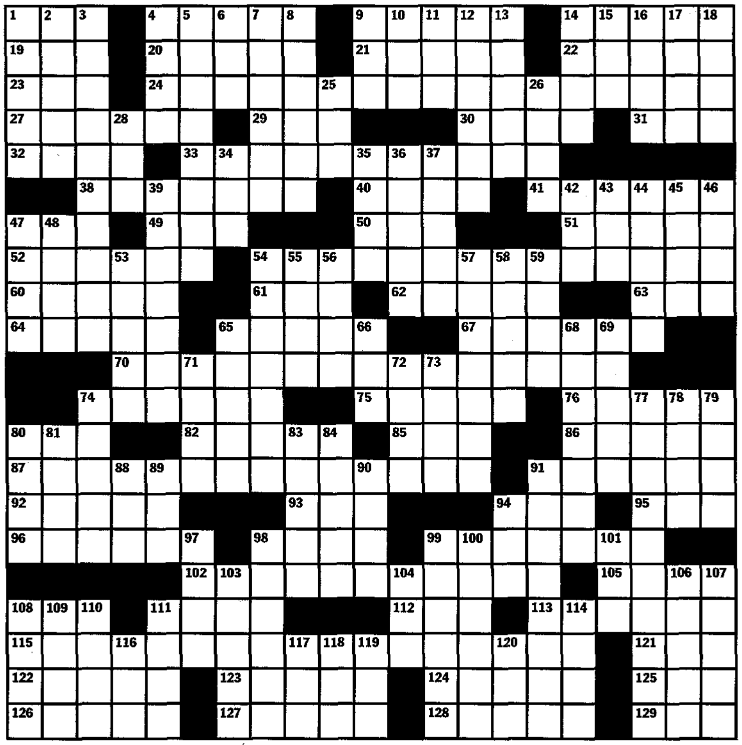
'Summer's Puzzle': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Not Ma's
4 Use the hose
9 Parade sight
14 Trattoria takeout
19 Keats form
20 Actress Verdugo
21 Sound reveille
22 Exemplar
23 Gun the motor
24 TV "Question" #
27 Golfers' grippers
29 "Vive le ——"
30 Sushi fish
31 Meadow
32 Biddies
33 "Skiddoo" #
38 "—— have it" (yea-vote announcement)
40 "Old MacDonald" refrains' endings
41 Siberian terrain
47 Keyholer
49 Honshu prefecture
50 RR stop
51 Do mosaic work
52 "Scarlet Letter" heroine
54 Kubrick film #
60 Ellis Island arrival
61 Korean G.I.
62 Coastal eagles
63 Left the singles scene
64 Series of six
65 Kind of code or colony
67 Waiting lines
70 Sum of all the #s
74 Edit
75 Birthplace of Apollo
76 Sots
80 "Diamond Lil" star, with 4-down
82 Cobblers' output
85 Cicero's lang.
86 Source of edible oil
87 "Overture" #
91 Boulevard
92 Robin of balladry
93 Carries in stock
94 Summer tea additive
95 Napoleon's realm: abbr.
96 Oscar-winning Lugosi portrayer
98 "—— horse!"
99 Gnaw corrosively
102 Movie "Blows" #
105 Highest draft rating
108 Rarebit ingredient
111 I, in Greek
112 Be under the weather
113 Sultanas' quarters
115 "Northside" #
121 "Mikado" costume item
122 Prepare dough
123 Arithmetical relationship
124 —— a time
125 Composer Rorem
126 Brief apology
127 "—— Mio"
128 Essentials
129 Prior to: poetic

DOWN

1 Veranda
2 One of the Astaires
3 "Spirit of" #
4 See 80-Across
5 Cooke or MacLean
6 Cowpoke's nickname
7 Main dish
8 Silklike synthetics
9 To's go-with
10 Bud's comedy partner
11 Start of the Lord's Prayer
12 Fall flowers
13 Girlish giggle
14 Papal name
15 Personal tags, for short
16 Enthusiasm
17 Author Grey
18 Swit's costar
25 Tailor's concern
26 Pamplona cheers
28 Shade of blond
34 Tintern Abbey's river
35 Mon., on Tues.
36 Church dues
37 "—— Thy Father" (Talese book)
39 Improved a text
42 Pewter component
43 Tackle's teammate
44 Snow removers
45 Glazier's piece
46 Ogled
47 Iran's ex
48 Soccer great
53 Tantalize
54 New Jersey's capital
55 "I —— Grow Up"
56 Give authorization
57 Word after an excerpt
58 Geisel's pen name
59 Under sail
65 Peach, to Pierre
66 Inc., in the U.K.
68 Ready for the loom
69 Official of old Rome
71 Florist's ceramic
72 Damned spot
73 Norwegian king
74 Daughter of Lear
77 Emergency #
78 An avis lays it
79 Osmose
80 From soup to nuts
81 Opera set in Egypt
83 Kin of chloroform
84 Mown path
88 Squirreled away
89 ——la-la
90 Jacob's twin
91 LSD tripper
94 Suffix for Gotham or Edom
97 Sci-fi craft
98 Fruits used for jelly
99 "The Wizard of Menlo Park"
100 A Dahl
101 "High ——," 1937 play
103 Alamogordo's county
104 What those opposed say
106 Burning bit
107 Covert stage comment
108 Invites
109 Letterman's rival
110 Perpetually
111 Annual auto race
114 Picnic scavengers
116 Part of E.N.T.
117 War area of the '40s
118 Zilch
119 Ballerina's prop
120 Inverted caret



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 87.

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Slender, Attractive, Intelligent—Woman (39) seeks a great relationship with a guy (40ish) with a good attitude. Note and photo appreciated. 8242 ✉

Intelligent, Charming Gentleman—Divorced, successful professional, white male, 56, physically fit, no children, seeks attractive, petite, bright, fit female, 44-55, who enjoys travel, fine dining and the good life, for committed long-term relationship. Phone/note please. 8329 ✉

Beautiful, Elegant Woman—(At least that's what my friends say), intelligent and creative (but still intimidated by my computer), grown-up (except when I feel shy and 16). I love city culture but I'm happiest backpacking in New Mexico. *Looking for 55-plus man who is caring,* complex, easygoing in manner, passionate in feeling, inquiring of mind, able to laugh with me and at himself. 8308 ✉

Newt And P.J. O'Rourke Are Taken...—So, gorgeous, witty blond - Southern Wasp, 34 - seeks handsome, successful, funny, professional, un-PC, Waspy guy, 34-45. Photo/note. 8397 ✉

Single Jewish Male—28, attractive, thin, seeking single Jewish female, 23-30, attractive, thin, nonsmoker, non-actress. Enjoys plays, movies. 8197 ✉

Unaffected, Unafraid, Unpretentious—Unusually good-looking, fit woman, to 38, sought by Ivy professional, Nassau/North Shore, who will deliver the same. Sailing, style, savvy...musts. Maturity optional. Photo/note. 8246 ✉

Maybe It's Me—Attractive, single, 6', divorced male, 44, emotionally down-to-earth, good-natured, great sense of humor, very successful executive, seeks sincere, fit, attractive and family-minded, 35-42 Christian female with a good *heart and traditional values, for life's* challenges and rewards. Kids okay; I have two. Photo guarantees reply. 8324 ✉

Tall, Dark, Handsome—Small business owner, 55 (looks 45), seeks well-educated, *unpretentious, attractive woman (43-48)* to be my life partner and help make my Vermont house a home. I will also ask you to help crew my sailboat, be my skiing companion and friend. Letter/photo. 8248 ✉

CT Shoreline—*Professional, vibrant,* attractive, trim, petite, single white female - enjoys travel, arts, opera, boating, Tanglewood, love and fun with fit, stable, sincere, accomplished, single white male, 50-60, youthful, strong and caring enough to be my man. Nonsmoker. Short note, photo optional. 8274 ✉

Gay Male—Successful professional. Enjoy fine dining, fine clothes, good company. Fit at 5'11", 175. Comfortable at art gallery, Broadway, sport and political events. Note/photo. 8287 ✉

Romantic And Witty—Jewish attorney, 39, good-looking, athletic, fun, soulful, spirited and sweet, enjoys film, music, dining, travel and the outdoors. Seeking female with similar qualities for romance and adventure. Photo. 8305 ✉ ☎

Gay Italian Male—36, physically fit, model looks, seeking the same (be honest!) in Mr. Right - in Manhattan, Westchester or southern CT. 8303 ✉

Tall, Successful—50ish author, speaker, consultant, fine arts lover - looking for a woman who thinks genuine intimacy is the essence of life. Note/picture a must. 8267 ✉

Discover Someone Special—Attractive, LI, professional Jewish female, 41, petite, seeks the right chemistry with a handsome professional male, 38-50. Photo. 8387 ✉

Assortments

Introductions Club - Dinner Party 7/13 for High-Level Jewish Prof'ls, 25-60. Res req. Ltd to 50. Run by a *PhD* **212-877-0723**

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The Manhattan Society, young prof'ls group presents Ultimate Summertime Party aboard Intrepid, Pier 86, W 46 St & 12th Av, Thur, 7/20, 7-11pm. Benefits **Nat'l MS Society/NYC Chapter.** $60 til 5pm, 7/13; $75 thereafter. **212 463-7787**

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Party On Love Boat for 500 Singles!
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A limited number of Men's Boarding Passes are still available for UTOPIA'S 7/13 music cruise aboard the Mississippi Riverboat *Queen of Hearts.* 250 women's Boarding Passes already sold out! $35 includes 3hr. cruise, hors d'oeuvres & free admission to a future UTOPIA Event (a $20 value). For info or to order, please call 212•459•4321.

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RHODA - 6/17:
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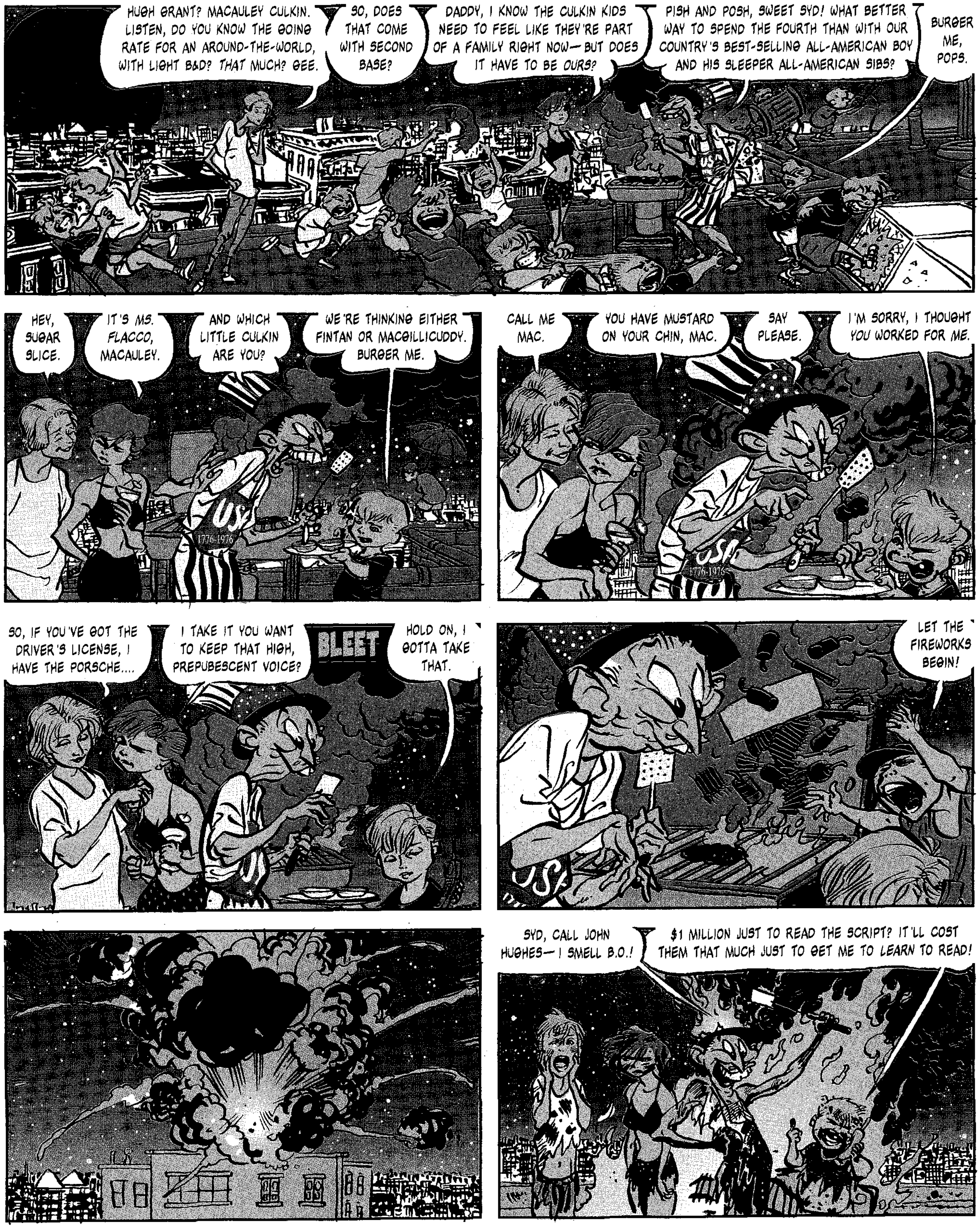
Say I LOVE YOU, POO - or HAPPY BIRTHDAY BABY... Reach old friends or that attractive stranger you met at MOMA... Find a tennis partner or travel companion... share your boat or balloon...

ASSORTMENTS
NEW YORK MAGAZINE'S
Weekly Bulletin Board
212-779-7500

Kids Say the Darnedest Things

Mommy and Daddy are fighting, so the cute Culkin kids do July 4 chez Flacco.


HUGH GRANT? MACAULEY CULKIN. LISTEN, DO YOU KNOW THE GOING RATE FOR AN AROUND-THE-WORLD, WITH LIGHT B&D? THAT MUCH? GEE.
SO, DOES THAT COME WITH SECOND BASE?
DADDY, I KNOW THE CULKIN KIDS NEED TO FEEL LIKE THEY'RE PART OF A FAMILY RIGHT NOW— BUT DOES IT HAVE TO BE OURS?
PISH AND POSH, SWEET SYD! WHAT BETTER WAY TO SPEND THE FOURTH THAN WITH OUR COUNTRY'S BEST-SELLING ALL-AMERICAN BOY AND HIS SLEEPER ALL-AMERICAN SIBS?
BURGER ME, POPS.
HEY, SUGAR SLICE.
IT'S MS. FLACCO, MACAULEY.
AND WHICH LITTLE CULKIN ARE YOU?
WE'RE THINKING EITHER FINTAN OR MACGILLICUDDY. BURGER ME.
USA 1776-1976
CALL ME MAC.
YOU HAVE MUSTARD ON YOUR CHIN, MAC.
SAY PLEASE.
I'M SORRY, I THOUGHT YOU WORKED FOR ME.
SO, IF YOU'VE GOT THE DRIVER'S LICENSE, I HAVE THE PORSCHE....
I TAKE IT YOU WANT TO KEEP THAT HIGH, PREPUBESCENT VOICE?
BLEET
HOLD ON, I GOTTA TAKE THAT.
LET THE FIREWORKS BEGIN!
SYD, CALL JOHN HUGHES— I SMELL B.O.!
$1 MILLION JUST TO READ THE SCRIPT? IT'LL COST THEM THAT MUCH JUST TO GET ME TO LEARN TO READ!

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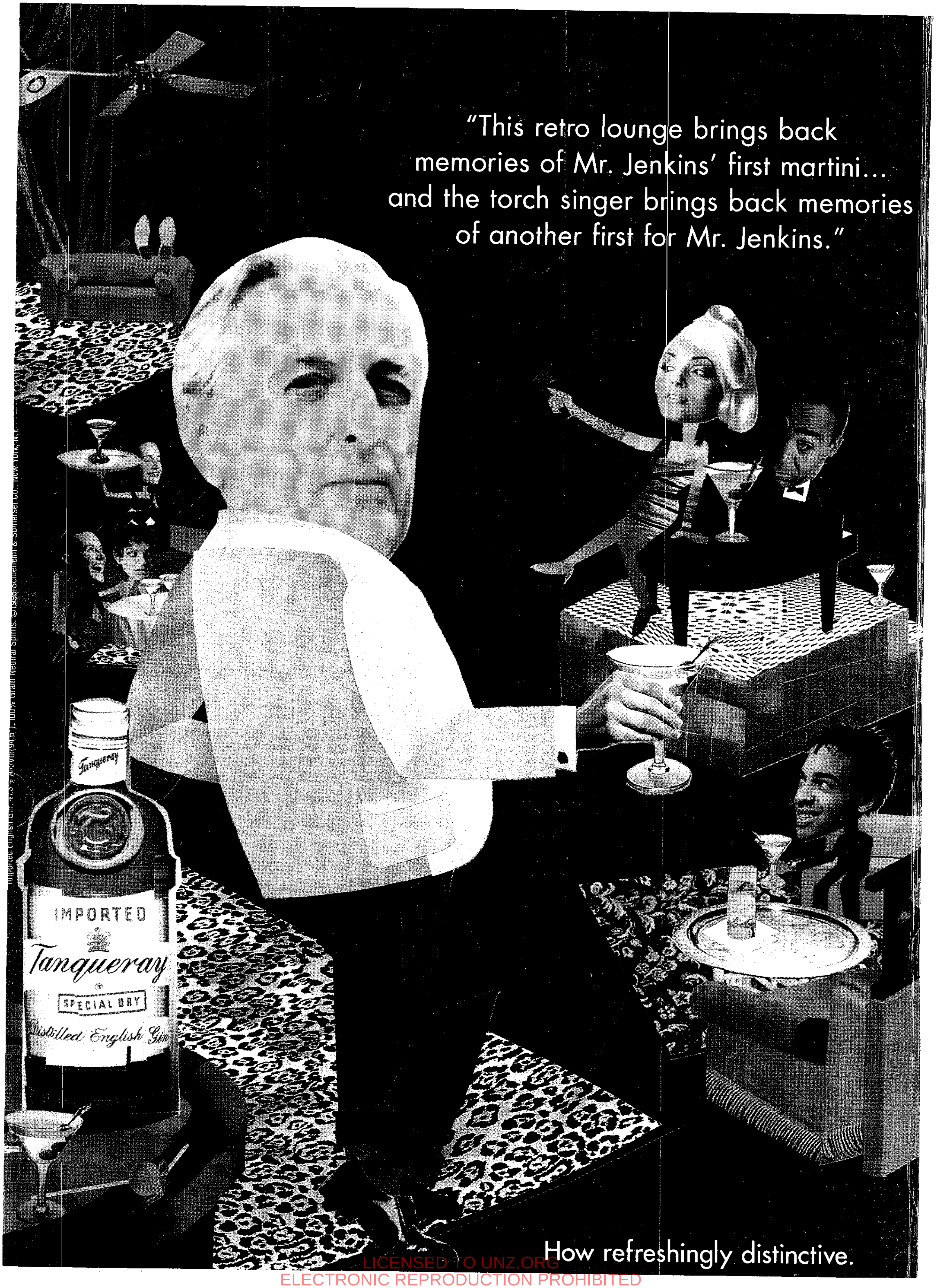
"This retro lounge brings back
memories of Mr. Jenkins' first martini...
and the torch singer brings back memories
of another first for Mr. Jenkins."
Tanqueray
IMPORTED
Tanqueray
SPECIAL DRY
Distilled English Gin
How refreshingly distinctive.

Imported English Gin, 47.3% Alc/Vol(94.6°), 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. ©1995 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, N.Y.